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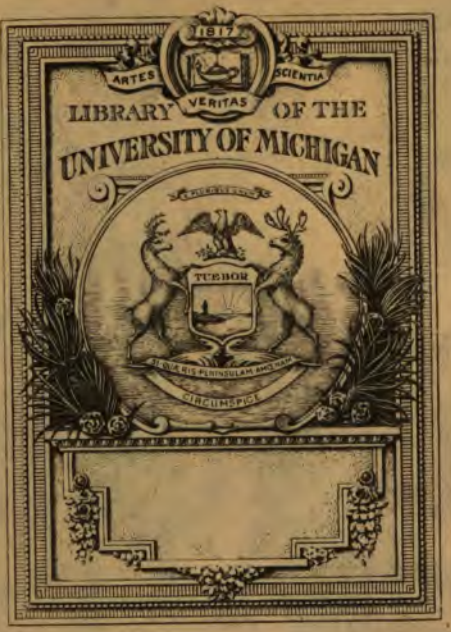
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83.

MANZINIE

HIS MOST EXQUISITE

ACADEMICALL

DISCOURSES

UPON

Severall Choice SUBJECTS.

Turned into French by that famous Wit

MONSIEUR de SCUDERY,

Governour of NOSTREDAME.

AND

Englished by an Honourable Lady.

LONDON,

Printed for *Humphrey Moseley*, and are to be sold at his Shop in S. *Pauls* Churchyard at the Sign of the Princes Arms, 1655.

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M296t

Rom. Lang.
Bruce's Row
6-5-41
43400

To the Reader.

IF, to divert my ſelfe, and prevent the ordinary idle humor of Malancholly, I had taken the boldneſs to preſent you with ſome abortive iſſue of mine owne braine, I might, certainly, have expected a puniſhment from your ſeverity, and (reaſonably) deſpair'd of ever procuring your pardon for my preſumption; but ſince I offer nothing but the quaint conceptions of one of the moſt eminent wits of his time, and Nation (for which I muſt refer you to the judgement of Scudery, a Perſon ſo notorious (by his writings) for ingenuity, and from whom I doe but borrow theſe Pieces of Manzinie at ſecond hand) I will not ſo much as ſuſpect your Mercy, whereof, though upon occaſion of greater Crimes, a little hath ever been thought due, and a larger proportion uſually afforded to the weakneſe of our Sex from generous Perſons. I dare promiſe, your Clemency is not likely to incourage me ſo far, as to make me appeare ungratefull by giving you any further trouble of this nature: But, if to your pardon for my attempt you ſhall pleaſe to adde the favour of a kinde acceptance, as it ought to bee beyond my expectation, ſo ſhall it ever bee (with thankfullneſs) acknowledg'd to be far above my deſert, who confeſs my ſelfe aſham'd of my work by not daring to owne it with my Name.

The

The Titles of the severall Subjects.

		Pag.
1.	*Horatio* Suppliant.	1
2.	*Horatio* Opposed.	8
3.	*Coriolanus* Appeased.	16
4.	*Cato* Generous.	25
5.	*Cleopatra* Humble.	33
6.	Sentiments Paternall.	40
7.	*Paris* in Love.	48
8.	*Paris* Opposed.	57
9.	The Magnanimous Rivals.	64
10.	The three Rivals.	73
11.	Love without Faith.	81
12.	Hunger hath no Law.	87
13.	The Sports of the Carnivall.	96
14.	*Stesicrates* the Rash.	106
15.	*Appelles* Revengefull.	112
16.	The Apologie for Marriage.	115
17.	The Philosophy of Love.	120
18.	The Pusillanimity of *Seleucus*.	127
19.	The Funeralls of Beauty.	137

HORACE his ORATION.

The Argument.

Although Horace *were happy in his Victory, and profitable to the Common-wealth, and that* Tullus *was obliged to the Valour of the Conqueror, yet he could not be exempted from the punishment of his fratricide; the rigour of the Law must passe upon it, notwithstanding his Victory was so generally advantagious, that every one was inclined to mercy.* Horace *in so doubtfull an Estate, could neither rejoyce in his Triumph, nor complain of his danger; his good Fortune had blinded him, and his ill had brought him to the* Precipice; *in this fatall conjuncture,* Manzine *supposeth that this illustrious Criminall used these words to defend his cause.*

IF I had a heart, O People of Rome, that knew as well to complaine as to conquer, it may bee the tenderness of my teares would obtaine that compassion from you, which is denyed to the remembrance of my Victories: See at your feet, O my Judges, an unfortunate man, to whom without boast, you are indebted for all your felicity; behold me suppliant, but without teares, they were shed in Tuscany upon the bodies of my two Brothers, not believing then, that he, who had saved his Country, should ever have need of weeping: O household gods defended by me! you tutelary ones, whom I have preserved, if I have deserved any recompence, teach me onely what Divinity I ought to implore, to save my life, since you will not do it; O deceitfull hopes, unprofitable labours! O prodigy to be admired!

Horace is suppliant, and not suppliant to any offended Deity, but to that Republique which holds from his Victory, that power which it now exerciseth upon him. O you gods who looked with a favorable eye upon the labour I underwent, to preserve your Temples, and your Altars, suffer not that I make my vowes any more to you in vaine; let mee obtaine attention and pitty in those hearts, which sleep when they should remember good turns, and who so lightly esteeme their Wives, their Country, their liberties, their lives, their Empire; nay, their gods themselves, which I have preserved to them, in exposing my life to danger; I would not for an hundred lives, O my Judges, that you should believe me so affrighted at death, that it were absolutely necessary for mee to beg life at your hands. Fathers conscript, I am a Roman born of that House, in which the Republique hath found three men, whom it judged worthy to defend it. I have a soul resolute enough to meet a greater danger than that I am in, and if the fact which I have committed (which ought to be stiled a zeale for my Country) might not also bee named a fratricide, I should slight that death, which I desired in the field, when my dear Brothers fell; I have a heart which loses life, when it may doe service to my Country, and which would not flie death, when it is necessary to confirm the generosity of life: when is it that death could be lesse frightfull, or more willingly imbraced than now, when I have given life to the people of Rome? Death cannot come too swift to him who hath attained to honour and glory, neither can it be ill for a good man: I do not refuse to offer my head to the block, yet I confess I have some repugnancy, to see my selfe ready to be deprived of life by the ingratefull sword of the Romans, and be confident, I have more griefe to finde my high services at so low an esteem, that I should need to ask life, then I shall have to lose it: I returne triumphant, O my Judges, from a field, where (by this sword) I have interred the fortune of *Hetruria*, and from a field which I have besprinkled with my owne, and my Brothers bloud, and from a field consecrated to the victory of the Romans, all our Country, and all our Empire was nothing but Palmes and Lawrels, the Earth, the Army, the Heavens, and the gods applauded our Triumph, when a Woman presented herselfe before me, afflicted at my Victory, sad at the greatnesse of the Empire, upbraiding and cursing the valour of my Arme and your Fortune, invoking the vengeance of the Heavens, and the gods, wishing a generall desolation of our Country, striving to draw upon us, by her imprecations, the ill influence of the stars, and the fury of Hell: My sword, accustomed to shed the bloud of them, who look'd with griefe upon the happinesse of my deare Country-men, in this, but the just revenger of so base and black a crime:

I

I sheath'd my Poyard in the heart of her, who could know how to grieve at the advantages of her Country; I believed I had made a just sacrifice of that infamous one, who when shee died wept at the victory of the Republique.

This is the Fact, for which those that envy my happy successe, have made me guilty, that they might utterly deface that little vertue which they cannot equall: they resolve I shall suffer because I have destroyed a fierce Enemy, and such a one, that even among the Tuscane Troups, there is not to bee found a person who bewailed their misfortunes with so great a passion: But if to destroy the Enemies of our Country, be a crime meriting death, why did I not suffer it in that day wherin I returned Conqueror of the three brave *Curiacii*? what? should that unfortunate Wretch have been exempted from the punishment shee deserved, because shee was born within those Walls, which she wisht to see buried in their own Ruines? It was that which was not reasonable, and that which I could not suffer; for I believed it was a spectacle too sad, for the eyes of a Roman to see any one weep in the midst of the victories of their Country; why did you (O Romans) lay all the care of the Common-wealth upon my shoulders, when it was tottering and ready to fall; if you believed me so feeble that I could endure to see any body shed tears, as condemning my actions? I put all my confidence in this, that those who are to bee the Judges of my Cause, are the same persons for whose sake I committed the crime, and that those who pronounce my death shall be forced to confesse, that it is from me alone they hold their liberties, their lives, their Authority, their Victory, and the Republique; and that from the fact for which you pretend I ought to make excuses, I say, I ought to reap advantages: I was so zealous for the honour of my Country, that I did not forbeare to revenge it on my owne sister, when shee wept and declared her selfe an enemy: Those which love their Country less then I, might perhaps have pardoned its greatest enemies; but I could not forgive my owne sister, because I loved my Country more then my sister, more then my Father, yea, more then my selfe: I believed I should have had more need to have implored your mercy for sparing, rather than for killing a sister that had so lost her piety; but what said I? a sister? no, she is no sister of *Horaces* who bewailes the death of the *Curiacii*, and who with griefe beholds the Victory of her Country, and their Gods preserved; what? will it be possible to finde out a heart that beares so little affection to the Common-wealth, and so little gratitude to me, that it will not know that designe in killing that detestable person, was to extinguish a dangerous Crime, and not the life of a sister? neither was she a sister when

ſhe was an enemy of my Countrey; nor was I her brother when I thruſt my poniard into her heart, I was the Arme of Victorious Rome, which deſtroyed the Enemy of the Republique, and its ſupporters: Let my Accuſers ſhew you by what degrees of wickedneſſe I have proceeded; can it be believed that theſe hands yet never ſtained with bloud, but in a juſt cauſe, ſhould of the ſudden arrive to the higheſt pitch of impiety and fratricide? let them upbraid me with crime, if ever this Sword hath given death to any, but to ſave the life of my Countrey; I render thanks to Fortune, O Rome (deare to my heart) that ſhee hath given me ſo notable a way to ſhew the love I beare and owe thee, in the field I have fought againſt thine Enemies, and in the City againſt them of Nature, and I was no more conquered by the affection I had for my ſiſter, then by the valour of the Tuſcans: Well then it is thought juſt that ſo great a favour as I have received from Fortune, ſhould coſt me no leſſe then my life, nor would I refuſe to give it upon this occaſion, if I had not reſolv'd to loſe it, O Rome, to adde to thy glory; what then ſhal I bee in a more dangerous condition that am victorious, then my Brothers which were not? they found the end of their miſeries in their deſtruction, and I the beginning of my calamity in my Victory: Ought this to be the cauſe of my teares? or to ſay better fatall to me the love of the Common-wealth? the memory of my vertue? the glorious remembrance of my Victory, and triumph? I confeſs I pitty that part of my bloud which I ſpilt in deſtroying that unfortunate Woman; yet after all, I cannot think it ſpilt, ſeeing it was ſacrificed to the victory of the Common-wealth; and truly I had deſerved ſhe ſhould have wept for my atchievements, if I had not had generoſity enough to conquer the tenderneſs of Nature, and that my heart had wanted reſolution to take her life, that would elſe have drowned her ſelfe in envious teares, for the liberty purchaſed by my bloud, of her Countrey; by this action alone, our enemies from henceforward, can have no hope to reap any fruit of all their practiſes, when they ſhall ſee that it is permitted to ſacrifice our owne ſiſters that looke maligniy upon the advantages of our ſwords; but my fault (juſtifiable if committed upon another) ſeemes only monſtrous, becauſe ſhe was a perſon ſo neare me in bloud, as if when we were to puniſh the malignants of our Countrey, we ought to take counſel of the inclinations of Nature! Conſider with a fatherly eye, O Senators, if it were not impoſſible for me to know that guilty one; for how could I take notice of her, as of a ſiſter, hearing her complain for the victory of her Brother? or how could I remember her to be a Roman, when ſhee ſpoke the ſence of the Tuſcans? I believed her to be a relique of the *Curiatii*, and I thought I ſhould doe an Act of piety to my Countrey, in rending

up by the root, a Tree that might bring fruit to support our enemies power and if this action bee of a ſtraine ſo black and ſhamefull, that it cannot bee expiated but upon a Scaffold, with the bloud of this unfortunate man, who hath added one Naile to the Wheele of the Roman Fortune, then you think the death of her that bewayled your Victory, more incompatible with your government, then the life of him that gave it you: Perhaps it diſpleaſes you, that I ſhould take away from the Tuſcans her that might have increaſed the Curiaces; but believe me, if I had ſuffered a Woman, of the Houſe of the *Horatii*, to have been long fruitful in Tuſcany, it may be the Romans could not have kept their Empire, nor would the Tuſcans (at leaſt quietly) have permitted them. What? was the life of this Traytreſs ſo precious, that there muſt be ſacrific'd to it, that life which was the ſoule of the greatneſs, and Fortune of the Latines? But what voice, or what rumour is that I hear, which interupting my diſcourſe, hinders me from further declaring my innocence? Who are they that deny me the favour of pleading for that life, which hath preſerved the life and liberty of the Common-wealth? But behold a deadly ſpectacle, and worthy of tears; ſee, O my Judges, ſee my Father, who never fail'd of his duty to the Republique, but when he begat this Daughter; ſee, O ſee an unfortunate Father, who hath newly loſt two ſonnes, to aſſure to you thoſe powerfull feares you now poſſeſs, look how he fears to be depriv'd of the third and laſt, who ſurely (if there be any gods) ſhall not die without vengeance; hear how he complains, that he, a Roman, and chiefe of the *Horatii* ſhould be thought ſo baſe, that with his owne hands he would not have torne out my very bowels, if he did not know that his Daughter was juſtly ſlaine; O Heavens! ſhall I bee ſo unfortunate to die, for taking out of the world a Woman who was thought unworthy to continue in it by her owne Father? Can you ſuppoſe that thoſe Troops which I have returned to you victorious, will ever endure to ſee him dragged to death that gave them life, and victory? What! ſhall Romes Enemies ſee him puniſhed, that the Common-wealth thought only worthy to defend its honour? Could the Tuſcans deſire more miſchiefe to him that rendred them miſerable? I am not ſo little acquainted with humane frailty, that I repine at my mortality, at my death, but I grieve for not being thought innocent, and to ſee that my Country will be guilty; things are reduc'd to ſuch terms, that as long as the Common-wealth remaines, it will bee ſtain'd with ingratitude; I am forc'd to deteſt my owne honour. O ſtrange eſtate that you have plac'd me in! ſince it is juſt to wiſh, that my death had gone before my victory, and the eſtabliſhment of your Empire. What! ſhall my fortune bee worſe in the Capitol then in *Hetruria*? Can that be, O Romans?

mans? I sweare by the souls of my two Brothers, who were so voluntarily sacrific'd to your Greatnes, that I have more shame of the Roman people, then grief for being so cruelly depriv'd of my life and triumph, which I have so well deserv'd; but so long as I carry with mee to my Tombe the glorious Spoiles of the *Curiacii*, the Scaffold will be as honourable to me as the Capitol; I desire nothing of you, O my Judges, but that you will be always your selves, and that before you pronounce the sentence of my death, you will be pleased to remember, that while I was arming my selfe to the fight, you offer'd up Prayers and Vows to the gods for my life; stay! O stay you thunders, O you Powers that hearken to us, and tell how many times the people cried me up to be the Preserver and Father of my Countrey; and if it bee true that I was so, will you punish Fratricide with Paricide, and in stead of imploying your gratefulness in adorning me with a *Statua*, will you take away my life in an ignominious manner? But if knowledge of the cause which made me commit the Fact? if the teares of my Father? if the merit of my Brothers? (who died for your service) if my victorious Arme, consecrated to the Altar of your fortune, hath not power and eloquence enough to make me obtain life? Why, O Senators, do you deferr my death so long? all that I look upon speaks punishments, and there is nothing in my soule but mortall Chymera's; that I may not dye so many times, I am forc'd to ask my death as a favour from you, kill mee then quickly I pray you; what dost thou stay for, O *Lictor*? come tie these hands which were heretofore the hands of the Republique; these hands which have made the Roman Eagles flie upon the Lawrels of *Hetruria*, and present the infamy of a Gallowes to him who hath advanc'd Palmes upon the Capitol: which of you calls my unhappy and deare Father, that he may come, alas, that hee may come and comfort my heart, by his last offices of kindnes, and fortifie it against the rigour of my destiny? that hee may come with his last kisses, and sustaine my feeble and languishing spirits? that hee may come, even that unfortunate man may come, and close those eies in death, to which he gave occasion of seeing? Comfort him, O Senators, and tell him, that it is true I die honourably, tell him that the Gallowes (if ever upbraided in the House of the *Horacii*) is not shamefull; tell him that I did not mount the Scaffold, but in descending from the Charriot of Triumph; make him remember, that if there be Fathers that have had Children more happy, there is none that hath had a Son more generous; assure him, that you will alwaies remember the blood of his Sons, lost for the Common-wealth; sweare to him, that you will not forget, that I have shed my blood for your safeties; tell him, that you confesse, that it is from me you hold your plenty, and all

your

your injoyments, the imbraces of your Wives, the Careſſes of your young children, the honour of your dignities, the ſafety of your Lives, the Liberty, the Greatneſs, and the Fortune of the Romane Empire: and to conclude, it is from my bloud and ſweat, that you have authority to condemn me to the Gallowes; this unfortunate man, who hath enobled his death by the memoriall of the generous actions of his life: And you my Companions, carry, I pray you, theſe Arms to thoſe miſerable Orphans, my deſolate Children; bid them remember that they were *Horace*, and tell them, if they uſe them one day with an Arme equall to mine, they will produce their ordinary effects for the good of the Common-wealth. Enjoy in all peace, ye Nobles and people of Rome, our Countrey in the happy eſtate I leave it, and may it be eternally glorious, and full of *Heroes*; thou great Republique, theſe are my wiſhes in ſpight of my misfortunes: Countrey, ſweet Countrey, deare Countrey, to which *Horace* owes all, enjoy happineſs, O Citizens of Rome, Plenty, Riches, Peace, and Power: and ſeeing the Heavens would not permit me to be a ſharer with you, I rejoice that I was at leaſt an inſtrument by whom you are not left unfortunate: And provided I may die aſſured that the memory of *Horace* may ſometimes live in your hearts, of that *Horace* who never refuſed his bloud, to the ſword of the Enemy, to aſſure you your Goods, your Lives, your Countrey, and your Empire; I die the happieſt man that ever lived. But it is time, O Senators, that I hold my peace, and that I yield to violence. I have permitted my ſelfe to be tranſported by reſentments too tender, for though my misfortune hath made me drop a tear, yet my life paſt will not permit me to be ſeen in ſuch a poſture, neither do any of my actions deſerve ſighes; nor can I eſteem of a ſoule ſo effeminate that will caſe its miſeries by teares: we muſt die as we have lived: in a word, it is for you to do as you will, & for me to do as I ought. I have ſaid.

The Effect of this Oration.

THe merits of Horatio *in this great ſervice abated nothing of the juſtice of the Senate, but according to the Law provided againſt murder, hee was condemned to bee whipt within and without the Walls of the City, and then to bee hung upon that Tree which in Livy is called fatall; which exact and ſevere ſentence gave* Manzine *cauſe to believe, that*

that it was occaſioned by ſome ſharp ſpeech of one of the Senate, which he fancied in the Oration following.

Horace *Oppoſed.*

The Argument.

After Horatio's *Speech, one of the Senators, in diſcharge of his duty, gave this Anſwer.*

WHich of you, O Fathers, Senators, and Roman Knights, is for my ſake ſo far toucht with compaſſion, at the ungratefull Office I am to perform, as to helpe to cover this face afflicted for the publique ſhame? and whither ſhall I turne mine eies which had rather ſtill continue fixt upon the earth, than behold theſe walls, which have been the Sceane of Fratricide? what teares can I afford to the common miſeries, when I feele a particular griefe in my ſelf, that makes me weep whether I will or no? and invites me to lament my owne misfortune, which hath not only made me ſo unhappy to ſee the Common-wealth diſhonoured by a Citizen of Rome, but plac'd me in ſuch a condition, that I am forc'd to publiſh our ſhame, and plead for puniſhment againſt thoſe that ought to triumph? I vow to you, O Senators, I could wiſh my ſelfe without either heart or tongue, upon this occaſion; I never lookt upon a Victory more favourably than this, gotten by an unfortunate perſon; I rejoyced at his honour with a reſentment that was affectionate, gratefull and ſenſible of my Countries good; doe but imagine how heartily he did it, you that know what pleaſure a Victory may afford to thoſe who have ſav'd by it their Goods, their Lives, their Children, their Countrey, and their gods; truly I know not how my ſoule, which did cheriſh this criminall perſon ſo tenderly, can be ſo far provok'd againſt him, to deſire and endeavour to procure him puniſhment: Alas! I lov'd him with more than ordinary affection, both upon mine own and the publique account; as oft as I have ſeen my deare children playing about mee, ſo often have I bleſt, and given thankes (with teares) to that vertue by which they were preſerv'd;

preſerv'd; I ſaid with my ſelfe theſe hands were not free, but by thy ſtrength, and perhaps (*Horatio*) without thee I had never kiſs'd my Children, but in bondage in Tuſcany, I am infinitely obliged to the unlimited courage the gods have given thee; I owe all I am worth to thy good fortune, and I found the whole ſafety of the Common-wealth hanged upon the edge of thy ſword, I have not a heart ſo inſenſible, to be ignorant of what I owe thee; theſe eies that wept for the danger thou wert in, can hardly behold *Horatio* unfortunate; this tongue accuſtomed to traverſe in the field of thy praiſes, will think it wanders aſtray when it hath loſt that way; and I believe the gods, when they ſee my prayers altred, will either believe them irreligious or feigned: what ſhall I doe then unfortunate man that I am? I whoſe duty bounds my gratitude, and my gratitude oppoſeth my duty? But what ſhall I ſay (O Senators) theſe are but effeminate fancies? ſhall then future ages know, that in a Roman heart any tenderneſs was ſufficient to make Fratricide ſupportable? ſhall there bee found any hearts ſo much at enmity with their Countrey, as not to fear the evils which ſuch a preſident may bring forth, if this ſhould paſſe unpuniſhed? and what fortifications can ſecure us from the violence of his ſword that hath been once victorious, if this wickedneſs ſhall eſcape like the ſword of juſtice? ought I to feare the fury of a people obliged by the fury of this guilty perſon, as if I made ſo little account of the wiſdome and juſtice of the Romans, that I did not thinke them capable of judging betwixt good and evil, and to puniſh crimes with rigour, as well as recompence generous actions with Bayes and glory? 'tis fit for the honour of the Senate to make it appear to ſuch as merit Triumphs, that they ought not to be ſo confident in the peoples favour (which is uncertain as the winde) as from thence to aſſume ſo much boldneſs and inſolence as to thinke by their ſwords to ſtay the courſe of juſtice: well, well I I am here to plead againſt an unfortunate wicked creature, who hath done us more diſhonour with his ſword, than we can gain advantage by his victory; and why ſhould I bee afraid to bee the Inſtrument of cutting him off from the Common-wealth, who is the firſt in it that ſtain'd it with the murther of a ſiſter? This day is no leſs ſad and unfortunate, than yeſterday was glorious, when leſſening the Tuſcane pride advanc'd the greatneſſe of Rome; of that Rome, which being deriv'd from the gods, is oblig'd to actions ſuitable to the divinity of its originall; Never was there a more horrid and execrable crime that came under the puniſhment of the Law, or the eies of mankinde, then is now before you; pardon me Fathers, if in this ſo venerable and ſacred place, I am forc'd to mention the name of Fratricide; let your owne inclination (O moſt juſt Judges) provoke you to wipe off this blemiſh

from the fame of the Latines, and waken the ancient generosity to vindicate the honour of justice which so much insolency hath slighted, and troden under foot: expect not I should use any Art to incline you to my opinion; the Age wee live in were too unfortunate, if wee should need to beg the aid of Art to describe a Common-wealth necessitated, to preserve one Citizen from another, a Brother from a Brother, and the Countrey it selfe from those that have deserved Triumphs; and what wickednesse will hereafter be unattempted, if a man may be pardoned for killing his owne sister? whosoever desires to see his children secured from each others swords, who desires to have the gods propitious to our innocence, and would be contented to see his Countrey no less admired for justice, then it is for valour, let him for ever rejoyce at this opportunity to make his owne vertue eminent, to be an honour to his Tribunall, and to justifie the actions of the Senate against the slander of their enemies, who accuse them of injustice and covetеousnes, and say they never punish any person, though never so guilty, unless he bee poor? Shall then those that love justice bee afraid that the ingenuous consciences, and intire judgements of so many such Senators, can bee so mercifull to one particular person, as to become cruell to the publique? to provoke you to punish, I will only tell you the crime; excuse me if I plainely shew you one of the members of your owne famous body in the true condition wherein it now stands, for I am forc'd to shew you the malignity of the wound, which can now admit of no other cure but a sword; I am againe prick'd to the heart to put you in minde of so cruell a spectacle, but I know not otherwise to appease her injur'd Ghost, if I doe not shew her with how many tears the Roman People beheld her accursed murther, and how severely they intend to revenge the same; this glorious woman-killer return'd from a field, where hee got himselfe more shame by his flight, then he did his Countrey advantage by his victory; when being met by his sister weeping (whether for joy of her Brothers triumph, or for grief of her Husbands losse, without any respect to his Father afflicted with the memory of his slain Sons, so much the more to be lamented, because they died honorably,) this Tyger lifts his bloudy arm, and sheath'd his sword in the bowels of his sister: O horrid spectacle! O poysonous heart! O incomparable mischiefe! what tears were ever more just then those that were dropt for the death of two Brothers and a Husband? Forget ye Doves! forget your hollow groanes and sobs, silence ye Turtle Doves your amorous sighs, since this new Reformer of Nature thinks them unreasonable: I will proceed no farther; O ye Judges, to represent the miseries of this unfortunate dying woman, because I would not provoke you to teares, though to say truth the subject is not at

all

all too light, ſeeing it is no leſs then the death of one of our own Countrey-women: alas! poor unfortunate creature, who wert born to tears, and dieds't for weeping; hadſt thou been ſeen to loſe either thy Husband, or thy Brother, thy lamentation for either would have ſeem'd a crime as to the Cauſe. Oh! the unhappy age wee live in, that wee are not allowed ſo much as to complaine: can there bee a greater occaſion to ſhed tears, then to ſeeones ſelfe reduc'd to ſuch a condition as not to dare to weep!

This Murtherer thinks perhaps to excuſe himſelfe by ſaying, he kill'd his ſiſter for grieving at the Victories of her Countrey; why he kill'd her wee know not, but we are ſure ſhe is dead; what! did the Roman Tribunall want a ſword of juſtice to cut off a corrupted member from the body of the Common-wealth? who gave thee commiſſion to imploy thine upon this occaſion? who knowes but that he kill'd his ſiſter leſt ſhe ſhould diſcover ſome cauſe for her tears unfit to be knowne? but put caſe ſhe did grieve at the proſperity of the Common-wealth, thenee conſider what ſtock this man is ſprung from, whoſe ſiſters lament for the proſperities of their owne native Countrey: nay, the unfortunate Wretch wept not for the loſſe of her Husband, nor was troubled at the triumphs of the Common-wealth, but was aſham'd at this mans glories: ſhe was not ſorry ſhe had loſt a Tuſcane Husband, but griev'd ſhe had a Brother that fought like an Arabian, not a Roman.

Well, declare nevertheleſs (if you think fit) this glorious Murtherer to be innocent, one that hath deſerved well of his Countrey, triumphant and fit to be honoured, whoſe victories are ſo generous, that his owne ſiſters have been aſham'd to rejoyce at; and though he may perhaps upbraid me as envious of his glory, becauſe I promote the chaſtiſement of his crime, I ſhall not for all this deſiſt from my undertakings; I am ſo zealous for the honour of the Common-wealth, that I deſire as earneſtly to ſee it juſt, as to reverence it triumphant: Unhappy Man! and who ſhould I envy? can I envy thee that in thy victory waſt a run-away, and in thy triumph a fratricide? but why do I name fratricide? a crime of all others the more ſhamefull, by how much it is the more unjuſt; ſo much the more ſcandalous to the Common-wealth, by how much it is the more publique; ſo much the more deteſtable as it hath been committed by a perſon more intereſted; and ſo much the more hatefull to the gods as it was perpetrated in a time of gratitude, and juſtice.

Thinke with your ſelves, O Judges, with what inſolence hee, but now, bragg'd before you of a victory obtain'd only by the Roman fortune; and who will not confeſs that the gods will diſdaine that the Republique ſhould

ſeem to acknowledge their power and their glory from any thing elſe but their owne benignity? ſince (to get themſelves the Palms from amongſt the vileſt perſons) they choſe the verieſt Run-away, to the end that we might acknowledge that to be the meer gift of their favour, when wee look upon the weakneſs of our owne force: you might perceive with what outragious deſires he would have outrun victory with death (as if we could not among all this warlike people) have found out one man that knew how to overcom without flying; 'tis like this earth, only made fit to bear Palms, ſhould want victories, and thoſe not fit to be bluſht at, not gotten by running away: what kind of Heavens? what gods will this man cal to for ſuccor to his innocence? perhaps ſome that he believes not in: do you think that he believes there are any to whom he can pray to for their help in caſe of a ſiſters murther? and what obligation can you have to him for this victory in which he hath exercis'd his ſword, making it a Maſter in the Art of killing, to no other purpoſe but to be able readily to imploy it againſt the bowels of his ſiſter, and of his Countrey? if we ought to be torne in pieces, and to have our throats cut here within our owne walls, in the armes of our houſhold gods? I ſhould thinke he deſerv'd rather the name of a Preſerver, of a Redeemer of his Countrey, who, reſtoring us to the ſwords of our Enemies, prevented the danger at leaſt by the hands of our owne Souldiers, by the hands of Roman Souldiers: and how can you ever truſt your ſelves with this man who had not beene above an houre in Tuſcany, and yet hath learnt to turne his ſword againſt us? But what! I know I wrong the Tuſcane piety in comparing them with this Villaine, who being a Conqueror could not pardon his own ſiſter, whilſt they, being yet enemies, compaſſionating themſelves and us, ſubmitted to this generous Duell, whereby having drawne them to our obedience, they are become aſſociates of our fortunes: perhaps the teares of this poore old man his Father may move your compaſſion; why! without doubt he weeps rather for his ſons crime, then his danger. I confeſs I am tenderly ſenſible of the prayers of ſo juſt a man, he hath loſt his daughter, and ſo wounded by his griefe in his affection, by his ſon in his bloud, and yet pardons the offence, and makes vowes for his ſafety who hath brought to him all this deſolation; Oh too eaſie old man! and yet who can chuſe but ſympathize in thy griefe? I ſhould wonder if the gods ſhould not crown all the ſons of ſo good a Father with conſtant victory; he is one (O Fathers) that deſerves that you ſhould revenge his quarrell, though hee aske it not, though hee deſires it not at your hands: ſhall hee then who hath bloudily offended him eſcape unpuniſhed, becauſe the old man is juſt, pious, and magnanimous? none then but Fathers that are cruell and impious ſhall have

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the injuries they receive from their children reveng'd by your juſtice: it may perchance ſerve this mans turne to allay your juſt anger, to tell you, he gain'd a glorious conqueſt for the Common-wealth, and who knowes not that he came to it by the honour of election, and when he was in, he fought for feare of death? but what do I ſay, fought? I would it had pleas'd the gods he had fought halfe ſo well, as he fled ſwiftly from it, 'twas no better Fathers, 'twas no better; I will ſtand no longer upon calling our ſhames to remembrance: if he fought he did but his duty; 'tis not to bee call'd a good deed not to be wicked; and if he overcame, 'twas for that Countrey, by which he himſelfe had been ſo often preſerv'd by ſo many victorious Armies, he pretends not to thanks as for a gift, that doth but pay a debt, thoſe toiles that are undergone by the ſon for the Father, or by the Father for the ſon, are but duties, not obligations.

He hath already receiv'd as much honour and applauſe, as would make up a triumph, and is as fully rewarded as any man could pretend to merit, who had juſtly deſerv'd to be carried in a triumphant Chariot; and if his generous actions have been crown'd, I know no reaſon why his crimes ſhould not be requited upon the Gallowes: to what purpoſe was it to defend the Countrey from the Enemy, which hee might depopulate when hee pleas'd with his ſword or (which is worſe) by his example? and who is ſo ſimple as to thinke 'twill bee any thanke to us, if our Enemies ſhall reproach us, and ſay, that the Common-wealth had no ſtronger an arme to defend it, then a Murtherers? when wee ſhall bee able to retort, that the guiltieſt perſon we have, the veriеſt run-wayes were ſufficient to ſuppreſs and overcome them; they will rejoice that they are to live under the ſhaddow of ſuch a government, which will not in the leaſt meaſure pardon crimes, though in the Chariot of triumph, when victory ſhall be ſtrin'd with juſtice, then to grieve they are fallen under ſo great ſeverity, which doth but teach them piety towards their Countrey and Kindred.

Hold thy peace awhile thou inſolent creature, thou that boaſts of victory, and calleſt that Countrey ungratefull to which thou art obliged for thy birth, thy food, thy education, for juſtice, yea, and thine owne honour; diſcover the ſeries of thoſe generous Acts which rendred thee a perſon worthy, of whom the Common-wealth amongſt ſo many Armies, ſo often triumphant ſhould alone make choice, and to whoſe ſword they would entruſt their Eſtates, their Lives, their Liberties, and their Empire, and if thou canſt finde no other reaſon, but the meere favour of the Citizens of Rome, and of thine owne Countrey, with what face canſt thou call her ungratefull for a benefit

which thou thy selfe hast receiv'd, not given? we have (O Senators) actions of ingratitude, as well as the murther of a Sister; nay, more! did you not perceive even now, how being affrighted at his crimes, which threatning punishments are but *praeludiums* to the pain of execution; did not you your selves perceive how invoking the Army, which hee call'd as it were newly born againe by the vertue of his sword, hee endeavoured to surprize the authority and justice of the Common-wealth, by stirring up your Armies against it, inchanted by the Artifice of his subtile speeches? did you not observe with what cunning he upbraided you with his Victories? so proud he is and so insolent, that whilst hee was begging his life of you, hee deserved death; behold him here ungratefull to his Countrey, guilty of treason against the Common-wealth, of fratricide against his sister: what needs any further delay, O Senators, the least of his faults is the murther of a sister; secure your selves and us, O Judges, I beseech you, from the rage of this wicked wretch; doe you not see with what a bloody countenance hee already designes destruction? look to it, that fratricide upon a sister prove not patricide upon his Countrey: Can you believe that hee who could not pardon a sister, guilty of nothing but a few Crystall tears, will ever forgive those who have made him guilty of so grievous a crime, and forc'd him into so eminent danger of his life?

You may feare perhaps, lest after ages should blame you for not rewarding a Victory; and would you not blush to bee justly upbraided, for not knowing justice, or rather for trampling her under your feet? as long as I have any vigour left in my breast, I will never cease to call it to minde; I will ever be a witnesse to the justice of his cause, who is willing for their crimes to make examples even of such as are triumphant, if every little effect of valour, or rather of fortune, is able to secure a man from the force and justice of the Common-wealth; what valour, what fortune, what justice is that of Rome? if we can be no safer from the sword of a Brother, 'twill quickly be thought necessary to prevent our Brothers sword with our own: Consider seriously, O ye Senators, the grievousness of this offence, consider it to the prejudice of any absolution in this horrid heinous fact; this example may doe more mischiefe then this offender can doe good; if not! what hath he to say for himselfe but excuses and a small victory, rather stolen then fought for? hee can finde no other Advocate, but only that hee can say, I have defended my Countrey: hearken! O people, to all the glories of our person triumphant, hee was in a Battell, and there was content not to bee kill'd: heare the *Encomiums* due to *Horatio* the great, it being in his power to save his Countrey, hee graciously vouchsaf'd to doe it; what will future

Ages

Ages by, when they ſhall ſee a Roman Senate pacified with a few teares for the murther of a ſiſter? how heartily will all the Provinces round about us endeavour to avoid comming under our power, where even our own ſiſters are not ſecure? what kinde of ſacrifices will theſe be, wherein the Victimes muſt fall by ſwords accuſtomed to the bowels of ſiſters? what anſwers will the gods give to our prayers when their ears are continually dull'd & impor-tun'd by their ghoſts ever howling and calling for juſtice and vengeance? Up, up! yee Senators, and prevent *Joves* thunder bolts by exerciſing your Gallows; the Heavens will not long have patience to ſee fratricide unpuni-ſhed: let not the gods by their chaſtiſements rob you of the occaſion of doing your juſtice: be ye ſolicitous, O ye Executioners, that the People may not accuſtome their eies to fratricides; but alas! what am I doing? whilſt I goe about to perſwade you to puniſh this Offendor, I ſeeme to queſtion the juſtice of the Senate: pardon (Fathers) this boldneſs, I have rather done it in purſuance of my duty, then out of any thought of teaching juſtice to Ju-ſtice it ſelfe: the exceſs of this crime hath made me exceed in my deſires to have it puniſht.

I beg pardon of the gods, and of the ſoule of this poore wretch, who was unjuſtly diſtaſted of her life, if out of a deſire to ſee her revenged, I have taken up the time due to her revenge; let the ſword of juſtice now fall, which hath been held up and tied by the knot of my diſcourſe; I will retire to give you time to execute the deſire which I perceive in you (O Fathers) to purge the Common-wealth from this blemiſh, and to revenge it for the contempts and outrages it hath ſuffered by this offence; I ſhould be acceſſa-ry to his fault, ſhould I retard the execution of this magnanimous affection that is in you to vindicate juſtice: let future ages learne, who ſhall ſee that it is not poſſible for any thing (that is not God) to withdraw it ſelfe from the juſtice of the Senate of Rome: there is no greatneſs of birth, no degree, no fortune which can ſecure a Citizen of Rome from the rigour of the ſword of juſtice, if he ſhall depart from the Rules of honeſty, and duty. I have ſaid.

The Effect of this Oration.

Such or the like were the words that mov'd the Senate to ſentence Horace *to death, who without reply heard it, when one of his friends adviſ'd him to appeale to the people,*

whoſe

whose counsell he followed, and his old Father flowing in tears, adjoyning himselfe with him, they prevailed, and the people delivered the Son to the prayers of the father, ordaining him nevertheless that he should passe under the Gallowes, as having receiv'd a just condemnation.

Coriolanus *Appeased.*

The Argument.

Coriolanus, *being banished by the People of* Rome, *went to the* Volsques, *the unreconcilable Enemies of his Country, and being a person of high Reputation, and one that had often put them to the worst, he was received very honourably: not long after he returned at the head of a great Army, and layd siege to* Rome, *which he reduc'd to such extremity, that it could not long hold out; whereupon they repenting their former severity towards him, endeavoured to appease his wrath by Embassadors, declaring their sorrow; but their Embassie proved unprofitable, they could obtain nothing of this great enraged spirit: the People of* Rome *in despaire at this ill successe, sent againe all their Priests, in their Robes Pontificall, followed by young Virgins, and Children, who all cast themselves at his feet, to implore his mercy, but the remembrance of his injuries, made him shut his eyes and ears against so pittifull a spectacle, insomuch that this second Troop obtained no more than the first; in this generall desperate condition,* Volumnia *his Mother went out to him, and spake thus, if we may believe* Livy, *or* Manzini *after him.*

I Have cause to feare, that after you have forgot the love of your Country, the interest of your own honour, and the reverence which you owe

to

to the gods, that you will hearken with contempt to the prayers of a Mother, to the sighs of a Wife, to the complaints of your children; but these being the only Armes wee have to protect us from the fury of yours, I am forc'd to make use of them, and to imploy that little breath which griefe hath left me, to soften your hard heart, yet it is not without great reluctancy, that I have obtained from my despaire, spirit and heart enough, to come and imbrace in one person both my son and mine Enemy, for I have found it hard for me to resolve to come my self and present you with our tears, and prayers to spare our blouds, and to put you in mind how much more honourable it is to have the title of the Deliverer of your Countrey, then the Destroyer of *Rome*; yes, I confess my weaknesse, I have hardly been brought to see *Coriolanus* armed against himselfe, and to kils the hand, which it may bee within few dayes will set fire to our houses, massacre our Citizens, throw downe our Altars, and destroy our Temples, and I assure you that the sentiments of nature and those of reason have had so strong a Combate in my soule, that, if they have not overcome one another, I may say, I have been conquered by both; for it is true, my sonne, that I abhor your actions, and have tenderneſse for your person. I consider not your present errour, without remembring your past innocence, and I may affirm, that the most sharp griefe which I feele, is, that I cannot offer up my prayers for your safetie without wishing destruction to my Countrie, nor pray for the prosperitie of my Countrie, without desiring your ruine, and I am reduc'd to such a sad necessitie, that I dare not implore the assistance of the gods, neither for you, nor for my selfe. victory will be equally sad to mee, for on which side soever she declares her selfe, I am sure to reape neither profit nor honour; in this conjuncture of things, I must either see you led in triumph by our Citizens, or see you triumph over your Country; my disasters are come to so sad a period of extremity, that I cannot cease to be unfortunate, but in ceasing to live; the anger of the gods is now growne so visible to me, that I know no more to doubt of it; it is true that the sacrifices I have offered have obtain'd your returne, but it is as true, that your returne makes me more miserable, it is by you that our Citie is besieged, our Citizens murthered, and that all our Countrie sighes, and that the gods are provok'd; what remaines to bee added to my misfortune? my Husband is dead, and my Sonne is turned mine Enemie; Ah my *Coriolanus!* this is the onely thing that could have increas'd my unhappinesse, what more bitter smart can my soule feele, than to be obliged to love mine Enemie? and to feare the sight of a man, to whom I have given life, and who now makes use of that life to trouble the repose of mine? The common Lawes of Nature ordaine, that the care

which Mothers take in the education of their Children ſhould be recompenced not onely by obedience, but by all their actions; to the end that the praiſes which they deſerve, ſhould be attributed to her who was the cauſe of their being; and who, through tender affection, hath contributed all her induſtrie and power to advance them in the way of vertue: Judge after this how much you owe mee, my Sonne, ſeeing inſtead of the publique acclamations, which I ought to expect for the reward of my paines, I hear nothing all day but upbraidings and reproaches; the people look upon me as the cauſe of their calamitie, and they all ſay with one voice, that I am the Mother of the Perſecutor of *Rome*: I know very well that the warr you have undertaken is not without pretence of Reaſon; revenge is ſweet to enraged ſpirits, but withall I know it to bee more generous to pardon thoſe who offend us, when they are in our power to punish, then to follow our owne inclinations, which often furiouſly hurry us to deſtroy them; the conqueſt of our ſelves is much more honourable, then a victory over another; and if you'ld ſuffer your ſelfe to be ſoftned by my tears; and by the ſubmiſſion of a people ſo haughty, to humble themſelves to you, if you were not a Roman, I dare promiſe you the love of your Countrey, the immortality of your Name, and the protection of the gods.

Is it not enough that we have ſeen our fields deſart? the Cabines of our Shepheards (where innocence uſed to reſide) ſerve for Courts of Guard to your Souldiers? their Flockes for Victuals to your Campe? our Villages on fire? and to ſum up all, murther and ruine where ever your Army hath marcht? have you yet cruelty left, to ſack a City wherein you had your birth? can you conſent to the deſtruction of ſo great and glorious palaces, who expreſſe the magnificence and ſplendor of that age, wherein they were erected to be inhabited by true Romans, who made it their buſineſs to ſhed their bloud for the preſervation of thoſe walls, which you ſeek to lay levell with the earth? can that high and generous heart which you have from mee, can it permit you in following the cuſtome of war, to take your ſhare in the deteſtable plunder of the City, wherin you took your firſt breath? you, who have ſo many times returned home loaden with the ſpoiles of forraigne Enemies? can you bee ſo inhumane to expoſe the beauty and chaſtity of our young Wives and Virgins to the luſt and rape of your inſolent Souldiers, and the feebleneſs of old age to the fury of an Army? and the innocence of Babes to the tyranny of a ſtrange people? can you behold the Virgins diſhonoured in the arms of their Mothers? and their kindred drown'd in their own bloud? and their yong men loaden with chains? me thinks the cries of ſo many unfortunate wretches ſhould have power to move you to compunction,

punction, if the gods permit, for the punishment of your crimes and ours, that your revenge must be satiated, doth not this horrid Table which I present to your immagination, appeare frightfull to you? will you patiently permit mee to finish it? and shall I shew you in *Rome* Rivers of bloud, mountains of dead bodies, our Temples demolished, and for the accomplishment of all mischiefe, *Coriolanus* setting fire to our City, and making the place of his birth, a bloudy shambles?

I know not whether this Picture touch you or no, but I am sure it ought to doe; the very immagination of it you see makes your Mother shed abundance of tears, and in their torrent hurry me to a resolution to end my daies, and to finish my misfortunes, that I may not see my sonne wash his hands in the bloud of his Family; you must *Coriolanus*, you must upon necessity, either give peace to your Countrey, or death to your Mother; for if you shut your ears against my cries and prayers, and that you are resolv'd to lose your selfe, in destroying us, and draw upon your head the hatred of Mankinde, and the anger of the gods, you shall see infallibly, that when your Rams and other Engines have broken downe our Rampiers, and when you come to skale and enter us, that I will bee the first that your fury shall kill upon the breach, and you shall bee constrained to tread upon my body when you ascend to the Capitol; it shall bee thus, thus, that *Rome* shall be ruined, for the mischiefe that I have brought upon her in bringing you into the world, the cruellest of her Enemies; and believe me, that this generosity is not particular, for I doe assure you, that your Wife and Children have resolved rather to die gloriously, then to live in that infamy which you have prepared for them: for what life can be reserved for us but to be the prey of our enemies, or which is more to be abhorr'd, the prey and spoil of their Father and Husband? Ah *Coriolanus!* what cruelty soever there is in Fortune, it is inferiour to yours, and we ought not to complaine of the rigour of destiny, since it leaves us liberty to die; it is you alone of whom we ought to complaine, that will not permit us to die with that liberty we have lived in, and your inhumanity is growne so great, that you had rather have no Mother, nor Wife, nor Childe, nor Countrey, nor household gods, if they may not be your prey, and you their Tyrant: What shall wee say to you after all? wee can call you no more our *Coriolanus*, seeing you have given your self to the *Volsques*, you are come to steal us even from your owne selfe; it is in vaine *Virgilia* for thee to think that thy teares and complaints can alter our destinies, it must be tears of bloud, that must have power to touch his cruelty; the preservation of our lives will be now an act of injustice, and we are obliged for our owne honours to prevent our mis-

fortunes, since we cannot divert the miseries of our Countrey; and indeed what have we more to doe here in this place? shall we take care of our persons, and preserve them to adorne the triumph of the *Volsques*? or shall we nourish Victimes for our Enemies? or breed up the Children of *Coriolanus*, for his tyranny? No, no, let us rather stifle this cursed race of his, who would stifle the liberty of his Countrey, and if we must be deprived of hearing the sweet name of Mother, from the mouth of our Children, at least let us by this generous action gain it from the people; O *Coriolanus*, your rigour destroyes in us all the resentments of Nature, and you have reduc'd us to such sad tearms; that to doe an act of mercy and courage, wee must take those out of the world which are derived from us, but if in the midst of all the fury and bloud, which possesseth your soule, there yet remains any place for innocence and justice, make it appeare to us, that our teares may give place to our hopes, and let gentleness succeed your cruelty; but if it bee true that all your inclinations to vertue be corrupted, and that on the sudden your sweetest delights be in horror and bloud, and that your greatest crimes are your greatest pleasures, imploy all your rage to destroy me, it is by this murther alone, that you can compleat your Barbarisme, and violate at one blow all the Lawes of Nature and of Reason, your inhumanity shall be satisfied, together with the desire I have to finish my daies, the repose you give me this way will establish yours, and you will have nothing but your owne conscience to upbraid your crime, but be sure of that domestick enemy that will follow you to your grave, and however victorious you are, a continuall horror shall triumph over all your joyes; this Corasive will ever dwell in your soule to see alwaies our innocence dwell in your crimes, then shall you wish for that death you have given me; Oh how long a time was it before I could be brought to believe, that your Revenge had carried you to this ingagement! wee are slow to give credit to those things which are to afflict us; I did not think it possible that such an exalted soule, which seemed to bee inspired with the Roman honour, should ever descend from its owne greatness, to humble, and mingle it selfe with a barbarous People, the most remote, the *Volsques*, and with them become the Destroyer of his Countrey, to be their Captain, or to speak truer, the slave of his Enemies; but we are not to think it strange, since it pleaseth you to destroy your owne Race, your Countrey, together with the houshold gods of *Rome*, which are the onely things they hate, or rather which they feare; what have I to dread from the rigour of my destiny? I might bee at peace without enemies, if I were without Children, my barrenness would be abundance to my Countrey, as on the contrary, my fruitfulnesse hath changed the glory of Cities

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into a Desart; to what more deplorable estate can I bee subjected? what malediction of fortune, or indignation of the gods can be more severe then that which hath constrained Vertue to be the Mother of Vice; and which causeth the innocent to give birth to the guilty? the little consolation which is left me in my mis-fortunes, is to see, that both gods and men are accessary to my faults.

Ah *Coriolanus!* if you have not renounced Reason and humanity, I know your complaints will follow mine, and that Repentance will succeed yours; consider I beseech you, that your crimes are of so transcendant a nature, that the gods (I dare not say) are guilty of them, but less that they are innocent: Ah my deare sonne! if you were acquainted with the inclinations that your Children have to honour, certainly it would change yours, they are so zealous for the interest of their Countrey, that they make it their entertainment to weep, and complaine, insomuch that the tenderness of their teares astonish all beholders; for it seems almost a prodigy that any who beare the name of *Coriolanus* should bee vertuous, and that being yours, they should be capable of shedding teares for your slaughters; it is by their complaints and teares that I conjure you to attention; Oh that their sighes and sobs might gaine peace to *Rome*! I know that from any other hand but yours we have deserved war, but I would have you grant to your Children that which they aske, which is to say, that which is to be expected from a generosity without example: Come then, my son, and teach them in their tender age to sow Palmes in the Capitoll, quit those Armes which affright them, and come and imbrace them; if they obtaine grace from you, give them the title of Fathers of their Countrey, in an age that others are scarce known to be sons of their owne Fathers, and then I can assure you, that you will advance them immediatly from a Cradle to a Charriot of triumph; can you refuse this honour? or, to speake plainer, can you hope for a greater? the way to conquer *Rome* is to pardon it.

Do you not esteem a victory, without you obtain it by fire and sword? is it possible you should be so unreasonable, rather to force your way, then to be joyfully received through an Arch-triumphall? no, no, I will not thinke your determinations so ill waighed, I rather hope that your desire of honour will over ballance those of Revenge, and give you a sudden resolution to pardon your desolate Countrey, to drie up your Mothers teares, to restore your wives life, and adde honour to your Children; the execution of this designe is not hard, since it is certaine that the *Volsques* will with joy imbrace the alliance of a man whose sole valour hath conquered their Enemies, enlarged their Territories, and given reputation to their Armes; and to sum

up all, whose courage alone hath made *Rome* tremble, they cannot refuse their friendship to our Citizens, since it is by one of them, that their forces equall ours, and they will consider, that by this union wee shall overcome all our Enemies, and make a setled peice through the whole world, being certaine that there will be none to resist us.

But if the unsatiable desire of rule makes them promise to themselves an easie Victory, let them remember how dangerous that valour is that is forc'd, let them consider the instability of all humane affaires, let them learne of me, that the Roman people can never be conquered, without being utterly rooted out; they know how to sell their bloods, and not give it, and that they never aske for peace, when they have reason to despaire to have it granted. let fortune faile us, our hearts never shall: But it may be, that your ambition perswades you, that the way to preserve your greatness, and power over so great an Army as you now command, is to conquer us, and that you cannot raigne, unless we be your Tributaries; if you be a *Coriolanus*, have you forgot that those for whom you fight, are your naturall Enemies, and that they have suck'd in with their milke, the designe of your destruction, they doe not imbrace you, but for your ruine, it is their need of your valour that makes them flatter you for a time, but as soone as you have conquered, you shall become subject to those you have made Kings, then you will finde, that they protected you to gaine those Kingdomes they never meant you should enjoy; if their pride could suffer them to bee commanded by a Roman, they would never have disputed with the Romans for their Empire; believe me, my dear son, you are not their Master, but to keep them from being our slaves, and that as soone as ever you have put the power into their hands, you will be the first that shall feele its rigour, and be forc'd to groan under the yoake you have imposed upon us; I know that your generositie will rather make choice of a voluntary banishment; but what say I? good gods, you will not have power to banish your selfe, you have given them an example in your Countrey, which will render them cruell to you, they have learnt, to our cost, how dangerous it is to leave you your life and libertie, and that Repentance quickly followes the least injuries that are done you: *in fine*, you manure a field, whose flowers and fruits are not designed for you, and in establishing the felicities of others, you destroy your owne, you will then finde your selfe the onely unfortunate person of your party; it may bee you will tell mee, that fortune favoureth all your designes, and that you need feare nothing; but if you place your confidence in her you will be deceived, her inconstancy is so great, that there is but one way to protect you from it, which is to tempt her seldome;

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take heed that in ſeeking about to trie her, you do not drive her from you, and that in raiſing your ſelfe too high, you take not the greater fall.

How many times have we ſeen a Veſſel ſwallowed up by the deeps, in the very ſame place which a little before ſerved for a Haven of ſafety? ſuffer your ſelfe then rather to be conducted by Reaſon then Fortune; or, to ſpeak more properly, bee kinde to your ſelfe in ſparing us: but if your obdurate heart doo yet carry you on to vengeance, for the injuries you have received, and that contemning my diſcourſe, it inſpire you to our conquſt; thinke a little what advantage you can reap by a Victory obtained by falſhood, ingratitude, & cruelty; imagine that the foundation of *Rome* were reverſt, & your Countrey totally deſtroyed, doe you not believe after all is done; that Hell hath flames horrible enough to burne to aſhes thoſe unjuſt and ſhameful Palmes which you have ſprinkled with our bloods? can you eſteeme that Victory glorious which you cannot rejoice in, but with impiety? and doe you think it will be for your honour, when the whole world ſhall know, that being able to conquer all that reſiſte you, you have beene overcome by your owne paſſions? ſince that the remembrance of the injuries of ſome that were envious of your vertue, hath had more power in your ſoule, then Vertue itſelfe, or the deſire of true honour; this is to yield to them to make ſuch uſe of your Victory, and to endeavour rather to out-ſtrip them in Villany then courage.

Behave your ſelfe ſo, my deare ſonne, that the Romans may know the worth of him, they have offended, and if they have been ungratefull, be not you inhumane; be revenged of their malice, in making them confeſſe to all the world, how great a fault they have committed, in baniſhing a man that knowes how to uſe a god-like Vertue, Mercy to his Enemies; it had beene better you had never been for ever deprived of the ſight of *Rome*, then to have been it for its deſtruction; your baniſhment was the guilt of others, but your returne in this way, is your owne; you are yet in a condition to take away this ſtaine from your life, and to let poſterity know, that you are not contented to keep your ſelfe within the ſtrict limits of a ſonne, but that you have the noble ambition to be ſtiled the Father of your Country; if I ſhould beg of you, in preſerving us, the ruine of the *Volſques*, I confeſs it were hard for you to grant, for it is no more juſt to betray thoſe that truſt us, then to deſtroy our Countrey; the peace that I demand is equally profitable for both Nations, & onely ſo much more honourable for the *Volſques* as that when it may be probably ſuppoſed, that they have certaine Victory in their hands, they freely grant to us two ſoveraigne bleſſings, Peace and Friendſhip, though they are alike partakers of the benefit with us: if you yield to

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my just request, you will have the reputation of giving felicity; in this age, to *Rome*; but if you denie me, all the guilt of ill consequence will be imputed to you, as well by the *Volsques* as by the *Romans*, for though the fortune of war is alwaies very uncertaine; yet this I am sure of, that if you be victorious, Story shall mark you out to posterity, as the plague and ruine of your Countrey; whereas if you bee conquered, they will say, that for revenge of private injuries, you have ruined those who gave you protection in your exile: if you consider well, my *Coriolanus*, there is none more obliged to returne benefits, then your selfe, seeing you so eagerly pursue ingratitude; submit your selfe then to Reason, and yield to the demand which it makes to you by mee, and give the *Romans* cause to rejoice in that safety which they hold by your generosity, and the *Volsques* will also hereby blesse themselves, that they have had for their Generall a man, whose *Statua* shall bee plac'd in the Capitoll, to which hereafter there will bee Temples and Altars erected, and who shall have no other Title then the Restorer of his Countrey, and the Defender of our gods.

Cast away those Armes which dazle mine eies, and which make me tremble onely to thinke, they are so neare us, your fury hath already beene too great, since it hath brought your violence before my face; give, my deare *Coriolanus*, give something to the supplications of a Mother, who gave birth to your generosity, and that loves you yet so tenderly, though you are turned an Enemie; do not denie your Children to be Witnesses, as well as Imitators of your noble actions, which are to come; come teach them by your example, to sacrifice all their interest to the honour of their Countrey, and restitue to the Common-wealth, that you came not against it, but to instruct it to doe its duty, and that it was rather for the honour of your Countrey, then for your owne, that you tooke up Armes; but I will not that the force of my Reasons, and the fervency of my Prayers make too much for the honour of granting quickly, that which you cannot denie without injustice; on the contrary, I desire to obtaine that from you, which I may expect as justice, under the name of mercy onely: Prepare then, O People, to render thanks to your Deliverer; come and admire this noble soule, which is conquered by nothing but Pittie; come see this *Coriolanus*, whose hatred cost so many sighes, and whose returne hath preserved the Common-wealth of *Rome*; come my deare *Virgilia*, come, and kisse that hand which comes to untie our chaines, and to give liberty to his Countrey; wipe away those teares which blinde you, and come and enjoy the sight of a man, that will be ravished at yours: come, O generous Children, and kisse your victorious Fathers hands, follow his Chariot of triumph.

I would, *O Coriolanus*, ſay more, if my motherly affection would give me leave to ſpeake, but ſince you have been ſo long abſent from mee, it is fit I leave entertaining you this way, and joine my ſelfe in neare imbraces to you.

The Effect of this Oration.

ALL the indignation of Coriolanus *was not proofe againſt this diſcourſe; all in teares hee caſt away his Armes, and told his Mother (giving her his hand) that ſhee had gained a very happy Victory for her Countrey, but an unfortunate and deadly one for her ſonne: in effect, theſe words were Prophetick, for having raiſed his ſeige, and returned with the* Volſques *into their Countrey, that barbarous Nation in diſlike of this honourable action, murthered him in full Senate.*

Cato *Generous.*

The Argument.

Cato *of* Utica *ſeeing the Liberty of* Rome *oppreſſed by* Cæſar, *was reſolved not to ſurvive it; but Sonne, perceiving his deſigne, endeavoured to hinder him:* Cato *anſwered thus.*

IF I were, my ſonne, of the number of thoſe men, who, given over to their owne appetites, judge of all things according to their paſſions, thy teares would not onely alter my minde, but they would bee powerfull enough to afflict my ſoule, to ſee him weep ſo tenderly, who, being ſo neare a part of my ſelfe, teſtifies ſo much more his affections to me, as he findes my death intollerable to him; but the life which I have led untill this day (never

waighing wearineſſe, nor dreading danger, when the ſervice of my Countrie was concern'd) will ſpeake for mee, that it is not feare, but ſtrict neceſſitie that takes me out of the world; and I hope I ſhall not die without the pleaſure of leaving thee capable of ſome conſolation, it being not poſſible to believe, but that Reaſon is the moſt powerfull conſideration in the Houſe of *Cato*: I rejoice to finde thee ſenſible of my death, not but that I am angry that thou doſt not know that I ought to tend to my Center, and that, in making haſte to a better life, I make haſte to my felicitie; but becauſe it is a ſigne that I have a Sonne who is pleaſed with my fatherly kindneſs, and a Sonne that in deſiring my preſence, doth by conſequence approve the actions of my life; they are thoſe teares which, contrary to their nature, inflame me more to die, becauſe they aſſure me I ſhall leave a *Cato* behinde me: But if thou didſt rightly conſider, what that death is of which thou complaineſt, thou wouldſt finde, that both Fortune and the Heavens have rendred it ſo neceſſary, that neither my Houſe nor my Countrie can ſuſtain dammage by it: So long as the Common-wealth was capable of my ſervice, I never left it; but now that the particular fortune of *Cæſar* hath overcome the publique, why wouldſt thou wiſh *Cato* to live, to be affronted by the multitude, who follow his wicked party? if in oppoſing the Conquerors Armie, I might eaſe the publique Calamities, I would not deſire death at my own hands: but what ſhall I doe? *Cæſar* hath conquered, and cannot bee ſubdued, but by his own fortune: all the Common-wealth runs with emulation to his ſervice, and I cannot deliver my Countrie from any other miſchief, but from ſeeing *Cato* in bondage: *in fine*, the Roman libertie can never die more honourably, then with *Cato*, neither can *Cato* die more gloriouſly then with the liberty of the Republique; if I ſhould expect death from the feeble hand of old Age, I ſhould be ſeene to live unprofitably, or, which is more ſhamefull, to ſurvive the libertie of my Countrie: if I would goe to ſearch for death in the war, where ſhould I finde it? ſeeing all ſtrange Nations are ſubdued as well as ours hath beene overcome, and if it appeare to thee, that in dying I ſeem to envie *Cæſars* glorie, and that I take from him the honour of pardoning *Cato*, remember thy ſelfe that *Cato* is not an object for mercy? it would be a ſacriledge to guiltie fortune if *Cæſar* ſhould pardon *Cato*, for what fault can he be guiltie of? he whoſe whole life was never imployed, but for the honour of his Countrie, and the gods? No! no! the providence of Heaven is ſuch, that it hath ordained the deſtinie, not onely of particulars, but even the generall order of all things hath inform'd *Cato* of the neceſſitie of dying; all men may, but all men ought not to yield to the fortune of the Conqueror.

Thou

Thou haſt perceiv'd, my Son, that I have been ſo active for Libertie, that if for the preſervation of my life, I could indure ſervitude, I ſhould never poſſibly bee aſſured of that life which is held in ſlaverie; hee will be alwaies jealous of my fidelitie, and to aſſure his Empire, be inforc'd to crueltie; I will as much as is poſſible hinder the crimes of the Prince of our Countrie, and carrie it ſo, that *Ceſar* at leaſt, bee thought innocent of my death, ſo ſhall the Common-wealth rejoice to ſee arriv'd in the Haven of ſafetie, that little which is left unconquered: in a word, ſeeing I ſee nothing free but dying, it would be very unjuſt, that death it ſelfe ſhould not be granted mee at the laſt, but with ſome kind of ſervitude, and ſince I know not how to finiſh ſo many miſeries, by more generous hands then mine own I am reſolv'd: is it poſſible that thou hadſt rather ſee thy Father die by the hands of the Hang-man, then by thoſe of *Cato*? No! no, it belongs onely to the *Cato's*, as to know how to live, ſo to die, when they pleaſe; and it is no ſmall honour in *Ceſars* time to be maſter of *Cato's* life.

Admit Time hath ordained me for many years, thou ſeeſt my Son, how many are already paſt, and if I ſhould refer the few that are left to the pleaſure of Fortune, conſider what life can be more ſhamefull, than that which depends upon the will of an Enemie, to prolong *Cato's* daies, thou muſt not deſire him to die leſs honourable; I will not be the firſt that hath brought ſervitude into the Houſe of *Cato*, how canſt thou deſire him to live unprofitably and undervalued, that hath been the foundation of our liberty, and the fundamentall pillar of the Common-wealth? and how is it poſſible thou ſhouldſt be ſo averſe to behold *Cato* free, and *Cato* immortall? what is it troubles thee? is it only the immagination of what thy Father is to undergo? is it any other thing then the ſame death ſo much ſcorned by one of my Slaves? who, to avoid my fury, for a fault he had committed, caſt himſelfe headlong from a Rock? is it any other thing then, but the ſame death affronted by a Girle? who impatient at the abſence of her Lover, abandoned her life, and uſed for her inſtrument a halter; the evill ought to bee deemed very meane, which is encountred upon ſuch ſlender grounds; what then? ſhall the thoughts of feare and puſillanimitie, prevaile over thoſe of Vertue? No, no, my Son, if thou haſt a minde by thy teares to ſhew me the Sentiments of a true Sonne, ſhew me a ſoule full of the Sentiments of *Cato*; thou ought'ſt to conſider, that the day of death is not the laſt of life, but the laſt of mortalitie: if the ſoule ſurvives the bodie, what day is more happie then that wherein a man begins to live free, and independent? and if it doth not ſurvive, what man is more fortunate then he who hath finiſhed the miſeries of life? if it proceed from the gods, death cannot bee ill, becauſe the

gods ordaine nothing but what is good, eſpecially to the juſt; and if there bee no gods, or if they take no care of humane affaires, how can it diſpleaſe a wiſe man to part from a world without Deities, and without Providence? Death to divers hath been the end, and to others the remedy of their ſufferings, and there have been men who have deſired it, and others who have procured it, but none (beſides the wicked) ever thought it ill, and thoſe eſteeme it ſo, becauſe their guilty conſciences will not permit them to hope for a better place; thoſe are ſlaves unto, and not Maſters of life, who, being deprived of all happineſs, had rather live in languiſhments, then leave to live: Nature hath ordain'd us to live as long as life is to us content and eaſe, but to abandon it when it growes a burthen; why ſhould wee be expoſed to the mallice of Fortune? to the frowns of the angry Heaven? love life my Son, whilſt life is to us happineſſe, but not when it is worſe then death: The gods have put my ſoule into my body, but not chained it in, and if it had been their intention it ſhould have been a Priſoner, they would have made the meanes to free it, more difficult; but on the contrary, all things may be raviſhed from us by Fortune, except death alone, which alwaies depends upon our free wills; he that is much a Lover of life, is much the ſubject of giddy fortune; there is nothing without vexation to him, becauſe there is nothing without hazard.

I do not denie, but that Nature hath created man with an inclination to love and preſerve the body, but it is an inclination which the Beaſts have *in commune* with us, and which it may be Nature doth not give, but to keep us from deteſting that life, which experience ſhewes us to bee the object of all miſeries imaginable: The Earth is a naturall, but a painfull abode, it is a reſidence which the wiſe ought not to ſlight, ſo long as they may exerciſe the beſt affects of their Reaſon, but when Fortune and Reaſon have reduc'd them to ſuch terms, that they cannot make uſe of Vertue without being ſcorned by the wicked, what life is it then? it would be an Argument of a meane ſoule, if I ſhould feare either danger or change in my vertue: ſo long as there was hope to conquer my misfortunes by conſtancy, I preſerved my life (expecting better times for the Common wealth and for my ſelfe,) but who now ſeeth not that the publique affairs are deſperate, and that libertie is overthrowne, and that *I* cannot aid my Countrie any other way, but in ſending *Cato* to Heaven? it is my griefe that thou haſt not yet ſerved thy Countrie ſo much as thou oughteſt, who art borne my ſonne, for if thou hadſt, I would perſwade thee alſo to ſtop by thy death the inſtability of Fortune, and to prevent an unhappy life, by which thou mayeſt know, if thou conſidereſt rightly, whether he ought to be deplored that is delivered

from

from ſo miſerable an agitation: for me, I render thanks to the gods, with all the zeale that my ſoule is capable of, that they have taught me this truth, and indeed I cannot finde that I have any other obligation to life, then that it hath made me know the value of death, and I rejoice that I have found an occaſion to die ſo honourably; to what purpoſe ſhould we ſo long be bandied between ſo many miſeries, and ſo many miſchiefes? whoſoever hath a minde to bee enſlaved to all the tyrannies of Fortune, let him cheriſh life: in a word, if life be profitable, let us live; but if it be the contrary, the gods have not plac'd us in the world to keep us there miſerable, we may goe out of our ſelves, for ſleep and death are naturall, and wee finde little difference between the one and the other; why then are we not as ready to die as to ſleep? and why doe wee think a profitable death leſs lovely, then a languiſhing one? what reaſon is there why that death ſhould ſeeme more horrid, which cuts off our lives in a moment, and almoſt without paine, then that which vexeth us miſerably, almoſt a whole age together? if thou doſt believe that kinde of death not to be ſo cruell as the violent, which overthrows us at one blow, let us examine a little what this thing called life, is; it is ſubject to a thouſand miſadventures, and every minute expoſed to the outrages of all, even the leaſt things; in its infancy it is helpleſs, and leſs reaſonable then the beaſts, and if by chance it attaine to old age, what creature is then more feeble or fuller of infirmitie? or more worthy of compaſſion? it is born in teares, it is bred and nouriſhed in dolour and paine, preſerved with many feares and dangers; there is nothing more poore, nothing more impotent in the beginning, and nothing more furious, more avaritious, more proud, nor more vaine in the continuance; the world is a Hell to it: didſt thou ever paſſe from one ſeaſon to another, without feeling the exceſs of heat, or the extremitie of cold? and what thing can the tormented ſoules of the damned imagine more cruell then theſe ordinary changes? men themſelves are enemies to themſelves, and when they are in league one with another, they thinke of nothing more then whom they may oppreſſe, and whom they may ruine; to what end are there ſo many Armies, and ſo many Victories, if not for the deſtruction of one another? and who is he that hath not gone with impetuous haſte to the Capitol to render thanks to the gods for the ſlaughter of numberleſſe numbers of men ſuch as himſelfe?

Covetous wretches have digged up the intrails of their common Mother, the Earth, to teare thence Gold wherewith they purchaſe our lives; it's the Hemlock wherewith they poyſon, and the ſword wherewith they kill: what ſouldier is there that doth not learne to handle his weapon to kill, even

with Art? wee are subjected to a condition that wee doe not onely suffer death, but study it: Behold! how many men are afflicted which way soever they turne themselves? they compound, with their laborious sweat, the cause of our misfortunes; to what use serve these Lances, and Arrowes pointed with steele, to which mans bloudy invention hath given wings, to send death flying where a remorseless hand destines it, who complaines himselfe of being mortall, whilest his heart and his hand are not imployed but for death? O unfortunate state of life! of which even those are enemies who live: certainly, if thou wouldst consider what this life is, thou wouldst finde, that such are worthy of being envied, who in the beginning of their dales, have found the end of their miseries, in making a Sepulchre of their Cradles; there is no kinde of life that hath not his pangs, and his disquiets; if a man be a foole, hee is worse then a beast; if wise, it is hard for him to finde an equall; if wicked, he is a living Hell, Pride rendreth him subject to hatred, Envy gnawes him, Avarice torments him, and debauchery consumes him; if he be just he is persecuted by Antypathy, if he beretir'd from the world, he leads a life solitary, unprofitable, and more suitable to a wild beast then a man; if he be imployed in the publique, he hath to doe with a body composed of wicked members; publique affaires are mingled with deadly dangers, particular are not worthy to take up the heart of a man of courage; Poverty causeth anxiety; Riches puff up and disorder; servitude dejecteth, and is a continuall misery; Command is not without perill: single life is a kinde of solitude, yet hath its thornes; a Wife is a sweet companion, but afflicting; the luxury of the age is great, the minde of woman is fluctuating, & in short, the domestick disquiets, the petulancies, giddinesse, and weakneſs of Wives are insupportable; often we are not Fathers, and often we are so to the perturbation of our soules. I must needs confess it is a great pleasure to have children, but it is that which sits uneasie upon the soule of Man, to have them as Hostages in the hands of Fortune: and it is an unspeakable agitation of the minde to have occasions so obliging and pressing, as are so far from permitting us to live with freedome, that they will not allow us to die with it.

Behold an example in *Cato*, in this *Cato*, so miserable, that even his own children endeavour by their tears, to hinder his liberty: finally, I am forc'd to conclude, that this life is nothing else but a Sea subject to tempests, wherin a thousand things may raise a storme to drowne us: See now if this condition be worthy to be desired; I now live under the yoake of servitude, and remaine under the power of an Usurper, that hath abolisht the liberty of his Countrey, and vilely placed the dignities Consular, and Priestly amongst the offices

offices of his slave, and subjected the Capitall to the necessity of applauding his guilty and criminall Triumph, and approving the slavery of the Romans: what! shall this life bee deemed worthy to be continued? shall I adde to the number of the enslaved of my Countrey, and omit an opportunity so remarkable of shewing to the world, that it is high time for those to die who have lead the life of *Cato*? what! shall my eyes (accustomed to behold the glorious *Statua's* of my Ancestors, who have counted in their lives more Victories then dayes,) shall they (I say) see the Roman Fortune bound in fetters? what! the Fasces of the Consular dignity, must they serve to make a Faggot to set the Common-wealth on fire, and *Cato* be yet alive? what! this *Cato*, that did not vouchsafe to give his Neece to *Pompey* the great, shall he prolong his ills to doe homage to him that hath ruined that liberty, which with so much sweate and perill was founded by *Cato*? the gods preserve me from an adventure so shamefull: why dost thou not rather exhort me, O my son, to serve my selfe of that priviledge which Nature hath given us of being able to deliver our selves from so many evils by one death? wouldst thou not blush to see thy Father numbred amongst *Cæsars* conquests; governe, O governe better thy too tender thoughts, and doe not desire that thy teares should bee more powerfull then all these most important necessities; it will bee most agreeable that I, who have given so many blowes for the liberty of the Common-wealth, should give one for my owne.

I was made so independing both by Heaven and Nature, that I should blush to bee found alive in *Cæsars* time, as well as under his Empire: if it troubles thee that thy Countrey shall lose *Cato*, let him survive in thy actions; as often as thou shalt recount my life in thy memory, thou shalt have me living in my Examples, and my Precepts; all love is vicious which is not grounded upon Reason; if thou lovest mee, imitate my Vertue, for when thou shalt love mee by immitation, thou wilt see that the Common-wealth hath not lost *Cato*, who shall certainly see him, both living, and glorious in the vertue of his Son.

The effect of this Oration.

Young Cato not knowing what to answer to his Father, retired all covered with teares; after which, this great man imployed one part of the night in reading a Discourse of the immortality

immortality of the Soule, and slept the other, with as much tranquility, as if hee had not had a designe against his owne life: At last he awoke, and sent to the Ports, to see if his Friends were departed, according to his order, and being answered, that they were all gone, hee fained as if hee would yet sleep a little longer; but as soone as the Company was retired, he tooke his sword from under his beds-head, and violently thrust it into his bowels; at the noise of his fall, his friends came into his Chamber, and finding that he was not yet dead, they dresst and bound up his wounds, but within a little time, he got opportunity to pull off the bands with which they were bound up, and with his owne hands tore out his intrails, for feare he should be inforced to live: Thus died this great Man, to whom they give the glorious Title of the first of Men, and the last of the Romans.

Cleopatra *Humble.*

The Argument.

Cleopatra *not to bee comforted after the death of* Mark Anthony, *and the losse of her Kingdome, and Liberty, receiving a Visit from* Augustus (*a rumour being spread abroad that hee had designed to carry her to* Rome *to adde to his triumph*) *to alter his intention, spake this following.*

At

AT the laſt I have ſeene that which I thought had never beene poſſible, *Cleopatra* obliged by a Mortall; here it is (O *Ceſar*) that thou firſt triumph'ſt over Ægypt; when thou haſt conquered the Kingdome by thy Fortune, that Fortune hath brought thee to viſit *Cleopatra*, not to comfort her in her great diſaſters, but to teach the world they ought to ſubmit, as well to thy Vertue, as to avoid thy ſword: what object can thine eies deſire to ſee more pleaſing? or what Muſick can ſound more ſweet in thine eares, then to heare *Cleopatra* ſpeake humbly? and that the Queene of Ægypt ſhould have need to offer Vowes and Prayers? O *Ceſar*, thy Vertue hath rais'd thee to ſo ſupreame a pitch of greatneſs, that thy meere viſits have power to make Queens happy; this is the firſt time ſince my reign, that favors are done mee upon Earth, I never received any that I eſteemed ſo, but from Heaven alone, from Heaven ſaid I? alas, it's benigne influences are changed into maligne, and inauſpitious; it hath left mee no hope, unleſs it be that my Conqueror hath as well the generoſity, as the high courage of a Roman.

I have had heretofore ſo large experience, and intereſt in the gallantry of Romans, your Peers, that I ſhould deem my ſelfe ungratefull, if I had not an entire aſſurance in the Vertue of a *Ceſar*, there doth now ariſe a large ſubject for hope to this captive Queene, ſeeing that the mercy of her Conqueror invites him thus early to do her this honour: and I confeſs my ſelfe to be more overcome, by the gentleneſs of this Viſit, then I was by the power of thy Troops: Force and violence overcame there, heere nothing but thy Vertue ſubdues.

I give thee thankes (O moſt noble Conquerour) and if I doe it not as I ought, it is but an effect of my diſaſtrous fortune, the memory of my paſt felicities diſorders me in this new learning of giving thanks: how tranſitory the favour of Fortune is, *Cleopatra's* condition furniſheth a great example.

Behold (O *Ceſar*) to what ſhe hath reduc'd *Cleopatra*, who hath receiv'd no leſſe incenſe from Kings then from Kingdomes, that *Cleopatra*, for whom the *Ceſars* have fought, the *Pompey's* have travelled through dangers, and *Anthony* hath loſt his life: I ſpeake of that *Anthony* whoſe perſon, and whoſe actions were the lively image of *Hercules*, his Predeceſſor: I ſpeake of that *Anthony*, who, whilſt hee was in the world, paſt for bounty it ſelfe, for the ſoule of Armes, and for the delight of *Greece*, whoſoever demands of all *Aſia*, who was the Tutelary god, doubtleſs the anſwer will be, it was the great *Anthony*.

Unfortunate *Cleopatra*, to what extremity art thou reduc'd? if I would oblige thee (O *Cæsar*) it is neceſſary that I praiſe thee, and if I praiſe thee worthily, I can finde no nobler way, then by recounting the glory of that great *Anthony* whom Fortune made chiefe of all men, to ſhew to thee, that the chiefe of all men was leſs then thy Vertue, leſs then thy valour, and leſs then thy Fortune.

I am indebted to the Deſtinies (alwaies mine Enemies) for no other Favour, but that my infelicitie hath miniſtred matter to oblige thy generoſity, to exerciſe thy high Vertue: There runs for all that a confuſed rumour, that thou intendeſt to carry me hence Captive, and to make me follow thy Charriot in thy triumph; but be pleaſed to believe *Cleopatra* is not capable of ſuffering ſuch contempt; death cannot ſeem to come too haſtily to her who hath already ſeen the death of her Reigne, and Liberty.

I am forc'd (being terrified by ſo unpleaſing a noiſe) to ſupplicate thee (O mercifull Conqueror) not to thinke of a thing ſo contrary to my quality, and I am the rather a Suitor unto thee, becauſe thou ſhoul'd doe things ſuitable to the favour of this Viſit, then for any need I have to obtaine that of thee which I can alwaies command from my ſelfe; I ſweare to thee, I had already conducted my intereſts to an aſſured Port, by this hand, if I were not obliged to acknowledge thy civilities, for I will not that thou reproach me, as thy Divine Father did *Cato*, that I envied thee the glory of pardoning mee.

Be content with this, that I am become a Suppliant; it is no ſmall triumph to ſee *Cleopatra* petitioning, and humble: I aſſure thee that a heart leſſe then thine ſhould never be intreated by *Cleopatra*, for that ſoule accuſtomed to receive reſpects from the *Cæſars* themſelves, would diſdaine to humble it ſelfe before man; If I did not know thy Vertue worthy to receive the ſame honours which we render to the gods.

If thou wouldſt know the value of this triumph which ought to make thee proud? demand of Heaven, if ever *Cleopatra* offered vowes to any but to the gods, and *Cæſar*; I know thou remembreſt the Time, the Affection, the Treaſures, and the Men, I have imployed in the ſervice of *Anthony*: But I alſo know (O noble Enemy) that thou art not ignorant of the price of that faith which ought to be inviolable, from the inſtant in which it is given.

Alas, unfortunate *Cleopatra!* of what crime art thou detected, if not for being faithfull? if I had betrayed my Party, as others have done, I ſhould bee ſtill the ſo much adored, *Cleopatra*: but becauſe my faith was unſhaken, ought I to be drawn as a vile ſlave after thy triumphant Charriot,

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by that which I have done for *Anthony?* conſider (O *Caeſar*) what I may doe for thee, if thou ſhalt be favourable unto mee: Could I bee ſo baſe to breake my faith with the conquered, and imbrace his fortune that is victorious, I ſhould bee ſecured from the perill which now threateneth me; but thou canſt have no aſſurance (O *Caeſar*) that I will not betray thee, as well as another, if the reliques of the Triumvirate ſhould produce any new matter of war.

I have ſerv'd (I confeſs) and lov'd as much as I ought the noble and unfortunate *Anthony*, and I dare ſweare (ſo certaine am I) that *Caeſar* himſelfe would have ſerv'd him, if he had beene in *Cleopatra's* place, ſince the effects of Vertue never change, although their reſidence be in ſeverall hearts! alas unfortunate *Anthony!* that the memory of a Name ſo ſweet, ſhould be this day ſo bitter to me; pardon me *Caeſar*, if thou art as mercifull as victorious? pardon me, I ſay, if my indiſcreet tenderneſſe makes me lament before thy face, the death of thine Enemy: I ſigh for mine owne misfortunes, not for the eſtabliſhment of thy unparrallel'd greatneſs; that thought is too ſenſible, when I call to minde a man who never did any thing without having for his object my will.

There is but one thing alone, that gives me cauſe to complaine of *Anthony*, which is, that I have heard him ſweare a thouſand times, (which I now deem flattery) that my beauty was divine, and all powerfull, and that it might ſoften Rocks; thou deceivedſt me *Anthony*, and thou deceivedſt thy ſelfe, ſeeing it cannot cauſe one ſentiment of pity in his heart, whoſe curteſie is greater then his fortune, although his fortune bee greater then his Empire of the world.

In fine, O *Caeſar*, the ſum of my petition is, that I may increaſe thy reputation, in being content to obtaine of thy vertue, that which I can alwaies obtaine of my owne; I intreat thee to conſent that I may live without ſhame, for otherwiſe in teaching *Cleopatra*, that thou intendeſt to triumph over her, is but to teach *Cleopatra* that it is time for her to triumph over her ſelfe; for ſhe is abſolutely reſolved to follow no other Chariot, then that of thy mercy; if thou intendſt by thy Victory to draw that baſe humiliation from my misfortunes, thou mayſt well ſee *Cleopatra* amongſt thy Triumphs of death, but never amongſt the Triumphs of *Caeſar*; in being induſtrious to hinder my death, to the end, to preſerve mee to encreaſe the number of the Trophies and Spoiles which thou deſtineſt to the Capitoll, is not out of a deſire I ſhould live, but that I ſhould ſurvive my reputation; which is not magnanimous, which is not like *Caeſar*.

If the malignity of any fatall ſtarre had rendred thee to the condition that I am in, wouldſt thou ſubmiſſively reſolve to follow a Chariot? No! no, life is not precious enough to be purchaſed ſo dearly; and what honour can it be to him to triumph over a Queen, endued with no more generoſity then to be capable of living to be carried in triumph?

Remember (noble Enemy) that the moſt feeble and vulgar power may deprive me of life, and uſe me ill, but the conſervation of my firſt Majeſty is an action of an Arme no leſs powerfull then Princely: *Ceſar* I aske pardon for telling thee that the inclination to take revenge is as much below *Ceſar*, as *Ceſar* is above the power of being offended; chaſtiſements that proceed from ſuch as you, if they have not for their end, the deſigne of making the Offendor an Example, are fury, and not correction.

My miſeries as they now appeare, may ſerve for inſtruction of all thoſe that hereafter, like *Cleopatra*, would ingage their affections for an *Anthony*; thou haſt attained to ſuch a degree of greatneſſe, that for expiation of crimes committed againſt thee, that ought to ſuffice which appeaſeth the gods, which is to ſay, I confeſſe I have done amiſs and ask pardon.

To conclude, even the common Animals, at leaſt thoſe that are generous, alwaies treat them favourably whom they finde humble; if to exalt thy Victory it were neceſſary that *Cleopatra* ſhould follow thy Chariot, I would enchaine my ſelfe to increaſe thy glory; a thouſand conſolations, drawne from paſt examples, attend my misfortunes, as that to bee conquered by a *Ceſar*, though it be a misfortune, it is one of thoſe which are honourable; that I have not wanted the courage of a Conqueror, though I have wanted the fortune; that Queenes are not leſs mortall then Kings, and that all things in the world have an end. It is thus that I comfort my ſelfe, and thus that I reſolve to honour the Triumph of my Conqueror, if the Triumph of my Conqueror may bee honoured by my miſeries; but to appeare Conquerour of Ægypt, it is more proper for thee to carry the Crowne, then the head of *Cleopatra*; neither ſhalt thou ever ſee *Cleopatra* humble her ſelfe to ſuffer ſuch an indignity, for if ſhe hath not ſtrength to revenge the injuries done her, ſhe ſhal have at leaſt ſtrength enough to deliver her ſelf from the violence of thoſe that offend her; thus thou mayeſt ſee, O *Ceſar*, that there is not any thing to be gained of *Cleopatra*, by any other way, then by generoſity.

Thou wilt appeare incomparably more great, by thy mercy, and by thy mercy exerciſed towards an Enemy that repents, then for having beene the cauſe of the death of a miſerable Queene, for the ſhort and vaine pleaſure

of

of this Ambition; but if the hate which thou haſt for *Anthony*, incline thee to be cruell to me, to the end that thou leaveſt not unpuniſhed any one thing relating to *Anthony*, to what purpoſe is all this? Alas *Ceſar!* conſider how ill it becomes a man of honour to be cruell to the dead, the Victory of the generous ought to be bloudy rather in, then after the Battell: but if for the compleatment of thy Victory, thou wouldſt finiſh the Conqueſt of *Anthony*, let the world then ſee, that thy Victories proceed from thy Vertue alone, and not at all from thy fortune, and what greater puniſhment can bee afflicted upon a noble ſoule, then to make it ſenſible what a generous, what a mercifull, and what a noble Conqueror it hath tranſgreſs'd againſt?

But ſince Fortune hath beene ſo cruell to deprive us of the body of *Anthony*, ſave his Soul, O mercifull Enemy, for even that was *Cleopatra's*: but alas! what ſay I in my griefe? what? could the ſoule of *Anthony* ſurvive *Anthony*, and humble it ſelfe before *Ceſar?* Ah poore *Anthony!* thou wouldſt never have permitted *Cleopatra* to have entreated ſo long in vaine, but if the rigour of my deſtiny will render mee ſo concern'd in the inclinations of another, as that the love of *Anthony* ſhould endanger mee, why may I not as well hope for advantage from the reſpective affection wherewith *Ceſar* heretofore honoured me? that *Ceſar* which thou reckoneſt amongſt thy Fathers, is reckoned amongſt my Husbands; if thou doſt drag me after thy Charriot of Triumph, wilt thou not bluſh to thinke thou doſt not triumph without paricide? *Ceſar!* the reputation of thy clemency is ſo great, that in denying thy mercy to me alone, thou wilt declare upon the Theatre of the world, mee to bee the moſt unworthy to receive it that ever was, which is to doe injury to the judgement of thy divine Father, who much loved me; cruell Fortune! to what haſt thou reduc'd mee? the war is finiſhed, yet I have not finiſhed my loſſes; poore *Cleopatra!* the Heavens are turn'd braſſe to thee, aſwell as the heart of him that holds thee captive.

Pardon me, *Ceſar*, if I doe not bewaile my misfortunes as I ought, it is not an effect of my pride, it is of my deſpaire; Tears cannot enough expreſs my miſeries for thoſe which give us leave to complaine, are common, neither doe I thinke it civill to ſhed Teares before *Ceſar*, whoſe vertue would bee offended, if I believed it capable of a feeble and baſe pity, for pity is a vertue of a low and vulgar ſoule: I call upon *Ceſar* to make uſe of his magnanimity, not his compaſſion.

And to conclude, it would bee a great addition to my misfortunes, if I found in my Conqueror a popular courage; but it is time that I hold my peace, not that I want words, for the Deſtinies have left mee no-

thing elſe ; neither doe I feare that thou wilt hearken to mee favourably, for I know how agreeable the Diſcourſes of thoſe who have generous deſignes are unto noble ſoules ; but it is that, in the preſent condition of things, I dare not abuſe the Patience of an Emperour, whoſe houres are all precious; I will onely tell thee, that if rigour to *Cleopatra*, bee not to bee accounted cruelty, the noble Treatment of her cannot faile to bee eſteemed, at leaſt, an effect of a noble ſoule ; for *in fine* the opportunities for great hearts to exereiſe their Vertue, are favours which they receive, and they begge from Heaven.

I inſiſt upon this to ſhew thee, how happy hee is whoſe felicity is ſuch, that his very Triumphs themſelves afford new matter of Triumph, but I will not be indebted to the force of my Reaſons, becauſe I doe not deſire to have them eſteemed powerfull and great, but to have found thee ſo ; for my part I have no doubt of thy vertue, but I miſtruſt my owne Fortune, and I feare the Heavens (enemies to my peace) ſhould take from thee ſo remarkable an occaſion to gaine honour, and raviſh from me the opportunity of being obliged to thy magnificence.

Conſider (O *Ceſar*) to what height of power thou art aſcended ; as to my intereſt thou art above the ſtars, upon thy will depends my Fate, and whatſoever thou wilt, ſhall be my condition, and if thou in thy mercy grant me that which is fit for me to aske, and that which I ought to obtaine, thou ſhalt be deified by thy Vulour, and adored by the ſubjected *Cleopatra*, thou ſhalt be the Diſpoſer of liberty, the Conſerver of life, the Maſter of Deſtiny, and the Protector of Kings, properties not inferiour to the gods themſelves.

But if the implacable anger of Heaven, together with the unalterable decree of Fortune be ſuch, that it hath deafned thee to my requeſts, that I cannot hope to finde *Ceſar* in *Ceſar*, behold this boſome (O great Conqueror) oppreſt with all calamities, for its laſt refuge to reſt, eagerly implores to receive from thy famous ſword, as an effect of pity, that death which otherwiſe I ſhall ſearch by the moſt horrid wayes that can force a ſoule from a body ; if it be forbid thee by any higher power to oblige mee by thy mercy, it is not forbid thee to favour me by thy ſword ; my adventures ſhal be glorious, if I fall under that ſword which hath conquerd all the Eaſt, and which in delivering me from the infamy of ſervitude, ſhall permit me to die free, and a Queene to whom the apprehenſion onely of the Capitol, and the conſideration of attending a Charriot render this life inſupportable.

Goe

Goe on then, noble Conqueror, pierce this miſerable boſome, and deliver me from the many misfortunes that overwhelme me: what! doſt thou feare to oblige me, that thou art ſo ſlow? thou ſhalt receive a thouſand praiſes for an action, which perchance thou believeſt to be too ſevere; ſtrike, O favourable Enemy, ſtrike, for ſince I muſt loſe both my Crowne and Liberty, it is the onely mercy thou canſt do me: But why art thou ſilent? is it poſſible, that thou ſhouldeſt deny me ſo poore a reliefe? thou who art deſcended from a Race, which hath preſented me with Kingdoms; believe mee cruell man, that this heart could never have beene ſo much beloved of *Ceſar*, if it had not ſomething in it like *Ceſar*; I have beene bred, crowned, and inſtructed by the *Ceſars*, judge after this, if I can be capable of ſervitude.

But to what end ſerve theſe my Complaints, ſince they are addreſs'd to a Rock? I will not that my unprofitable prayers betray me to the baſeneſs of Triumph and ſervitude: I have done, O *Ceſar*, cruell *Ceſar*, if thou wilt not ſuffer me to enjoy this Kingdome left me, by my Anceſtors, at the worſt thou canſt not hinder me from dying, and practiſing thoſe Vertues which I learned from their Schoole, all things may be denied me but death, and no Vertue is more vigorous then that which is deſperate.

The effect of this Oration.

EVery one knowes that Auguſtus *treated this faire unfortunate Queene with much civility; yet in the midſt of his curteſie, ſhee perceived his reſolution was to make her attend his Triumph to* Rome, *but to prevent the ſhame ſhee ſo much dreaded, ſhee kill'd her ſelfe with an Aſpe, which was brought to her amongſt flowers; ſo, by the generoſity of her death, ſhee wiped away the blemiſhes of her life.*

Sen-

Sentiments Paternall.

The Argument.

The Græcians *were assembled in* Aulide, *to consult upon the just revenge they meant to take for the Rape of* Helena: Agamemnon, *Brother of* Menelaus, *and Generall of the Army, to recreate himselfe, went to hunt, and kill'd a Hinde in a Wood, which unknowne to him was consecrated to* Diana; *things being in readinesse for their departure, the Heavens and Seas opposed it by impetuous and terrible tempests: They had recourse to the Oracle, the Priest declared that* Diana *enraged for the death of that Animal would not be appeased, but with the head of the eldest Daughter of that sacrilegious and unfortunate person,* Agamemnon, *being advertised of his fault, and frighted with the tumult of the Army, spake to them thus in favour of the Princes his Daughter.*

VVHat god (favourable to the Trojans, our Enemies) hath sowed in our Camp this furious sedition? hearken to mee, O Souldiers! if your military obedience doe yet render you such; I would call you Companions, if the quality of a King might suffer an equall: what tumult is this? what! I that within these few dayes was proclaimed King of Kings, not to have power to preserve mine owne bloud? Alas! I am ashamed to speake of the madness of my Army. I refuse not the head of my *Iphigenia*, to be offered for the publique safety, but I refuse it to particular Envy, if you judge it a thing requisite for the honour of our Troops, not onely to sprinkle the Altars, but to drowne our fields with the bloud of my Children; it shall bee I my selfe who will conduct the Victime to the Altar, and will rejoyce more to have bred them for the good of my Countrey, then for the repose of my Age; for what bloud can be more happily powred forth, then that which serves to appease the angry gods, and render happiness

happineſs to our Countrey? Certainly, if ye believe I had a ſoule capable of meaner thoughts then theſe, it would be an injury both to your judgements and honours in making choice of mee to command ſo many brave men, otherwiſe the moſt vile Members of this great Body might have been made the chiefe: No, no! whilſt *Agamemnon* lives, the head of *Iphigenia* ſhall not want a Sacrificer; but it ſeems very reaſonable to me, that Pity in theſe generous Troopes, who to recover an Adultereſſe, ſlight their Countrey, their Kindred, their Goods, their Wives and Children, and all things dear to them, either in this world or in that to come; it ſeems (I ſay) very reaſonable, that they conſider firſt, if the ſtayning their hands in the bloud of a Virgin, be an Act proper to render the gods propitious to our deſignes; for how can a ſacrifice offer'd with ſo much præcipitation pleaſe the gods? believe, O valiant People! O believe that when you offer a ſacrifice in fury, you ſatisfie no god but that of Envy alone; it is a thing which to mee ſeems very ſtrange, that for regaining of an Adultreſſe, it ſhould be thought fit to loſe a Virgin, and that to recover the daughter of another, it ſhould not only be thought convenient, but neceſſary, that I this day loſe mine owne; if innocency ſhall be expoſed to loſſe, you will force your Daughters to that adultery, which findes more ſafety and protection then Virginity it ſelfe; if we may begin our enterpriſe no other way, but by the death of my poor Daughter, who will not confeſs that this war is ominous to mee, before there is any violation of peace to begin the hopes of our Victories with the bloud of our Daughters; alas! it is to begin them with our owne loſſes, if we are out of hope, that the gods will not be favourable to our deſignes, unleſs we imbraw the Earth and Sea in the bloud of our own bowels; truly it will be a very criminous attonement.

Thoſe atchievements are too deare bought, that coſt us a Victime, for the preſervation whereof, no Victime ſhould be thought too precious: I have ſeen a war begun for the defence of Virgins, but never ſaw the murther of a Maid inaugurate the happy ſucceſſe of a war; that may be called loſing of the battell without fighting, and to fill our houſes with murther before they be taken, and without looking one Trojan in the face, wee ſhall bewaile the death of our Children: God forbid, that our undertakings ſhould be ſo inauſpitious; reſerve! reſerve the fury of your ſwords to deſtroy the Daughters of your Enemies.

Thoſe of *Ilion* ſhall not bee more ſwift to ſhut their Ports for their preſervation, then we will bee to flie to the immolation of the moſt illuſtrious Virgins of *Troy*, there we will aſſwage our angers, and revenge our indignities without ſparing a Maid that breaths in the aire of our Enemies, from

the rigour of our swords: But what new astonishment is that I read in your faces? you seeme to have in horror the thoughts onely of a spectacle so bloudy, I was confident in representing to you the massacre of yong Virgins, I had chosen an entertainment agreeable to your inclinations: Poore *Iphigenia!* under what malignant star wert thou borne, that that rigour which would be cruell, barbarous, and detestable, if it were afflicted upon the Daughters of our Enemies, is believed honest, pious, and desirable, when it is addressed to our owne? what? shall the sisters of *Paris* then feare the Grecians lesse then the Daughters of *Agamemnon*? who taught us that Religion which makes us mercifull to others, and cruell to our selves?

To begin the war by an act so inhumane is to better the condition of our Enemies, because we oblige the Heavens to defend those that are most innocent, for who can deny that a Ravisher sins lesse then a Homicide, and that it is a lesse fault to have loved a Wanton, then to murther a Virgin? *Paris* opposed, and wrestled with his lusts, as appear'd by the feares of his flight, and those of his conscience, to shew to the world, that at least hee knew his guilt, and dreaded punishment as well from the gods, as men; but how shall we excuse our crime, the wickednes of which renders us impious and cruell towards both gods and men?

We stile the prophanation of the Altars an Act of Piety, and as a sacrifice celebrate a detestable murther, who can excuse those crimes committed, not onely before the eies, but even upon the very Altars of the gods? I am not ignorant that the wickednesse of those who proposed this sacrifice, will say that the divine Decrees ought to be obayed, and not disputed; but I answer that the Athenians, to appeare falsely devout, were not ashamed to picture their gods cruell Homicides, those very sacred Intelligences which dwell above, for the preservation of Mortals, doe revenge, not desire the death of Innocents.

What? have the Gods rendred the Heavens serene, and the Sea calme, to favour the flight of an incontinent, and after doe they shew them in prodigious stormes, thirsting for the blood of a Virgin, who perchance is preparing Hecatombs for them, whiles they are decreeing her ruine? No, no! it would be a Hell upon Earth, if the Heavens should oblige us to shed the precious bloud of Innocents; how is it possible that *Jupiter* should resolve to reigne over a world desert and wicked? and who is there abject enough to continue amongst those Deities, whose number is not composed, but of more vile then our selves? but what god is it hath brought cruelty into Heaven, as if humane kinde were to be made the object of fury instead

of

of love and mercy? all sacred forbid, O *Jupiter!* that wee should believe the gods to be more cruell to us then our enemies themselves; what? the Trojans love our Daughters, and the gods massacre them? it is not likely; produce the Priests, and name the Temples where this Oracle hath beene heard and receiv'd, that we may not rashly precipitate any thing against the innocent, which hath alwaies been known by all to be the prime object of love to the infinite powers; let us bee carefull that that piety which endeavours to remove the clouds from the neck of *Juno*, take not away by violence the thunder bolts from the hand of *Jupiter*.

But if you tell me, that *Calcas* the Interpreter of the gods (to deliver our Fleet, which the Sea holds as besieged, and which, it seemeth, conspireth for the defence of our Enemies) hath pronounced this, which is rather to be called a sacriledge, then a sacrifice to appease the gods of the woods incensed by my hand for the death of a Hinde? I answer, that certainly any other but *Calcas* a Magician, a Sorcerer and Conjurer, accustomed all his life time to the formidable way of Hell, by incantation, with certaine verses which hee mutttereth more horrid then his owne conscience, would never endeavour to acquire the reputation of Interpreter to the gods, by such a detestable invention, as to ingage us to the necessity of shedding innocent bloud.

But it is time, that I discover to you the tumour of this wound, that you may know how poysonous the steele is that made it; it is hence that Oracles are obtained by the gold of mine Enemies, and not the voice of the Thunderer, that pronounces the fatall Ordinances of the all-powerfull Deities; it is he who envies me, my Scepter, and labours my deprivation, that he to whom *Calcas* hath sold his loyalty may usurp it, and that you by a fancied piety should become not religious, but superstitious; for certainly if I had not been chosen Generall of the Army, *Cynthia* would never have desired that her Altars should be adorned with my calamities; that Envy which darts Thunder-bolts upon the most supreame and exalted things hath (foreseeing that our Troops desire of me a sacrifice not onely abominable, but impossible for a Fathers affection) engaged me to the necessity of abandoning you, to avoid that crime, or your selves to depoling mee, from that dignity to which others pretend; but consider I pray you noble Souldiers, if it can be possible for that Goddess, the great Patronesse of Chastity, to designe the throat of a Nymph, of her owne traine, to be cut in revenge, for the death of a Beast.

If the Hinde was consecrated to *Diana*, to whom was dedicated the virginity of *Iphigenia*? and what Deities are they, who expresse more tender-

neſs for Beaſts then men? I know already they will ſay, it is a puniſhment which *Agamemnon* deſerves, for daring to enter into a Wood conſecrated to *Diana*, and more for killing her Hinde, but what correction can he deſerve, who hath committed a faulty Act, with an innocent heart? and how can hee bee guilty of irreverence that knew not the ſanctity of the place which he hath prophaned?

In fine, I have not kill'd a ſhe Prieſt in a Temple, but a Beaſt in a Wood, and ſhall this heart, which hath alwaies reverenc'd *Diana*, bee implacably condemned for a light fault, and a fault not of will, but of ignorance? but if the ſin be mortall, and the puniſhment inevitable, was it ever ſeene that the gods condemned an innocent head, for the errour of a guilty hand? what? ſhall a ſpotleſs Virgin fall under a ſword, piercing her boſome? and I who committed the ſacriledge ſurvive in glory, and command an Army which is to be alwaies victorious? if it be thus, what ſhall become of juſtice?

Ah! if *Diana* wiſheth for the head of *Iphigenia*, ſhee wanteth not meanes to accompliſh her deſires, without imploying the aide of your ſwords: Demand of *Actæon*, if ſhe ever had recourſe to the aſſiſtance of men, to revenge the injuries ſhee receives in the Woods and Forreſts? returne! returne into your ſelves, O valiant Warriors, and appeaſe thoſe Furies which it may be have been provok'd, as well as the Sea for our misfortunes by a hand, which hath drawne the fury of Hell upon us; appeaſe thoſe hearts and thoſe ſpirits, who deſire unjuſtly, that the Sea ſhould bee calme, when their reaſon is overcaſt with Clouds and Tempeſts: No, no! *Diana* cannot hinder the revenging of a crime, wherein her Deity is more intereſſed then our ſelves, for who is there that hath ſo little judgement, as not to know how much the action of *Paris* hath outraged the pudicity, of which that Goddeſſe makes profeſſion? and who ſeeth not that this Raviſher by his incontinence is as much an Enemy to *Diana*, as an injurer of *Menelaus*?

But if thoſe Reaſons ſeeme too remote, doe but conſider whoſe Daughter this *Helen* is, for whoſe ſake all *Greece* is in Armes? If you anſwer me, ſhe had for her Father the Almighty *Jupiter*, whom *Diana* reverenceth as her owne, what reaſon is there to oblige a Goddeſs to hinder the puniſhing of a man who hath diſhonoured her ſiſter? and what ſenſe is it, that one of the number of thoſe who are infinitely juſt, ſhould be agitated with a thouſand furies, to hurry her to vengeance for a yellow Beaſt? and that ſhe ſhould be ſo implacable as to deſire the death of her Neece? for if there be none that doubts, but that *Helena* is the ſiſter of *Diana*, is there any to bee found

found that will question whether *Iphigenia* be her Neece or no? it may bee there is, for I ought to apprehend all things from my misfortunes, and believe all that is ill of mine Enemies.

What say they now, after I have demolished all the stratagems raised by Envy; will they yet returne and inculcate that the Heavens threaten us, that the Aire is full of Tempests, and that the Sea is plowed up into billows? But what! is it so extraordinary a Prodigy to see the Heavens troubled, the Windes boisterous, and the Sea tumultuous? how is it that this Dreamer of Oracles (as well impious towards the gods as cruell to men) how is it (I say) that he dares impute the impetuosity of the Tempest, to the severity of that goddess? by what new division of the Universe, hath *Neptune* yielded the Empire of the Sea to *Diana*? Alas! would it had pleased the Destinies, that the most chaste of all Goddesses had power over the Waves, they had not been crost'd over with so little perill by that Adulterer, by that fugitive, that Trojan Ravisher.

Wee are very ill Interpreters of the favours of the Heavens, it may bee their goodness not onely permits, but raises these tumultuous billowes to dissipate the fury of the Tempest, which spent at last with its owne violence and impetuosity, will afterwards permit us a Calme and prosperous passage; if in the change of things, a Tempest succeeds a Calme, and a Calme a Tempest? we must confesse that the gods who keep us now in the Port, are more favourable to us, then the Ocean, in making us expect the opportunity of a calme, and serene passage; but peradventure to maintaine their great prerogative, the gods detaine us heere, being unwilling that any other force, but their Thunder-bolts, should undertake the punishment of so detestable an Adultery, or peradventure being pleas'd with our piety, that we, banishing our selves from our native soile, should endure the fury of the Windes, the danger of the Sea, and the inconstancy of the Heavens, leaving our Houses desolate, and abandoning our Wives, to precipitate our selves into the miseries of a painfull war, whose successe is uncertaine, and often depends less on Councell, then upon that blinde Goddesse Fortune, who ordinarily favours guilt more then innocence.

But the Heavens defend us from a presage so unlucky, wee are to hope the best, and we ought not to distrust the justice of a cause, which if it proceed from the gods, shall not be without protection, the Heavens are on our side already, and I hope we shall also, at the last, have the Sea: I must for all that confesse, that feare and horrour invades my spirits as often as I represent the unusuall new manner of piety, wherewith this wicked man pretends to appease the Heavens and facilitate our Voyage; for if anger

makes this opinion, (I meant the anger of *Cynthia*, for onely the death of a Hinde which was hers) hath disturb'd all the Elements, what will become of us miserable Wretches, when wee have murthered a Virgin so deare to the Goddess, for her Virginity, and so neare for her consanguinity? returne I say, returne (I say againe) to your selves, O valiant men, and believe that my owne interests touch mee less then the publique: Alas! if now, when we are yet innocent, the Sea is unquiet, and the Heavens are darting Thunder-bolts, what will they doe then, when they behold us cruell Homicides?

No, no! let our Daughters live safe from the violence both of men and gods, the ground of our piety, intended to be imployed for punishing injustice, deserves not that the gods should make us tremble, and that they should render their very Altars terrible to us; suffer then this innocent Victime to live, that they may know what we have done a far off in revenge of injured vertue.

The simplicity of my prayers with which I strive to preserve my Daughter from the hands of Envy and oppression, shewes clearely the confidence I have in the justice of the Argive Troops, your hearts have no need to bee softned into mercy by my tendernesse; yet I would intreat with more importunity, if it became the quality of *Agamemnon* to be a Suitor, and if the Grecians had soules capable of so much baseness, to follow and obey a suppliant, I doe not desire that my afflictions should remember you that I am a Father, if that which I demand be not just, which if it were not, I should blush with shame for intreating you, though it bee for the preservation of a Daughter.

The magnanimous, the Souldier, and even Kings themselves, are subject to fatherly affection; but if in what I have said, affection appeares more then justice, I desire it may availe nothing, as if I had never spoken: I have not put you in minde of the merits of the unfortunate Maid, nor of mine owne, because I desire to owe the happy success of my prayers to the justice of my cause, rather then to the eloquence of my language; I have dedicated to Justice all the actions of my life, and for the liberty and happiness of my native Country.

I have esteem'd, as fortunate, all the occasions which have so many times made me shed my bloud for the common prosperity of all *Greece*; but I doe not pretend that that shall assist me at all to preserve my childe, if justice and innocence did not render her inviolable, I would not save her, for I am a Father, but a Father no further then the Altars, I have endeavoured onely to open your eies, that Envy and wickednesse triumph not under the

vaile of

vaile of piety, after this *Iphigenia* and *Agamemnon* both shall goe as very happy Victims, if it be proper and requisite for the publique affairs.

The Effect of this Oration.

NEither the Eloquence, the Reasons, nor the Teares of Agamemnon *could prevaile, the Ordinance of the Oracle must bee obeyed, but the fable (which under the figure of an afflicted Father, yet obedient) demonstrates to us the entire resignation that men ought to have to the will of the gods, and withall it evidenceth that almost alwayes the gods are contented with obedience, for it feignes that at the very instant that* Calcas *lifted up the sacring knife to strike that innocent Victim,* Diana *conveyd her away in a Cloud, and put a Hinde in the place, in such manner, that under this pleasing fiction, Poesie entertaines and instructs at once.*

Paris *in Love.*

The Argument.

The Enterprise of the Argonauts, *besides the ruine of* Ilion *which was halfe destroyed by them, having cost the* Trojans, *together with the death of* Laomedon, *and his sonnes the Captivity of* Hesione; Antenor *cross'd the Sea to ransom her, but return'd with contempt: The* Trojans *incensed for the injury, resolved Vengeance, whereupon* Paris, *who ever since the judgement on* Mount Idae, *had alwayes*

always entertain'd high hopes, was diſpatched for that purpoſe, and quickly return'd; the iſſue of his Voyage was the Rape of Helena, *which ſo much enraged the* Greekes, *that they breath'd nothing but war and Revenge, and* Caſſandra *preſaged nothing but misfortunes; the* Trojans *knew not what to reſolve, when* Paris, *fearing to be abandoned, ſpoke thus to the King his Father, and to the Prince his Brother, which he aſſembled for that intent.*

I Could never believe I ſhould live to ſee feare reign in the Houſe of *Priam*, but the more high and noble thoughts I had of the valour of the *Trojans*, the more unjuſtly I ſee my ſelfe reduc'd to the neceſſity of fearing the inſtability of that fortune, which hath ſo happily rais'd me to ſo ſupreame felicity, a ſoule infinitely captivated with love can never feare enough: The womaniſh weakneſs of *Caſſandra* makes ſo much noiſe, that I fear Fortune her ſelfe envies my proſperity, but the more ſhe ſhall ſtrive to trouble my repoſe, the more vigorously I ſhall endeavour to oppoſe her malice, and I render thanks to *Helena*, who gives me occaſion to ſhew the ſtrength of my reſolution, as my election of her hath been the Argument of my judgement.

I am not ignorant (O my Father, and you my generous Brothers) how inconſiderable a womans fears are, compar'd with the nobility of your courages; but the juſtice of my cauſe, the inclinations of my ſoule, the reputation of the King, and the ſafety of the Kingdome, are treaſures ſo precious, that we cannot be too watchfull to guard them: I know to make you draw your ſwords it is ſufficient to remember you, that the Valiant ever carry their Reaſons in their hands, and to excite you bravely to a war, it is enough to ſay it frights none but women.

It is abſolutely neceſſary, that the war muſt pleaſe *Hector*, ſince it diſpleaſeth *Caſſandra*, the ſoules of Heroes and thoſe of Women, are too diſtant to have the ſame thoughts, and he that conſults the affairs of war with his Daughters, hath no great mind to fight: but I wil not that *Mars* ſhould overcome Juſtice; if you do not by ſolid Reaſons judge the war profitable, honeſt, and neceſſary to the reputation of the Trojan greatneſſe; the hatred betwixt the *Grecian* people and us hath already laſted ſo many yeares, that it being now as a naturall inclination, I ſee no likelihood of a peace, and in my opinion that is no ſmall advantage to juſtifie the war.

You heare by this, whether you ought to hearken to the clamours of *Caſſandra*, and if the generous Sentiments of *Paris* deſerve the aſſiſtance

of

of your Armes in a warre so necessary, that it ought rather to bee finished, then disputed, to bee consulted on: let us sacrifice (O my Brothers) let us sacrifice to that Fortune, that even upon necessity conducteth us to honour and triumph.

I might strive by my sad accents, to soften your hearts, and to prepare your eares favourable to my requests; but I doe not yet believe my selfe to be so deserted, as to feare that I shall finde my Brothers wanting in humanity to mee, I will not esteeme my life, if it deserve not to be cherish'd, at least by the Sentiments of Nature, and if I cannot hope that you will hearken favourably to an innocent Brother, whom fhee injoynes you to defend, though he were guilty.

But if the stars which reigned at my nativity were so fatall to have it otherwise, I should feele a joy in my soule, to see a life tome from me, which my Fathers and Brothers themselves have thought unworthy their Protection; for *in fine*, *Paris* pretends to no other honour, but to deserve some reputation among the *Priams* and *Hectors*: I parted from this River with order to treat about the ransome of *Hesione*, as an Ambassador, or to declare war as an Enemy.

My Voyage was fortunate under the conduct of the Divinity of the Sea, who foresaw I went to be the Nephew of * *Neptune*, but finding things so little favourable for us amongst the Greeks, I had no hope to make my Negotiation happier then that of *Antenors*, and certainly I might have despair'd, if my confidence had not been in that * Goddess, who was ingag'd to second my designes.

* *Helena* with his Neece.

* Venus.

I had recourse to *Menelaus*, who (though mine Enemy) was rendred favourable by her, according to what she promised me at Mount *Idae*; yet I was no sooner arrived at his house, but to evade the importunity of my requests, hee absented himselfe upon the false pretence of some affaires, which discovered to mee, that I had beene brought into his house rather by the force of Destiny, then by his curtesie, all his whole Pallace (even out of their innate hatred to our Nation) comported themselves towards me, as if I had been their particular Enemy, there was none save onely this Royall Princesse *Helena*, in whom I could discover common humanity, shee knew at first the equity of my demands, and I found her as favourable as the justice of my Cause deserved, or any moderate heart could desire: it is true, that my observation of it had no sooner encountred those faire eyes, (for comparison of whom, it is too much to name the Divinity, and infinitely too little to thinke of any thing we see upon Earth) but I presently apprehended a way in her to ballance the unjust detension of her I came for;

the fell nature of our Enemies tooke from me all hope of remedy to the loss of *Hesione*.

It was thence I laid my designe in favour of your Empire; but my heart had scarcely received the image of that glorious object presented to mine eyes, but I resolved to mingle my particular inclinations with the publique interest, so that having for my object a face too faire for expression, the *Idea* was no sooner received into my breast, but *Helen* was inthroned in my heart, not onely amongst my affections, but divinities, for to know the glory and greatnesse of her beauty, you may but consider it was I that made choise of it, I, that came from seeing that of *Venus*.

The tumultuous imbroylment that her taking away raised through all *Greece*, may teach you (O my Brothers) to know the value of the person, and how much she deserves, whose absence alone hath put so many Provinces into Armes to recover her; I know not better how to boast to you the perfections of this excellent Lady, then in remembring you that she is the very recompence promised me by the Goddesse *Venus*; and how can we more severely revenge so many outrages, receiv'd from the injurious hands of the *Grecians*, then in depriving them of a Treasure which dazled the eyes of a man newly come from beholding without astonishment, the wonders of the prime beauties of Heaven; what shall stay us lazy, vile, feeble, (and that which I esteem yet more shamefull to our great soules) insensible men, to dwell under such indignities without vengeance? Shall wee suffer the Greeks to regaine *Helena*, and retaine *Hesione*? The death of *Laomedon*, and the murther of his Son, the ruine of *Ilion*, and the injuries of *Anchises*, are they all fled your memory? No, no! the prize I have taken cannot be retained at a lesse rate then the hazard of a Kingdome; the greatnesse of the hazard will set the greater reputation upon our honour, rather then to be a subject of fear, or terror to generous soules; the more dangerous and difficult things are, the more vertuous actions are enobled by being versed in them, and when I consider well the estate of this affaire, my soule is vexed that neither by the condition of our matters, as they are, nor by the will of the gods, the war that the *Greeks* threaten us withall, cannot be of danger great enough to render us worthy detainers of that soveraigne piece of excellence, beyond which there is nothing to be desired, by those who have eyes, or soules able to judge; what ought we to feare? it may be you will say the Forces of falling *Achaya*, or those of miserable *Sparta*; No, no! my Brothers, either *Mars* must be a *Trojan*, or *Venus* will shew to us, that ingratitude reignes even in Heaven, but (my Brothers) those ought not to feare the fury of *Mars* who have *Venus* for their Protectresse; the poverty

of

of the *Grecian* Kingdomes permits no one of their Kings to assault us alone, and if divers Princes compose the number of our Enemies, it cannot bee but very happy for us.

Divers are the *Grecian* Princes, and all of them have without doubt more vanity then valour; who will there bee amongst them that will yield the Empire of himselfe to one that hee believes not his superiour; nothing is more hard to reconcile, then the opinions of a multitude, and how much harder will it bee, when the question shall arise about the command of an Army wherein the danger of all parties is concern'd; some will prove unwilling, some unable; the former loath to ingage themselves in a warr, the other not in a capacity to undertake it; there is no man so happy in his misfortunes, that all men should beare a part in his disasters; *Menelaus* hath his Enemies in *Greece* as well as wee, those who are unwilling to see him prosperous, will divert his forces, hinder his reliefe, and prove rather serviceable then Enemies to our success.

But what is at length become of the usuall gallantry, and ancient reputation of the *Trojan* Monarchy, dreaded to that extreame part of our world, where the Land ends, so much reverenced through the whole Universe? and though not onely *Greece* alone, but all *Affrick* should joyne with her, and take up Armes against us, must *Asia* therefore run away beyond the knowne limits of the World, where are so many tributary Kingdomes allyed and united aswell by the bonds of Nature as Interest?

There is not one of these Neighbour Princes, but will feare the prosperity of the *Greeks*, nor one that will not remember the Favours that he hath received from the *Trojans*; where shall be that *Jupiter*, which never found the pleasure of Love, but in the Trojan beauties? where shall bee that *Venus*, which holds not her Scepter, and reigne over beauty, but from my judgement? it was she which promis'd mee *Helen* for the Companion of my life, and her selfe to be my Protectress, let those alone distrust the justice of my cause, who believe not the oathes of the gods.

The *Greeks*, as yet, have not assembled their Troops, nor so much as sent forth their Commissions to forme their Army, nor Victualled any Navy for their transportment, nor past over so many Seas, which seperate our Territories from theirs, wherein they will have need of the conduct of their best stars, to performe so long a Voyage, without great dangers, at least impediments; wee shall have famine, and sickness, windes, and Seas, Heavens, and seasons, disorder, and discordance fight for us.

But if all the powers of Heaven and Earth should be against us, and that we should be utterly without Forces capable to defend us, what ought we to doe? ought we to let succeeding ages finde in Story that the Kings of *Troy* so long evill treated, injured, and (which is yet more shamefull) scorn'd by the *Greeks*, not only to leave so many outrages unrevenged, but to tremble at the very threats of the Enemy? and after having by the favour of heaven, in this one action of mine, repaired all our losses, to yield back timerously, without fighting, such an inestimable booty? we owe it (O my Brothers) we owe higher resentments to the greatness of our births; for my part, I will not be affrighted with this vaine womans Predictions, and I abhor the onely thought that the heart of *Paris* should be daunted, being onely informed from the feares of a young Girle, that the Enemy threatned to be revenged.

But on the contrary, because our Enemies threaten I feare a great deale the lesse, we ought to feare those, whose words are actions, not those, whose actions are words; whosoever endeavours to abase me with lower thoughts, let him first take from my memory, that I am the son of a *Priam*, for the noblenes of my extraction, and the meannes of such thoughts are not compatible: No, no! I shall never be capable of so degenerate an ingratitude to her, who hath so nobly expreſt her affection to me, my Countrey, and its injuries.

What may all the world say, if *Paris* for a few threats should returne her back againe to *Greece*, who turn'd Fugitive for his love, and is recall'd rather, for punishment, then for consolation with her Husband? what? ought I to betray and abandon her, who, was the onely person in all *Greece*, that would have afforded justice to the Trojans? she who scorning her * Fathers anger, and the fury of her Husband, left those unjust people, and came with me upon my word? what god would leave, so many oathes violated, after the faith that I ingaged, unpunished? I blush with shame to thinke that I have suffered great *Helena* to intreat for the safety of that Person, who hath sav'd the honor of the Trojan Empire.

* Jupiter.

Which of you (O my generous Brothers) would not esteem vilely of me, if I should shamefuly consent that *Jupiter* should see his Daughter betray'd by us, and betray'd, at a time, when she rather is to be adored, then abandoned? then shall we be lesse afraid of the vengeance of the gods, then of the Princes of *Argos*? shall the *Grecian* faith, hitherto so infamous, corrupt ours, and mark our Names with a Character so black, that future Ages will make a proverb of the abomination of our infidelity? thus then wee may behold the *Grecians* to triumph over *Troy*, before they have drawne

their

their ſwords; No, no! (my Brothers) we ought not to put ſhame, and life into the ſame Ballance together, we ought to reſolve to loſe the one nobly, rather then preſerve the other with ſuch ignominy.

But admit my ſentiments were not governed by Juſtice, how is it poſſible (O my Brothers) that *Paris* ſhould be ſo little conſidered by you, hee who would ſacrifice his life with ſo much alacrity, for the eſtabliſhment of your felicity, he I ſay, that muſt without doubt die, if he ſee raviſhed from him, the onely thing, next his noble Brothers, which makes him deſire life?

Helena is a Beauty created by the gods, as a Maſter-piece to expreſs their power, all hearts, that are not raviſh'd with ſo divine an object, are too neare inſenſibility; our Daughters deſire not her abſence, but out of envy to her perfections, their eies cannot ſuffer the fairneſs of her complexion, which in whiteneſs ſurpaſſeth the feathers of that beautifull * Bird, whoſe forme *Jupiter* aſſum'd, when he ſolaced himſelfe with her * Mother; Oh! how, by the malicous ſpirit of *Caſſandra*, is the dreame of *Hecuba* miſinterpreted, that a flame kindled by the hand of *Paris*, was to conſume to aſhes the Empire of *Priam*? which rightly interpreted intends nothing but the bright beames of *Helena's* beauty, which we cannot behold, but the whole Empire muſt be inflamed by her.

*The Swan.

*Leda.

I might feare leſt my paſſion, or to ſay better, my tenderneſs doth render me too ſenſible for that royall perſon, if I did not remember, that even by gratitude, and acknowledgement of her high merit, I owe this returne to that *Helena*, whoſe eyes, full of love, and pitty, regarded the juſtneſſe of my cauſe, and alone conſidered the danger to which I was expos'd, and favoured the deſigne of my Voyage; *Helena!* who borne our Enemy, was no ſooner entreated to lend her aſſiſtance for the protection of the *Trojan* greatneſs, but ſhe had compaſſion on our ſufferings, and my honour; on the contrary, *Caſſandra* (my ſiſter) no ſooner ſaw my returne, but ſhe envied my ſucceſſe, and endeavoured to ingage all the world to leave me in danger.

What action, if not this, can be thought diſhoneſt if I ſhould faile in my faith to her, who though (at that time) an Enemy, hath expreſt more tenderneſs of my honour then mine owne ſiſter, who is thereunto by the bond of Nature obliged? I ſay againe I might feare that my paſſion blinded me, and made me love her perſon wantonly, if I knew not that I am obliged to love her, more, by the generoſity of my ſoule, then by the charmes of her incomparable beauty; I love not alone in her thoſe attractions, which will be efficed by time, but I love to be the ſon in Law of *Jupiter*; I love to

have my Children on both sides of the bloud of the gods: *In fine*, either the election of *Paris* is good, or the great majesty of the gods signifie nothing.

I might have an ill opinion of my flame, if I did not know it to be kindled by the ordinance of the Destinies, and that its originall is from heaven; when *Venus* obtained by my judgement the prize to which she pretended, she made me read her thankfulness written in Characters indeleble; *Paris* (said she) thou shalt love, and thou shalt love that *Helena* so worthy of thy flames, whom *Menelaus* keeps for thy Nuptials; who then shall deprive me of a Legacy, which the Heavens not onely bequeath'd mee, but assured that *Helena* was borne for *Paris*? and to know her value, consider shee is chosen by a Goddess, as the most precious reward to gratifie a man, that had serv'd her in an affaire of such importance, that it troubled the tranquility of the gods.

This in my opinion is enough for my justification; but if the infatuation of *Cassandra* suggests it a great crime, to seduce a Beauty from the House of her Husband, and that shee reproaches mee with violating the sacred Laws of Hospitality, and cites *Jupiter* incensed for that, and the rape of his Daughter? consider, I beseech you, that the Destinies, not *Menelaus*, made entertainment for me in *Argos*, and that in committing an act of affection, I have performed one of obedience; *Helen* hath been waited on by me, not ravish'd; she is not ravish'd who consents, nor is she a Beauty to be rendred back if she had been stolne, this would be an injury to *Venus*, if I should goe about to mend her election, and neglect her decree; I deny not but such a Beauty deserves to be a thousand times ravished; I appeal to *Theseus*, that *Theseus*, who, after he had been preserved from the sulphure of Hell, could not behold, without passion, the face of this *Helen*, who to shew her birth carrieth her lightning in her Eyes, as her Father doth his thunder in his hands.

Helena was return'd back by *Theseus*, that she might ever be retained by *Paris*; or rather she was returned backe, because his eyes accustomed to the obscurity of Hell, could not indure the brightness of hers; for my part I know no Reason why *Jupiter* should bee lesse willing to see his Daughter married to *Paris*, then to *Menelaus*: How is it possible (I say) that *Jupiter* shall be offended with me, who hath so much valued his Race, that I have deemed it worthy, even with so much perill, of being ravished? how shall it not please him to see his Daughter beloved and married into a Family, that hath produc'd Children worthy of the love and rape of *Jupiter* himselfe?

Thou

Thou didſt ravith from us (O great god) our Ganimede, and by thy example, I have raviſhed thy *Helena*; who can doubt that my theft is not approved by the gods, ſince I did it not but to imitate them? why thinke you (O *Trojans*) that *Jupiter* declar'd me the moſt ſufficient of all men to be the Judge between the three Goddeſſes? it was to juſtifie his amorous Thefts, before the world, for in declaring me to be the wiſeſt of all mankinde, hee juſtified his Thefts, ſince they are imitated by the juſteſt of all Judges: Alas! all eyes have not optickes ſtrong enough, to gaze againſt ſuch a Beauty, and all Eagles cannot ſtare upon the Sun.

If the gods had been angry with me, they would not have permitted my returne to have been ſo happy, nor have calmed the Seas in favour of my Navigation; ſo that if you have no ſtronger motives to induce you to feare, it may be call'd as unjuſt as feeble; bee victorious (O my Brothers) for if you ſhall diſpute whether it be neceſſary to returne *Helena*, there is no perſon that will ever believe, that any thing but feare makes you leave a Brother, and render back a Jewell, which is of value ſufficient to recompence all your loſſes, and reſtore your honours; for my part, I apprehend not how, in the family of **Aſſaracus*, there ſhould be ſouls ſo low, as to have need to be excited by prayers to lead them on to honour; great actions require great conſtancy, thoſe ſucceed beſt that are undertaken with moſt reſolution; either wee muſt not doe them, or done, maintaine them nobly.

*The ſon of *Tros* their Anceſtor.

The moſt part of thoſe Actions that valour renders ſo glorious, would have little reaſon of their ſides, if they were ſcanned by the Rules of exact Juſtice; all the ill in the rape of *Helena* is blotted out by Time, we muſt juſtifie it by Armes, not by a poore repentance; if we raſhly reſtore her, we ſhall diſcover to the Greeks, that we can be forc'd, and that we may be puniſh'd.

Believe me (O noble Brothers) I am not blinded by affection, the ſureſt way (I confeſs) hath ſomewhat of danger, the ſword muſt now juſtifie our cauſe, or we ſhall become the Fable and ſcorne of the generations to come; the honour of the publique, and my particular concerne dictates this to me, and if I cou'd believe that without danger to the Kingdome, and diſhonour to the Crowne, the returne of her would not puffe up the Enemy to a belief that they do ſo ſurmount us in courage, as to make us afraid when they pleaſe, I ſhould regulate my deſires, and rather then trouble the publique peace, I would undergoe, with patience, whatſoever Fortune ſhould lay upon me, yes, to procure your repoſe, I would ſuffer not onely my heart to be torne out of my boſome, but even my Wife from mine Armes.

But

But what doe I ſay? (unfortunate wretch that I am?) it ſeems I make a diſtinction between my heart and my *Helena*; No no! (my Brothers) I can as well live without my heart as without my *Helena*; or to ſay better, they are but one ſame thing.

It is here I will terminate my diſcourſe; it is here, I aſſure you, that you cannot take her away, without you take away my life alſo; it is you that are to conſider, if one, or t'other be neceſſary for your ſafeties, that I may prepare my ſelfe: O my Father! behold my *Helena*, and behold alſo your *Paris*, we are both at your feet to demand the favour of permitting us to be alwaies together in the ſame Pallace, or at leaſt in the ſame Sepulchre.

The effect of this Oration.

THe beauty of Helena, *not being leſſe perſwaſive, then the Eloquence of* Paris, *did not weakly fortifie his Reaſons, the Eyes of the one finiſhed, what the Mouth of the other had begun, and all feares to come were weake in compariſon of one faire Face, and one faire Diſcourſe, they mock'd at the Dreame of* Hecuba, *and ſlighted the Predictions of* Caſſandra, *all the World was mov'd with compaſſion, and hardly would they beare the Diſcourſe which followeth.*

Paris

Paris *oppoſed.*

The Argument.

After Paris *had made an end of ſpeaking, as in the preceding Oration you have read.*; Troilus *his Brother taking up the Argument, anſwered, and thus oppoſed* Paris.

I Take it for no ſmall misfortune, to finde my ſelfe inforc'd to bee of a contrary opinion to any of you (O my Father, and generous Brothers) and I am reduc'd to hard terms, that I, who have ever look'd upon *Paris*, as an Object worthy admiration, as an Example of Prudence, and as the delight of my ſoule, ſhould be conſtrain'd, upon neceſſity, to condemne his actions, oppoſe his deſires, and incenſe his angers, and to account that the greateſt of my good fortunes to ſee him by me made unhappy, in the moſt ſenſible, moſt tender, and moſt delightfull of all his paſſions; but ſince all *Aſia* is in Armes for his doings, I muſt, in diſcharge of my duty, ſpeake freely, and I muſt contradict *Paris*, becauſe I love *Paris*, I ſhould injure his honour, if I believ'd he would not willingly hearken to truth, and I ſhould wrong the merit, and juſtice of *Paris*, whoſe praiſes have been celebrated by *Jupiter* himſelfe, if I thought Paſſion would wilfully triumph over Reaſon in him, whom the gods thought worthy to be their Judge.

The violence of ſo many united Provinces, which are confederated together, for our Ruines, is the leaſt evill, which can come, to diſturb the felicity of this Kingdome; *Caſſandra* weeps in vaine to make me afraid, the *Greeks* make a noiſe, and the Heavens themſelves threaten; I have a heart as great as yours, and cannot feare death, I can be as jealous of honour as any other, if the Sentiments of *Paris* endangered nothing but life, happy that life, which ſhould bee loſt for the felicity of *Paris*, whom wee all love; but what will ſucceeding Ages ſay, when they know that we have imbroyl'd the whole Univerſe, to maintaine the paſſion of one, moſt unreaſonable, who could love nothing but an Enemy? What will all the Earth

ſay of our injuſtice, when they ſhall ſee us defend a man that could not love without raviſhing, and could not raviſh without violating his faith, and who could not violate his faith without ingaging his Countrey to a precipice, and that cou'd not ingage his Countrey, his Family, himſelfe, his Kingdome, for a more illuſtrious occaſion then the love of a Woman, and which is yet worſe, an Adulteresſ, a Fugitive, and a Enemy? Oh unfortunate Veſſell in which *Helens* ſhame was conducted to our ſhores! it ſhall not be imputed to *Troylus*, if *Paris* doe not acknowledge Continence to be the moſt amiable vertue that can beautifie and become with better Reaſon grow inamoured with her; then he is now of his *Helen*.

'Thou wert choſen to negotiate for the returne of *Heſione*, a *Trojan*, home to us from *Greece*, and thou haſt not onely fail'd of that truſt, but *Paris* himſelfe is become a *Grecian*: conſider, I pray thee, that thou haſt not only fail'd in declaring to the *Greeks* their injuſtice, but thou haſt diſhonoured the juſt pretence the *Trojans* had to make warre upon them; to whom of all the gods ought we any more to have recourſe, to implore reliefe againſt the *Greeks* that have raviſhed our Daughters? ſhall it bee to *Jupiter*, whoſe Daughter hath been raviſhed, and whoſe Son in Law ingratefully betrayed? why! he is obliged to arm his all powerfull hand with vengeance againſt us; judge then (O *Paris*) of the juſtneſs of thy Cauſe, and of thy diſobligements to us, and our Nations, thou haſt depriv'd thy Countrey of the aſſiſtance of the gods, and thou knoweſt none can bee more accurſed then thoſe who in extreame calamities, cannot at leaſt preſume to have recourſe to the immortall Powers; even this is alſo raviſh'd from us by thee; and yet thou wouldſt have us approve, and comply with thy actions, the thought of which is abominable.

Heſione, being compell'd to marry a *Grecian*, is bewayl'd and wept for by us, as for a principall limb lopt off from our body, and ſhall we not only rejoyce, but become Idolaters and ſlaves to a *Grecian*, the high way to ruine? God forbid: the Trojan Troops ſhould ever fight ingloriouſly under ſtrange Enſignes; *Troylus* had rather ſee the Kingdome of *Laomedon* amongſt the Spoiles of *Mars*, then amongſt the Trophies of a *Grecian*, hee will never endure to behold the Empire of *Troy* envaſſail'd by the ſparkling eyes of a charming Fugitive, to beare diſhonourable chaines, and to fall, for the love of them into the formidable diſpleaſure of an incenſed Fate.

If theſe evils (O *Paris*) are not ſupportable which are believ'd leaſt ſhamefull, we ſhould offer vowes to Fortune, that our Countrey rather periſh, by the flames of our Enemies, then by thoſe of thine incontinency, but if the injuſtice of thy action, the feare of the gods, the danger of our

Countrey,

Countrey, and the honour of our perſons are not ſufficient to bring thee to reaſon, at leaſt, conſider the occaſion, that involves thee in ſo many miſchieves, whereby *Aſia*, that ſpacious, and faire part of the world, may bee moſt deplorably reduc'd to aſhes, without any nobler cauſe to conſume it, then the Eyes of a Woman; O ſtrange infamy! I bluſh to ſee a Councell of Kings aſſembled to debate the queſtion, whether the peace and happineſs of ſo many Kingdomes ought to be preferr'd before one Woman, who alſo is our Enemy, certainly ſo dead-killing a Thunder-bolt could never fall, but from a very incenſed Heaven, nor could theſe diſoders ever proceed, but from woman, who is the miſtake of guilty Nature.

What? upon the arbitration, or rather the tyranny of one woman, ought the fate of ſo many Provinces to depend, and be reduc'd to ſigh out their calamities? O Victimes too noble for ſo unworthy an * Idol! O Sex dangerous in all times, in all places! who cannot bee beloved without repentance, and cannot love without Tyranny; conſider *Paris* how vile the cauſe is, which produceth ſuch ſad effects, that the Hiſtories of all Ages, and of all Nations, ſhall bewaile our miſeries, whoſoever will learne that woman, that killing Monſter, was created for nothing elſe but to puniſh the world, let them conſider the ſtrange condition of *Aſia*, at this day.

* Ladies, I would not have tranſlated this, but that the prime Author meanes this only of the Italian women, he could never intend it to the Engliſh.

A chaſte Woman is a Rock, an unchaſte one a Quickſand; a courſe Woman is nauſcious, a faire one, an Inchantreſs; if thou lov'ſt her, ſhe is vanity it ſelfe; if thou ſlighteſt her, ſhe is a fury; all her inclinations are madneſs, ſhe loves not without ſelfe ends, ſhe ſpeaks not without feigning, and under her ſmiles lurks deceit, ingratitude reignes in her heart, and if inconſtancy be a corporeall ſubſtance, Woman is inconſtancy it ſelfe, and certainly there was never knowing man, that ever loved Woman, that would expect to finde faith in that Sex; her heart is as deceitfull, as her face: Vipers, venemous Serpents, and Aſpes are Monſters I confeſs, but Monſters which deceive not, they, in only ſhewing themſelvs, premonish thee to flie, but Woman allures thee as a Goddeſs, & poyſons thee as a Baſilisk, ſhe is, I ſay, the Error of Nature, a chaſtiſement to the World, an infaſcination to the Eye; ſhe hath no qualities that are not wicked and dangerous, her ſeeming Excellencies are adulterate, and in burying themſelves under ſo much Ceruſe and Vermillion, doe they not ſeem to confeſs, that they are indeed what they are aſham'd to appeare?

Behold *Paris!* from whom thou expects faith, it is even from thoſe whoſe very faces are counterfet, and deceitfull, and whoſe complexion compos'd of ſublimate, can have nothing but poyſon in her beauty: have they one haire that Nature hath plac'd as we ſee it? no, no, *Paris!*

all is artificiall in them; I pray then judge what kinde of creature Woman muſt needs be, that is never contented with her ſelfe, but when ſhe is nothing of her ſelfe, to what end ſerve ſo many Jewels, which Womens luxury hath made precious? theſe magnificent creatures could not be covered, if they did not reverſe the mountains, trouble the Seas, becauſe they would rather load their bodies, then not adorne them; how is it poſſible, that for a beauty ſo counterfeit, ſo falſe, and ſo dangerous, a generous man ſhould ſo far loſe his Reaſon, and the Empire of himſelfe, as not to live commanding, and to die triumphing?

How is it poſſible (I ſay) that Woman the moſt weake, the moſt falſe, the moſt cruell, and the moſt inconſtant of all other animals, ſhould cauſe at this day the ruine of *Aſia*? What? ſhall the ſtate and life of *Priam*, and the illuſtrious deſtiny of *Troy*, hang upon thoſe haires, which it may be are borrowed from thoſe which make Perrukes? Returne! returne into thy ſelfe, O noble Brother, and let not future Ages know, that thou didſt prefer in thy ſoule, the love of a Fugitive, before the affection thou oweſt to thy Countrey; thou haſt but too much already ſubjected thy judgement to thine Eyes, although no other thing but Reaſon ought to command him, who is borne to command; if thou loveſt war, thou haſt a Enemy within thee, whom to ſubdue will be thine eternall honour; paſſion by growing old, will be enfeebled, and yield to time, as well as all other things; if this be true, as certainly it is, were it not better that the honour of this Victory be thine, then that thou ſhouldſt owe it to Time?

Conſider that this beauty is the beauty of an Adultreſs, who was likewiſe her ſelfe, begot in the ſame crime, a beauty unfaithfull to her owne Husband, and the beauty of an Enemy even to thy ſelfe; the more faire ſhe is, the more ſhamefully ſhe hath darkened, by her incontinency, the luſtre of ſo divine a donative; ſhee is faire I confeſſe, but faire more for the ruine, then for the delight of thoſe that behold her.

Theſeus, that rendred her back, knew how ſhee was to bee valued, and we may ſay, ſhe is a Sun, which who can gaze on, but he muſt diſtill tears? ſo wilt thou my Brother, I feare conſidering the imbroylment ſhe hath involv'd a many of Nations in; ſhe is faire thou ſayeſt, and it is becauſe ſhe is faire, that I think we ought to returne her; why ſhouldſt thou nouriſh a Serpent in thy boſome, whoſe venome is inevitable? ought we to believe, that that beauty will live more honourably in the Houſe of an Adulterer, then in that of her Husband? her Father hath ſeen her follow *Theſeus*, her Husband ſeeth her follow *Paris*, and undoubtedly *Paris* will ſee her follow ſome other.

What?

What? can wee hope to ſee *Helen* chaſte? the impunity of her ſinning hath taught her that ſhee may ſin without puniſhment; if wee leave her to her owne liberty, ſhe will not onely reigne over us, but ſhe will eſtabliſh her tyranny to overwhelme us, to our diſhonours; if we ſhould reſtraine her, we ſhould force her to commit thoſe ſtolne ſcapes, to which liberty will cary her more openly; for my part, I confeſs, I ſhould doubt leſt ſhe had brought with her the *Grecian* perfidy, feigning to be an Enemy to her Countrey, to the end that ſhe might ruine ours, if I did not ſee our Countrey is already turn'd *Greece*, ſince our Kings are under the obedience of a *Grecian* Woman, and at this rate ſhe would but betray her ſelfe by betraying *Ilion*.

But *in fine*, whether theſe walls fall by her treaſon, or whether they fall by the force of the Enemies, it is certaine they are menaced with a fall ſo much more dreadfull as we have deſerved it, by the injuſtice of his Action, and by our ſupine ſtupidity, having been premoniſhed of the malignance of our Deſtinies by the Prædictions of *Caſſandra*, and by the portentious ſignes obſerved in Heaven, which threaten us every day; I know very well, that according to the inclinations of thy ſeduced heart, all theſe ominous things are held vaine, for Love is a Fury, and the furious, or men intoxicated, favour neither of reaſon nor Religion, they feare not the menaces of the gods, whereupon, I conclude, that we ought not to follow thy errours, and that is moſt fit to uſe thee as a man frantick, to tie thy hands for thy ſafety.

Alas! with how little Reaſon doſt thou believe thy ſelfe ingaged to be gratefull to the friendſhip of this *Helena*, who hath onely inſnared, not obliged thee? *Helena* was inclin'd to love, not by a ſentiment of compaſſion to thy flames, but to qualifie her owne hot appetite, ſhe was excited by her inate Vice, not moved by any tenderneſs to *Paris*; if thou art afraid of being ingratefull in Vice? thou haſt here found the meanes to be vitious under the pretext of Vertue, and 'tis rather to outſtrip *Helen* in inconſtancy then gratitude.

Love is not a benefi, he layes an obligation that takes paines for another, but the Lover acts ſimply for himſelfe: The particular pleaſure from the party beloved reflects back upon the Lover, is that which love propoſeth for its end.

If ſhe love thee, it was to enjoy thee, ſhe conſidered thee, as a good for converſation, or as a remedy to thoſe looſe deſires, which governe in her wandring thoughts, and what obligation can we have to a Woman, who to allay her heat, wooes the embraces of her very Enemy? but (O my *Paris*)

who aſſures thee that it was love that gave her to thee for a prize, and for a Companion? why might it not as well be out of hate to her Countrey, or to her Husband? it is no incongruous thing to judge that we hate them, from whom we fly; but admit that this were certainly the truth of this affaire, this were yet the leaſt evill, for who knows whether this Artificiall Woman, left her Countrey for nothing but to evade puniſhment for ſome like Crime which thou art ignorant of, fearing the returne of her Husband? excuſe mee *Paris* if I ſpeake too home, and too plaine, and think it not ſtrange that I name that woman unchaſte, ſeeing thou haſte made her ſo thy ſelfe, we can never ſufficiently doubt the faith of a woman, who hath betrayed her Husband, to follow his Enemy.

I ſhould aske thee, if thou canſt remember the occaſion which carried thee into *Greece*? but if thou anſwereſt mee, it was for nothing elſe, but to uſe the beſt endeavours to hinder the marriage of *Heſione* to *Telamon*, I ſhall then ſay unto thee, that wee who would not indure a lawfu'l conjunction between a *Trojan* and a *Greeke*, ſhall with very ill will undertake ſo long, and dangerous a war as this, is likely to prove, to patronize, and protect the adultery of a *Trojan*, with a *Grecian* woman.

Troylus could not indure without blushing to ſee his Nephews (though they were legitimate) not onely borne of a Fugitive, of a Wanton, but meerly to be born of a *Grecian* Mother, would be cauſe enough of regrete; this is not to chaſtiſe the *Grecian* thefts, it is to imitate, or rather to authoriſe them; this is not to waſh out our ſhames by vengeance, but to draw the thunder of Heaven upon our owne heads by our crimes; and I wonder not that a *Grecian* Lady was capable of pleaſing him, who ſo little valued his owne honour and the reputation of his Countrey.

Returne! returne into your ſelfe, O generous Brother, and be thou thy ſelfe the firſt to ſolicite us to render her back, whom wee cannot keepe but unjuſtly; it is onely by this way that we may juſtifie the actions of the *Trojans*, *Paris* ſhall not have deceiv'd *Menelaus*, but hee ſhall have revenged *Heſione*, if he retains *Helena* for no other end, but to cauſe them to render back *Heſione*, and if *Helena* hath been raviſh'd for that Reaſon? happy the houſe of *Aſſarac*, who by a priviledge particular make their very thefts glorious: but I ſee by the change of thy countenance, that ſo noble a motive never induced thee to ſteale that prey, and that this my diſcourſe diſpleaſeth thee.

Pardon me! I am about to hold my peace, pardon me (I ſay) if my Reaſon oppoſes thy paſſion with ſome violence; I love thee as thou art a man, as a *Trojan*, as a Brother, and as my ſelfe; but I am no leſſe a Lover, and a

Lover

Lover jealous of the juſtice, and honour of the King, and Kingdome: But what doe I ſay? I am about to hold my peace! there is more need that I were beginning to ſpeake a new, it is not juſt to leave the Reines of the Empire in the hands of a Mad-man, the gods forbid that the affaires of the Houſe of *Troy*, ſhould be ſo very deſperate; it is to you that I addreſs my ſelfe (O my Father,) and to you, my noble Brothers, to you magnanimous Princes, who are borne to hold the Scepter of this Kingdome, whoſe ſafety depends on your reſolutions; it is you, wiſe Heroes, who are to conſider, and to eſtabliſh that which is juſt.

Paris hath loſt both his Judgement and his Will, and is ſicke of a diſeaſe which requires contraries, he counſels what his malady would, not what he ought; it is for you to oppoſe, to his violence, the wiſedome of your Counſels, and to the blindneſſe of his paſſions, the juſt reaſons of State, and to the love hee hath for an Enemy, the love you have for you Countrey; in ſhort, it is for you, to ſave, whether he will or no, both your owne honours and his.

The Effect of this Oration.

THat which the Fates ordaine, is unchangeable; they had decreed the ruine of Troy, *and it came to paſſe;* Paris *was heard with a more favourable Eare then* Troylus, *and the wiſedome of* Priam *was led by the folly of* Paris, *which, as an evill guide, conducted him to a Precipice:* In fine, *none are ignorant, that the imprudence of that Young-man, loſt his Father, all his Family, and himſelfe; and that the Laſcive Amours of* Paris *did contribute as much as the Armour of the Grecians to the deſtruction of* Troy.

The

The Magnanimous Rivalls.

The Argument.

Manzine *makes this discourse in* Rome, *in the Academy of the humouristes; the Argument whereof is nothing but the generosity of two soules, the one knowing how to give a City, the other to refuse it: This passage is written in the life, and amongst the Triumphs of that* Alexander, *who was and always shalbe the highest honour of humane kinde.*

VErtue is a chaine by which a good man is tied to honesty, it is formed of a hundred Linkes, which are the peculiars of its Essence; as *Prudence, Fortitude, Justice, Temperance*, and many other excellent qualities; this here is one, which to have the means being different, seems to have different ends, by which it hath a kinde of appearance, of contrariety: as for Example, *Humility*, and *Magnanimity*, *Clemency*, and *Justice*; but it is not so indeed, as it will be evident, for if one Vertue were opposite to another; this inconvenience would follow, that there would bee an Antipathy between the Members of the same Body, which Nature her selfe will not admit, I will endeavour by an illustrious example, to establish the thing in question.

Alexander, the Mirrour of the first Times, the Favourite of Fortune, and the fortune of all the gallant men of that Age, beheld the distress of a poore Philosopher, who spoke his wants; *Alexander* was mov'd to compassion, and assisted him like a King of Kings; he gave him a City which the other refused, as a gift too high for his condition: Who seeth not, that the Temperance of the one, and the Bounty of the other seems heere to dispute which shall have the better? Yet there are none but those who are accustomed to the exercise of Vertue, who do not judge their thoughts very contrary, however both pursuing honour, they tend to the same Center.

Now that I may acquit my selfe of the charge you impose on mee (O noble

noble Auditors) I shall indeavour to sever the one Vertue, from the other, upon condition that your patience will recompence, by attention, the readiness of my obedience, and support with favourable armes, the feebleness of my spirit.

That *Alexander* who was generated amongst Victories, who, was the builder up of the *Macedonian* glory, and who tracing the steps of *Hercules*, went also beyond him, who proved himselfe the son of *Jupiter*, more by his Heroick action then by the mouth of the Priests, so repleat with courage, that the *Sybels* nam'd him invincible, so liberall, that he made more then a thousand *Alexanders* of a magnanimity so expansed, that he was not satisfied with one world; that *Alexander* (I say) hearing a Philosopher aske an Almes, forthwith gave him a City, the to whom the *Hannibals*, though not without envy, yet without shame, yielded the preheminence; is not this an act of a liberall soule to thinke of giving a City upon such an occasion? The Philosopher dazled with the splendor of so stupendious a munificence modestly refused it, excusing himselfe, that hee neither desired nor needed so much.

I am demanded which of these two actions set the most lively gloss upon the rayes of that Vertue, which make them thus scorne, deserve, and give Principalities; it is for you (O Courteous Auditors) to weigh them, that you may know their value; for my part, I will bee the Advocate to alledge Reasons on both sides, and I will leave the censure of them to persons against whom *Callisander* may not make exception, and from whose judgement the Philosopher need not appeale; those who are still looke alwayes with an eye of Envy upon great things, they say that it was too much to give a City, and that it was (if I may so speak) like money, out of a Pilsey hand, rather falling then given, but that which wee give to a good man is never too much; he who deserves all, can never receive enough, and if a City may not be given to a Philosopher, who knows how to govern it, to whom should it be given? Is it not a gift such he, which agreeth with my quality, ingratefull man? thy quality is, that *Alexander* judgeth thee worthy; the favour of the King carrieth with it thy fortune; dost thou not see how the Vertue, of this great Captaine, shines in all things? knowest thou not that this generous soule reckoneth all as nothing? another might have obliged thee by the quality of the gift, this brave man obligeth thee by his opinion in reckoning thee worthy; so that it is not because the gift is too great, but it is because thou art a thing too little; for, the favour of the Prince supplieth by want of merit, if the gift agreeth not with thy condition, make thy gratitude agree with it; wee ought not to render

render as vaine the actions of Princes, especially when they tend to his honour, which is so much more deare to him as he pursues it more ardently: a noble Prince is a good star, whose every influence is a Treasure; *Alexander* wanted nothing in this concurrence, but another *Alexander*; there were no Eyes upon Earth worthy so glorious an object; for a City to bee given with as good a will, as others receive it, is a thing which was never seene but once.

All the Captains in the Army of *Alexander* might know how to take a City, but never any but *Alexander* knew how to give one: I have heard this Philosopher commended for so little esteeming a gift so magnificent, as a City; and why doe they not celebrate the praises of that *Alexander*, who knew how to dispoile himselfe of Kingdoms, to reward the vertue of such as could likewise scorne even Scepters?

Vertue they say, was the cause why that good man had no need of a City, and the like Vertue made *Alexander* have need to give it to such a one as this man appear'd to be; shall I speak as I think? it was not *Alexander* that was vain-glorious in giving a Principality, but the other in refusing it; that subtile man would not onely shew his poverty, but hee would doe it with vanity, and why did hee call that necessity which hee made his treasure? he shewed not his poverty, but his vain-glory, he beg'd but to have the opportunity to refuse; why did hee make this use of his present fortune? it seemes his indigence was his wealth, not his want: he may well purchase naked nesse at a thousand talents, who places his wealth in the shew of poverty.

There was no want here, but of Vertue, and this Vice was so much the greater, that could finde out a place for pride and vain-glory, even in straw and hunger. It was not Philosophy which slighted that City but Ambition; Philosophy would have taught him to accept it rather, then to have beene ungratefull to the bounty of his King; hee had not wanted meanes to have been delivered from the burthen of it, if it had been too weighty for him; he might have imployd it in redeeming the afflicted out of captivity, in easing thousands of persons, he might have oblig'd his friends; indeed, what might he not have done?

It is more likely that hee, who nobly gives away his goods, doth as hee ought, then hee who refuseth them, after hee hath askt an Almes; who knows but that he refus'd out of a doubt that he was mock'd, or out of a feare, that it was onely to tempt him? who knowes but that feeble soule might bee dazled with the brightnesse of so great a generosity? wee cannot make Images of all sorts of Wood, and all soules are not capable of

so

so high a fortune; it may be he accepted it not for feare hee should be obliged to quit his poverty, in which hee had found so much tranquility, and for feare of being forc'd to serve the publique with more inconvenience; and shall hee then that doth nothing but for his owne ends and ease be compared to *Alexander*? poore and unfortunate *Alexander*! methinks I heare him say these very words, I holde my selfe more dishonoured by this comparison, then if I had lost the Battell against *Darius*; and shall I who have exercised Philosophy, bee compar'd to him who hath but meerly learnt it? I! who taught the *Hircanians* to marry, the *Arachossians* to exercise Husbandry, who made the *Sogdians* to quit their paricide, and who have hindred sonnes from marrying their Mothers; I, who have dispers'd humanity beyond the known world, who hath extended *Greece* through the whole Universe, and I who in conjoyning soules to bodies, have made one Province of all the Earth? I! I say who am such a person, to be put in ballance with one good for nothing, but himselfe, who refus'd this Masse of Treasure onely for feare of being thought to depend upon another, and who avoided not the command of a City, but to serve himselfe with another sort of ambition? these are the tears I should shed, if I had the honour to be *Alexander*.

I know they will tell mee, that *Alexander* gave thus lightly a City, because he valued it little, and that it cost him nothing; but this opinion is false, considering his illustrious Conquests cost him so many men, so much labour, and so much bloud; *Anaxercus* asking him an hundred Talents, his Treasurer told him, it was too much; give him an hundred more, said *Alexander*: he had reason to demand so much, knowing hee had a Friend that both could and would give much; he gave fifty Talents to *Xenocrates*, and fifty to *Perillus*, to enable them to give portions with their Daughters in marriage: Hee gave *Bagoa* to *Parmenio*, which was worth more then a thousand Talents yearly.

All those that serv'd him, were made so great by him, the very soales of their Boots and shooes were of massie gold; and others when they went to take their recreations in hunting, pitcht a hundred Pavillions of no worse stuffe, then cloth of Tissue: *In fine*, *Alexander* was of so immense a bounty, that those that serv'd him, were greater than we can immagine *Alexander*: Neither was it new in *Alexander* to give away a City on this manner, he had formerly shewne large instances of that Vertue.

On a day when he gave to his Favourites money, gorgeous clothing, Pavillions, Palaces, Cities, and all the Royall Treasure, *Parmenio* ask'd him, what he would leave for the King? he answered, Hope.

O inclination truly Royall! I will now ceaſe to wonder why hee deſir'd to ſearch for new Worlds, but the wonder is, how hee could chance upon a ſoule ſo meane, as to judge that the gift of a City, was exceſſive, comming from a King who found the world too little (though hee conquered it) to give away.

Whoſoever accuſeth *Alexander* of Prodigality, knoweth not the largeneſs of his ſoule; the leaſt Almes that could enter into his thoughts to give to ſuch a perſon was a City: Thoſe who upbraid him of being profuſe, are unacquainted either with his Vertue, or Fortune; the bounds of his Empire were the bounds of the Earth; that part of Nature which would not be ſubject to *Alexander*, was retired (if I may ſo ſay) beyond the Seas.

To ſum up all, *Alexander* was greater for the World, then the World was for *Alexander*; ſo that a vulgar liberality, had not ſuited with a ſoule ſo Princely: if his Majeſty, Wiſedome, Fortitude, and his many other royall indowments ought to ſurpaſs private actions, why not his munificence? Royall gifts ought to carry with them the majeſty of the King which gives them.

Alexander would never let any man implore his bounty in vaine, hee met their demands with the ſame cheerfulneſs, that others doe favours; his liberality never troubled him, but when he wanted a ſubject to expreſs it on: In a word (O illuſtrious Auditors) would you know the true degree of his magnificence, he gave away more then could bee received? neither doe I ſee that the bounty of Heaven expreſſeth it ſelfe in ſuch a degree as Envy would ſeem to reproach *Alexander* withall: the Sun makes no ſuch diſtinction of perſons, but gives light equally to all.

But I know how it comes to paſs, that they murmur ſo at that liberality; they are vexed for not being borne in that Age, and believe it too great becauſe it is without Example, and remember not that the magnanimity of *Alexander* is without Example; behold a reproach well grounded that they ſpeake ill of that, they could not ſhare in; O falſe underſtanding of things! hee gave more then can bee parralleld, we are in no very ill condition, ſince our acception only is abundance.

But it is time I make an end of ſpeaking for *Alexander*; I ſhould injure his Vertue, if I believ'd that his praiſes could be contain'd in this Diſcourſe, that Vertue is little conſiderable which can bee expreſs'd by praiſes; thoſe of *Alexanders* were no ſuch: one ask'd him an Almes, and he gave him a City; thinke with your ſelves, O noble Auditors, who could have a heart more royall, then his whoſe very Almes are whole Cities?

But

But who shall speak in favour of that poore Philosopher to whom it was no small advantage, that Fortune had rais'd *Alexander* to so supreame a height, as to be able to give away Cities, to give him opportunity to expresse his Vertue by a refusall? let him defend himselfe, for I will not bee accus'd of a rash undertaking; yet if a Philosopher hath need of defence, who will not be ready to take his part, though hee himselfe is better able to defend himselfe?

That man ask'd an Almes of *Alexander*, *Alexander* gave him a City, the Philosopher refus'd it, as a thing not suitable to his condition, with a grace so full of majesty, that hee appear'd rather a King, then a miserable Beggar: Fortune was not unkinde in depressing a man, who was able to tread her under his foot.

Me thinks I heare him say, I thank you, but I have not a soule ambitious of command, I have implored the charity, not the magnificence of the King; if thou hadst enabled me only to buy me a Cloake, thou hadst plentifully satisfied my hopes, I will not quit my poverty, it sufficeth me to have my soule inrich'd with Vertue; in that, and not in the goods of Fortune consists my felicity: I esteem it not a charity in them, that would deprive mee of my Peace; a City is too much for him, who is contented with himself, I would not have my Estate more valuable, then my self, it being a thing prepósterous, for a Master to be in worse condition then his Slave, so miserable is he, whose patrimony is nobler then his soule; I ask peace in my necessity, not trouble to my repose, I have not need of Kingdomes, I have enough to doe to reigne over my selfe, or rather I enjoy an Empire, which is not subject to the injuries of Fortune.

Indeed my Estate is small, but withall secure; what happiness is it to me to have a large and sumptuous bed, if I cannot sleep? or what's the difference to be shipwrack'd in a great and guilded ship, or a petty Pinck? why then should my life be more deare in a royall pallace then in my present condition? No, no! if I am just, I shall not be poore, and if I am not just, what should I doe with a City? I shall be but a Viper in a Vessel of gold, who, for all that, will not be lesse dangerous, lesse venemous.

Alexander, thou hast us'd mee like *Polierates*, but I will not use thee like *Anacreon*, when I shall not bee able to sleep without thinking of rendring thy City back unto thee, in doing whereof thou wilt esteem me either little generous in my command, or very inconsiderate, in accepting such a gift.

Now when I goe to sleepe with *Diogenes* in the Porch of the Temple of *Jupiter*, it is with an assurance that either within doors or without, I finde

my selfe lodged with the gods, so that when I shall have accepted of this thy magnificent offer, I know not how either to better my hostes or my lodging: *In fine*, I am contented with my selfe, I will have no other Empire, then to reigne over my passions, that shall be my Principality, it is in such a condition, that I feare nothing, and so full of satisfaction, that I desire nothing.

I am not rich in that men traffique for me into every province, but I am rich, because although they do not traffique at all, I shall live; a few Olives and a handfull of Figs suffice mee; if I have bread it serves to accompany them, if none, they serve mee for bread, and when I am thirsty, I have recourse to Nature, who mee thinkes made the fountaines for nothing more specially then to quench it, to defend my selfe from the rigour of the severall seasons, I am as well under the Rocks of my Countrey, as under forraigne marble, and I am not lesse defended from the raine under a tree, then under a guilded fretwork.

He that hath need of *Tyrrian* purple, or of *Phrygian* embroydery to keep him from the cold, we may say it is rather in his soule then in his body, that he feeles the sharpnes of Winter; a Tree, or a Fountaine (both common things) are sufficient for every bodies hunger, or thirst; it is not necessity, but luxury that covets the rest: I should not refuse that Scepter, if I had need of a Kingdome to make me a good man; but because I aske thee a Cloak, dost thou judge me to be poor, for what natural cause have I been incited to ask thee? it may be answered to save me from the cold, why shines the Sun so hot, if not as well to warme us, as to give us light? and why hath Nature plac'd me above the Animals, the Trees and Heabs, if not to make use of the wooll, the leaves, and the barke.

If I did not equally feare to offend the modesty of a Philosopher, and the Majesty of a King, I might tell thee I ask thee not to obtaine, but to see with what a grace thou knowest how to give: I have tempted thy generosity, not thy prodigallity; consider what little need hee hath of a Kingdome, that knowes how to speake thus to a King: yet you who command may brag of one thing above the rest, that no other height equall to thine would permit me to speak to a Prince that were not *Alexander*, and this honour is so much the greater, because it is particularly your own.

Alexander, I am in such an Estate that Fortune shall never heare mee a Suppliant, I am content with what sufficeth Nature, and I will not put my selfe in a posture to lose it; in the place where I am necessity never findes me: in the same instant that I accept of thy bounty, I shall have need of slaves, of Horses and Dogs, of Treasures, Souldiers and Armes, for my dever-

advertisement, for my honour in peace, and to defend me in war, this then I shall accept of a thing to trouble my repose, a thing that presupposes war, and will reduce me to such condition, that I shall have need even of Beasts; I must not onely lose the tranquility of my living, but my Reason. No no, *Alexander!* if repose accompanied with all other things, greatness and power, I am poore and thou art rich; if otherwise, I am rich and thou art poore, for by a chaine so weak as a City I will not be drawn in the triumph of thy Vertue, not that I envy thy glory, but I will be tender of my owne reputation; thou hast performed an act of great munificence in offering, it behoves me to express one of modesty in refusing; thy liberallity shall not be conceal'd for all this, but I will not to advance that, that any murmur at my Avarice, if I should hereby be a means to serve to thine honour, why should it be thought reasonable, for that to bee built upon the ruine of my Vertue?

Thus in mine opinion he might discourse, who possest in himselfe both a King and a Kingdom: Behold how deplorable humane Nature is, and what discord it carries within it selfe: *Alexander* lavish'd away a thousand lives to win a City, which a poore Philosopher was ashamed to receive by way of gift: *Alexander* thought to surmount that man by an Act, as of a Mister of the World, but that man confounded *Alexander* by an Act, as of one Master of himselfe.

O gallant stratagems of Vertue! this is not to aske an Almes, but a Triumph: any man that commands an hundred Kingdomes, may know how to give a City, but none can know how to scorne it, but hee who commands Fortune: *Alexander* is Lord of the World, and this man Lord of himselfe; but behold with how much inequality it is, that which one scornes, is more then the other can give, considering the poverty of the one, and the power of the other; who will not say that this miserable poore one was above that King, who was above all the Earth? But why call I him miserable, whose condition is so high, that he scornes Cities? those are rather miserable who believe a man can be poore, that is free from all care, and who esteem him only happy, that proudly groans under the weight of gold and purple, formerly the coverings of poore animals: we are not to consider men by exterior ornaments, the best are not alwayes the best clad.

Aristotle, who merited the name of Just, being questioned what Justice was? answered, not to covet the goods of another. but our Philosopher hath exceeded that moderation hee hath scorn'd them; if *Alexander* would supply his wants, a City was too much, and if hee would trie his Vertue, his Empire was too little, but however it was, we have seen two

ſouls diſpute ſo generouſly, that the leaſt is greater then a Kingdome; the fortune and vertue of the one rais'd him ſo high, as hee might ſcorne triumphs, Palmes grew under his feet; he march'd not, but amongſt Victories, his ſword was the Scepter of the World, glory conducted his Charriot, and whereſoever he went he found nothing but new matter to enlarge his glory.

But when I turne towards the other, I finde him ſo wiſe, that there is little likelihood, that that man who hath refus'd a Crowne of gold, ſhould accept one of Lawrell; on every ſide I meet with danger, I will not launch into ſo vaſt Seas, hee knowes not how great a merit there is in deſpiſing a City, who hath not maſter'd his paſſions, and imbraced the means of being happy without one: nor can he judge what honour it is to give a City, that is ignorant with what hazard of life, honour and Armes it is acquired; the one gave, the other refus'd, and both of them deſerv'd it.

I might proceed, if the faculties of my ſoule would give me leave, but when a ſoule is poſſeſs'd with aſtoniſhment, it is a ſigne, that it is leſs then its object, and that for want of apprehenſion, it is forc'd to expreſs its weakneſs by reverence: ſo doe I now, not knowing which of theſe two Heroes is the more magnanimous: Judge you then, O illuſtrious Auditors, for, for my part in either condemning the one or the other; I can have nothing for either the one, or the other of theſe noble Combatants, but reſpect, and wonder; theſe are the Victims which ſuite beſt with the Altars of Vertue, and the moſt worthy Trophies we can raiſe to her, which ought to be the more adored, the leſſe ſhe hath left us ability to define her.

I have ſaid.

The Effect of this Oration.

ALL the Academy, upon this occaſion was divided, the Philoſopher had as many Voyces as the King, and as Temperance did not triumph over Liberallity, ſo was not Liberallity ſubjected to Temperance; and this illuſtrious debate reſted undecided in ſuch a manner, that opinions being equall, it is in the Reader to turne the Scale, according to the Ballance of his judgement, if hee bee bold enough

to

to judge of Kings and Philosophers, or able to decide a Question upon which so many excellent men dare not pronounce sentence.

The three Rivals.

The Argument.

Three Lovers of one faire Lady, comming at the same time to a place where she was, saw a prodigious Murtherer strike a Poniard into her bosome, who in the very instant fled, at which fearfull Object, the first of the three, transported with a just rage, with his sword in his hand, ran after that Monster to revenge his Mistris, and to punish the accursed fact: the second, prest by his compassion, flew to relieve her, and endeavoured to stanch the bloud which issued abundantly from her wound, and to lend her all assistance possible in so sad a condition: the third, having a compassion too tender for the sight of so horrid a spectacle, fell in a swound at the feet of the faire dying Lady, whom hee adored: the question is put, which of the three expressed most affection in that occasion; and this is the subject of our Authour Manzines *examination in the Discourse following.*

BY the sword of an infernal Fury (for illustrious Auditors, no other but a Fury, would ever have had the cruelty to shed the bloud of a faire Lady,) by the sword I say, of a Monster come from Hell, 3 unfortunate Lovers saw their Mistris wounded, which fel at the feet of that Barbarian: the first mov'd by generosity and love, drew his sword, and ran after that base assassinate that ran away, to sacrifice him to his anger, and to revenge her whom he adored: the second flew to her relefe: but the third, out of a sense of ten-

derneſs, and griefe, fell in a ſwound, and verified that ancient poſition, which aſſures, that the ſoule ſubſiſts more, where it loves, then where it animates.

I am under your command to examine, which of theſe reſentments ought to be preferr'd, though I am unable, yet I obey willingly, for who would not willingly obey the commands of thoſe, who have the goodneſs to be ſatisfied with obedience onely? I am proud of this command, though I know, I undergo it not, but with the hazard of that reputation, you vouchſafe me; for ſpeaking in ſo high a place, I ought to feare a Precipice, but the dangers to which we are expoſed by knowledge, are ſo noble, and ſo glorious, that we never ought to eſchew them.

I would to Heaven, and my good Stars, that I were able to performe it as I ought, I ſhall cheerfully doe the beſt I can; I am too much obliged to the curteſie of a City, whoſe leaſt honour and glory, is to have fill'd all Europe with the wealth of *Peru*, by the illuſtrious and fortunately bold enterprize, of one of their owne Citizens; a City, whoſe treaſures are much more precious, then all the Riches of the new world. ſince if perſons bee conſidered according to the Majeſty of their merit, & not what outwardly they onely are, we may boldly ſay, it hath given birth to more Kings, then all the Earth hath Kingdomes.

I was never very willing to acknowledge my weakneſs, but upon this ſubject, the more I attempt above my ſtrength, the more my obedience, and the deſire I have to ſerve you, is to bee eſteemed; but whither doth my gratitude carry mee? rather then I will loſe the opportunity of giving thanks, I am like to loſe that of obeying you, behold me then prepared for this problem.

The cruell Homicide having given the fatall blow, flyes, and truly his flying agreed well with the nature of ſuch a Tygre, which certainly was very cruell, ſeeing he had the heart to beſprinkle with gore, a breaſt which in trance'd with delight all that beheld it, a breaſt that could not receive a wound without putting more ſoules, then one, in danger of forſaking their bodies; this Barbarian flies, I would ſay as a cruell Scythian, if it were reaſonable to compare him to a man, Alas! why was not I commanded inſtead of opening anew the wounds of theſe Lovers to expreſs my anger againſt that Caitiffe wretch, whoſe rage aſſaulted that tender beauty?

Beauty! it is to be adored in what face ſoever one meets it, I pertake ſo ſenſibly in the griefs of theſe poore afflicted, that I ſhould be ſo well pleaſed to revenge their infortunities, as I ſhall think my ſelfe happy, if I have abi-

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lity to diſtinguiſh the merit of their reſentments, but ſince that is not allowed me; hearken noble Academicks by what reaſon he pretends to be preferr'd, who had already his ſword in his hand, and who ſo ſwiftly purſued the cruell and deteſtable Butcher, to eaſe his griefs, by the death of that inhumane Murtherer, who deſtroyed and ſet a period to all the felicity he had ſet all his affections upon; let us die, ſaid that generous Lover, or let us make it appear to her, whom we adore, that our ſoules are all on fire, with rage, to undertake her revenge, by that I would have her know the fervency of my love, and that this Age from thence may learne ſhe was my Goddeſs, and that none, but theſe, that can defend themſelves from a Thunderbolt, ſhall dare to prophane her, whom I adore, and that I am not capable of permitting to be raviſh'd from me, without vengeance, the life of all my hopes, the object of all my deſires, and the onely felicity of my ſoule; how ſhall my Miſtris know that I am worthy the honour to be beloved by her, if inſtead of flying to her revenge, I ſhould ſtay to manifeſt my affection by effeminate and feeble teares?

No, no! to the intent that all the world may ſee *Mars* is never far from *Venus*, I will purſue the Monſter; ſhe will love valour in me, ſince it is the effect of her faire Eyes, and my paſſion; I will demonſtrate, by wounds worthy of my hand, what the wound was I received from thoſe piercing Eyes.

I never aſſault any, but thoſe that offend mee, and none can offend mee, but in depriving me of my Treaſure, and if you would know what that Treaſure is, enquire of this Evill which is unſufferable, inexpreſſible? hitherto Fortune hath been ſo little favourable to me, that I had never occaſion to expreſs my love, but by unprofitable ſighs; but it is unſeaſonable to ſhew either love, or griefe, in the midſt of vengeance, ſince I never had the honour to ſerve her, but after I had loſt her; let us run and ſacrifice this Monſter to the Divinity that he hath prophaned; we ſhall have time enough afterwards to ſigh, and complaine; thoſe who ſtay to lament when they ſhould revenge, deſerve to lament eternally.

O God! what doe I doe? I ſtay too long to give the blow, whoſe ſole honour conſiſts in being given quickly; let us not walke, let us not run, but flye, if it be poſſible, to repaire our negligence; what? can any heart diſpute the vindication of the divinity it adores? delay, alone, will efface the merit of my ſervice. Whoſoever loves truly, cannot leave one moment unpuniſhed, that cruell and bloudy minded Monſter, then, if it be true that we love as we ought, let us flye to our vengeance.

It is thus (O noble Auditors) me thinks that this generous afflicted would speake to justifie the cause of his fury, and the violence of his proceedings; but whither runnest thou? whither runnest thou, crieth that other judicious Lover, consider that it is more proper first, to remedy misfortunes, before we prosecute revenge; whither runnest thou? whither runnest thou, inconsiderate Revenger? if this faire unfortunate cannot be revenged, without being abandoned? leave her revenge to those that desire her death; stay! I prethee, stay, this is no testimony of thy love, it is of thy fury, this is not the way to repaire our losses, it is to multiply them, the more our rage inclines us to vengeance, the more wee shall merit in depriving our selves of a sweetnesse, which, though it gives consolation for the present to our soules, hindreth not her destruction, and our future losse of her for ever.

Relieve so well (if it be possible) this dying fair one, that she may live, for to let her dye, to revenge her, is to finish, not punish the impiety of him that kill'd her: if thou abandon her whom thou hast sworne to be the Mistris of thy soule when halfe dead, and languishing, she so needfully implores thine ayde to sustaine, and helpe her; I will never say thou hast reveng'd her death, but thou hast let her dye, that thou mightest bee revenged.

Oh propensity too bloudy, unprofitable, arrogant, and cruell honour! if thou hast left as a prey to death, her, whose pale, and languishing countenance foreloquently challenges, that for the last proofe of thy fidelity, thou wouldst give her some assistance; if (I say) thou leavest her in this extremity, for whose sake wilt thou prosecute revenge? if thou dost it to follow thine owne inclinations, thy love ought not to pretend to the honour of it, for not being able to suffer so excessive a griefe, thou hopest, vengeance will give thee some ease in so great a misfortune, whence it plainly appears thou lovest little, seeing thou searchest for consolations; when she (whom thou nameste thy soule, lies wounded, and assaulted with the mortall agonies of departing pangs) sighes the last disfavours of her fortune, and can I speake it and my heart not breake?) peradventure sobs out her last breath.

For my part, I had rather pardon that inhumane (who shall punish himselfe abundantly by the conscience of his owne crime) then faile in performing those offices of tenderness, and affection, which shall, it may be, have the power to draw not onely from the grave, but from danger, the onely Beauty I adore; let our Enemy be safe, rather then our Mistris perish; I will that all my desires tend to her preservation, love hath so ordered mee, that

that I have nothing in particular, all my wishes, and all my thoughts depend absolutely on her, if she be lost nothing can sufficiently repaire mee, for the evills of another care not mine, and if Heaven, and Destiny preserve her, I have no need of Remedies; all my wounds will be cured with hers, I have for my onely object the weale of her I love; my passion will not give me leave to thinke of mine owne Interests, so pure is my regard of her, that I wish shee might yet once more know the quality of my love, whose sole aime is, that shee may live, to the end onely, that shee may live, rather then for any other satisfaction to my selfe; it is not that which enclines me to desire, or assist the preservation of her life, and that shee would please to give me leave, to stop that pure bloud which issues so fast, without the guilty thought of obliging her, but of doing my duty.

I melt (O noble Auditors) at the laments of this afflicted Lover, that to shew to his Mrs. how ardently he desired her life, would have continued his complaints, if hee had not been hindred by the care of applying all his thoughts and art to her wounds, and by the need that the fair fainting Lady had of repose, which required his silence.

But who speaks for the poor miserable man in a swound through his excessive grief, and being sensible of his own loss, appears to love himselfe more then that beauty which he hinders not to dye without either reliefe or revenge? If I my Lords am most propense to it, it shall bee I, who will take into my protection a griefe which we doe not understand, if wee doe not infinitely compassionate, and if wee doe not thinke most worthy of our pity.

Oh God! behold at thy feet barbarously wounded, and all imbrewed in bloud that bosome of snow, which was created for the wonder and delight of our Eyes, that bosome, the chiefe workmanship of Nature, the object of the soule, and the cause of all thy flame, and the glory of its Age, that divine person, as much lovely, as much beloved; what? canst thou see her wounded, languish, and dye, without letting thine Eyes lament? thy soule, thy heart, and thy life? how cam'st thou turn'd to such a Rock, to endure that spectacle without dissolving wholely into teares, and without dying with her?

O gods! behold at my feet those radiant Eys, whose splendor ravish'd my soule, whose glances consolated my heart, and whose regard occasion'd all my felicity, those Eyes whose light gave light to my affections, subsistance to my hopes, and from whence proceeded all my delights, those inlivening Eyes, those inlivening I say, eclipsed, and they themselves almost lost for want of light, languishing, and dying at my feet; canst thou consider her

in this Eſtate, inſenſible man, and not dye thy ſelfe? (but if this poore Lovers trance aſtoniſheth you (noble Auditors) you ought to wonder more, that I who have ſo perfect a ſympathy with his paſſion, ſinke not as well as he; that I did not help her (ſaid he) is indeed rather a mark of my feebleneſs then of my love: yet I grieve not that I fainted, but I grieve that I ever reviv'd, ſince my ſad Fate reſerves me to behold ſo killing a Spectacle; let the Miſtris of my thoughts ſee, if ſhe pleaſe, that ſhee is the ſoule which makes me live, ſeeing ſhe could not receive a wound without my dying firſt; what marvell is it, that I fell in a ſwound with a ſtroake that wounded onely her? I received it in my ſoule, ſhe in her boſome: canſt thou deny (O my life) thy ſelfe to be the life of my life, ſeeing I live by thy life, and die by thy death? canſt thou deny that thou art my ſoule, when I am conſtrained to dye, by the leaſt wound thou receiveſt? have pity on mee, and comfort me, O you Lovers, who know the torments of Love! comfort mee, I ſay, for my body depriv'd of his ſoule, hath onely love for the ſoule; I love with all my heart, and withall my ſoule her, who is the heart, and ſoule of my heart, and ſoule.

I loved her onely for her ſelfe, I loved her not becauſe my ſoule deſired ſhe ſhould have been my Love, nor becauſe from her love might proceed all my felicity; if it be not to love well to love thus, teach me in what faſhion I ſhould love; but if none of you can teach mee otherwiſe, why doe you condemne the feebleneſs of a man, who hath no heart, but as it hath relation to that faire one who was its ſoule, and with whom it is inſeperable?

O life, of my life! ſoule of my ſoule! if I reliev'd thee not after thy wound, it was becauſe thy wound left me in no condition to relieve thee; the others loved thee by the conſideration of the future, which they hoped would be favourable to their paſſions, and I loved thee by the preſent eſtate of things; I neither fear'd thy rigour, nor hoped to ſee thee mercifull; thou art what thou art, and I lov'd thee, for nothing, but becauſe I love thee ſtill; my heart neither hopeth, nor feareth, nor reaſoneth, but it loveth in ſuch a manner, that not living but in thee, by thee, and for thee; it is no wonder if it die with thee, or if it revive with thee, and as it is not reaſonable to oblige the dead to aſſiſt thee, it is not juſt to puniſh the living, for the impotency of the dead.

Such in my opinion were the reaſons of that Lover, if it were poſſible for him to reaſon, who lay buryed in the immenſe gulph of Love, and who lived for nothing elſe, but to teſtifie the wonders of that powerfull paſſion; let thoſe incredulous ones, who take for hyperbolies, the diſcourſes of thoſe

Lovers

Lovers, who vow to their Miſtreſſes, that they are their ſoules and hearts: conſider this poore Lover in a ſwound, and if, ſearching for the wound which caus'd it, they finde none, but in the boſome of the perſon beloved, let them conclude in confeſſing themſelves conquered, that the divine myſteries of love, are incomprehenſible, and that the knowledge of thoſe inſcrutable ſecrets, cannot be attained to, but in Heaven.

Behold (illuſtrious Auditors) all that my weakneſs is able to ſay, touching the ardent affection of theſe three paſſionate Rivalls, their loves fly too high a pitch, for my dull eys to follow, & my ſoul aſtoniſh'd, at their ſeveral apprehenſions, is more capable of bewailing, then judging their impreſſions: Excuſe me (Noble Signiors) I pray, and be favourable to the affection, and readineſs I had to obey you; and in conſideration of the injury which I have offer'd to my modeſty, in preſuming to undertake a thing ſo beyond my ability; Excuſe mee I ſay from the neceſſity of attributing the pretenſions to ſupremacy to either of theſe Lovers: I am in ſo profound an admiration of the quality of every one of them, that I know not how to give the crowne to either of the three, without derogating from the merits of the other two, and without giving them cauſe to complaine againſt the weakneſſe or partiality of my judgement.

The Theatre, wherein I am brought to judge them, is too high, not to be dangerous; the one ſwounded, the other aſſiſted the wounded Lady, and complained, the third fled threatning vengeance on the aſſaſſinate; theſe are ſpectacles more capable to take away the faculties of the ſoule, then of enlightning it; and how can a heart, without experience, know the griefe of thoſe who ſaw before their eyes, the object of their paſſions murthered? it is a griefe which cannot be judged without comprehending, and cannot be comprehended without dying: there are none but thoſe in Hell can judge what Torment it is to loſe beatitude: without being in love, we cannot judge of love, and being in love, we cannot judge at all; for judgement, and election have no place to reigne where there is ſo much Tyranny. I have ſaid.

The effect of this Oration.

THe Academy was as irreſolute, as Manzine; *the Generous would have the Valiant preferr'd, the Charitable deſired that hee who aſſiſted his Miſtreſſe, ſhould*

should have the advantage, and the pittifull pretended, to make the feebleneſſe of him that fell in a ſwound, to triumph: the firſt was call'd courageous, by ſome, and by others furious: the ſecond paſt for provident, but inſenſible: and the third was eſteemed a perfect Lover, but cowardly: each of them had their oppoſers and partakers; but after a long, and earneſt conteſtation, they agreed that all three merited equally, and that the inclination of the Lady ſhould alone turne the ballance; but a ſecond diſpute deſtroyed this Agreement; for one ſaid, that the Lady, being as much obliged to the one, as to the other, could not follow her inclination without injuſtice, to one or t'other, and that there was no reaſon to ſuffer paſſion to prefer one, and neglect the vertue and merit of another; for the one having a deſire to revenge, the other having reliev'd her, and the laſt being almoſt dead for her; a Lady truly noble in that equality of obligation, could never make either happy, without making the others miſerable: that opinion reviv'd their firſt voyces, and the Academy conceiving her to bee juſt, and of ſound judgement ſhe alone, upon whom the Problem was founded, ought to decide the queſtion.

Love without faith.

The Argument.

The Assyrians *having beſieged the City of* Samaria, *and reduc'd it to extreame neceſſity: Two Mothers oppreſs'd with famine, reſolv'd to eat their owne Children, having no other thing left to ſuſtaine life; the one killed hers, which was devoured by them both; but when the time came that the other ſhould be killed, the Mother preferring her ſons life before her owne, caſt her ſelfe at the feet of King* Joram, *to implore his power for protection of her pious infidelity.*

BEhold the King! O behold the King! my oppeſſed heart begins a little to revive, ſince the Heavens permit mee to behold the King; great Prince, give me leave to caſt my ſelfe at thy feet, to ſeek refuge there, in my extreame neceſſity; alas! the remembrance of the danger I am in, takes away my breath, behold the Prince! it is hee, who is to defend his ſubjects; behold the Liveteanant of the Almighty, to whom appertaines the protection of innocents! behold an afflicted King, who grants to our miſeries the ſame reliefe he implores from Heaven for his owne! and that favourable God, that ſends it him, be eternally praiſed.

Sir, in the univerſall famine, which cauſeth the death of all thy people, feeling my ſelfe not onely to want milke to ſuſtaine my childe, but ſpirits to maintaine my owne life, I prepared ſome dayes before, all things that were needfull for my grave, when being overwhelmed with my ſad thoughts, I went to the houſe of one of my friends, that we might comfort one another, to the end that the apprehenſion of our enſuing death, might be the leſs bitter to us; in the weakneſs I was in, I imagined no paine was like that of going downe my ſtaires, but by that time I had aſcended hers, I found the contrary, all my Muſcles were looſned, and all my Nerves without ſtrength, I let my languiſhing body fall upon the Earth, in which

there appeared not to be any life, but by the feeble beating of my heart, to whom Nature gives the privilege to bee the last to dye: farewell, said I, deare friend, (I made haste to salute her, for feare death should prevent me) farewell deare friend, I thought fit to come with my childe to visite you, to the intent that she, whose life and miseries should be prolonged for some moments, may think of the Sepulture of the other; this woman mingled, I know not what of cruell in her Compliments, she raised her selfe upright before me, with a motion more violent, then belonged to her deplorable estate, and under the pretence of easing me of my burthen, she took my dear child into her armes, and began to praise it, that it was still so fat, she made mee shed teares, and quickly repent my bringing it to her house; thou art (said she) a thousand times welcome, and without so much as regarding me, she continued praising, touching, and I dare say, weighing the poore Innocent, which she tooke sometimes into her bosome, sometimes between her armes, and sometimes between her thighes.

O God! said I to my selfe, what have I done? and then I re-assumed my lovely, and deare burthen, whom danger made mee thinke more light then it was before. I was too weake to goe from her, and she too resolute to permit me, in this distraction I recommended my selfe to Providence, to send me relieфe, proportionable to the danger I feared.

To what purpose are these Orisons, these teares, and unprofitable weaknesses of ours? this Inhumane began to say, we are lost! but Despaire is a great Searcher, and Necessity a knowing Mistris, the last thing we ought to doe is to dye, we must thinke of all before wee lose all; what doe wee doe? ought we to dye with famine, our owne children by our sides? to what end serves our timidity? can it preserve them, what shall wee doe? let them dye, let them die, since they can no longer live, and let them helpe to nourish their Mothers, who have nourish'd them whilst they were able; of our evils it is the least, since they must dye however.

To extreame maladies, ordinary remedies signifie nothing, and if thou thinkst it good, it cannot bee ill, being necessary, let us resolve, to begin with mine, I am content, upon condition thine may have the same fate, I am so far from deceiving thee, that I will bee the first that shall undergoe this losse.

This last Discourse stayed my soule, which full of horror and feare was upon the wing, I was ready to offer mine owne flesh to that Barbarian, upon condition she would preserve my childe, when shee her selfe ran to the relieфe of my irresolution, with the pitifull cruelty of her prodigious offer.

O gods! how was I revived? I felt my selfe new borne, but in the meane time what should I doe? I thought with my selfe, if I refuse to consent to the death of her son, I hasten that of my owne, it is not best to undertake the opposition of her brutish designe, without power to hinder it, she appears too resolved to this horrible action, to be diverted by my words, and seeing I can gaine nothing else, let me gain time, this is a danger which cannot be avoyded, but in going out to meet it.

Thus I consented to the death of my childe, that shee might begin with hers first, which would give me opportunity to come, and cast my selfe at at the feet of my King; my designe hath happily succeeded: I am here Sire: looke upon this innocent, whose life is in question, and if thou thinkest me obliged to performe conditions, present it thy selfe to this Tygress; beheld how she standsgrinding her teeth, and rowling her eyes, looke upon her as having prepared the knife in her hand, and ready to dismember, and devour it; on then, do thou pronounce, and determine, what shall be done with thy subject; see here, and judge, if it bee proper to cut in pieces an innocent, to sustaine a wicked person, who deserves a Thunderbolt; if thou dost not joyne with mee in opposing this Fury, wee may say, that the City is already taken, since our Enemies devoure our Children.

But what do I say? is it possible, there can bee any Enemies so barbarous to eat our Infants? shall I be sounfortunate to feare, thou wilt consider me lesse, then this bloud-thirsty creature, who is more our Enemy, then our Enemies themselves? and I (who had rather see mine owne childe dye for thy service, then for the preservation of mine owne life,) ought I to feare I shall not have protection from mine owne Prince, whose subjects this unnaturall woman hath begun already to devoure? I, I say believe that the life of the King himselfe is not assured, since her owne flesh and blood was not.

The fierce and barbarous resolution of this Tygress doth make us feare that we have cause to feare all things; for what will shee devoure next, now she hath no more children to eat? who can assure us, that incited by her hunger, she will not sell her Country for meat? and, to obtaine it of our Enemies, attempt to take away the life of the King himselfe? if the famine continue, and paricide escape without punishment: I know she will accuse mee of ingratitude, and call mee perfidious, for complaining of a crime which hath nourished me, but for what reason doth shee thinke shee hath oblig'd? is it for prolonging my life? Alas! I am so far from thinking that an obligation, that for her onely seeing such a wicked deed

ſigh eternally, and be eternally without comfort; it doth not content thee, O deteſtable one, to have been wicked, unleſs thou injoy the vanity to brag of it, and boaſt that thou haſt alſo made an unfortunate Woman, as wicked as thy ſelfe; there is but one thing can fall out, to make me thinke the ſaving my life a favour, which is (Sir) that I may be ſo happy, to ſee the puniſhment of her ſin, before I dye.

I confeſs I conſented to her enormous crime, but how could I avoid it? if I had not reſolv'd to take part in the tragick banquet of the body of her childe, my feebleneſs had ſubdued mee, to the neceſſity of ſeeing her devoure mine; but there is nothing in the world but the preſervation of the life of a Son, could ever have induc'd me, to have participated in that cruelty, which this Tygreſs calls a favour; the ſame action which was her crime, hath been my puniſhment; was it not thou thy ſelfe that with thine owne hands, tore in pieces thy innocent Babe? did not I turne away mine eyes? had not I horror in eating it? did not I mingle my tears with its blood? yet that, which I could ſcarcely endure to doe with thy childe, thou wouldſt have me ſuffer with mine owne.

Oh! neither the juſtice of the King of Heaven, nor Earth will allow this; I ſhould deſerve that my child ſhould be devoured, if I had a ſoule ſo much an Enemy to my Countrey, to give conſent, even with mine owne blood, to the nouriſhment of a Fury who hath eaten her owne child; I have ſinned, if I may ſay ſo without ſinne, becauſe I ſinned without election, for the ſoule ſinnes not without the will, but I am not excuſable by the ſame reaſon, which ſhe believes capable to excuſe a Paricide; I have a thouſand Reaſons beſides, to juſtifie my innocency.

Imagine Sir, (if your piety will give you leave to hearken to mee) you ſaw her with a knife in her hand, with a Savage, and bloudy looke, ſnatching unmercifully the weeping innocent (whoſe deſtiny was that his very teares haſtened his death) and giving him twenty ſtabs with a poniard, and then to cut his throat, and afterwards tearing out his bowels, breathing, and panting, and at laſt cutting them in pieces, and all this with ſuch dexterity, and quickneſs, that it aſtoniſht me more, then the paricide it ſelfe, and made me thinke ſhee had ſerved an apprenticeſhip in practiſing upon other children, the barbariſme ſhe now exerciſed upon her owne: but alas! how ſhall I make an end? ſhe ſpitted it, ſhe blew the fire, and baſted the little body, ſhe complaind of nothing, but that the fire was too ſlow to roſt her ſon: O Tygreſs! O Fury! O wicked Demon!

But Sir, I perceive this horrible Relation doth ſo much aſtoniſh you, that it takes away your power, not onely of judging, but of hearing me, and indeed

indeed who would not have the ſame reſentment? Now Sir, if you tremble, without having ſeen this cruell ſpectacle, but in my deſcription, you that are a Man, a Souldier, and a King, you that are out of danger, judge then of my condition in the midſt of that horror? I who am a Woman, weakened with famine, and danger of my childe between life, and death; in this extaſie, I had not time, nor meanes, nor ſtrength to know what I did, I eate I know not what, for my ſoule wholly intentive, to ſave my owne Infant, had no leaſure to think of that of anothers.

Behold that ſhe-Caniball, who devours the ſubjects of her Prince, the Souldiers of the Kingdome, and the Defenders of our Countrey; puniſh, O puniſh this ravenous devourer of our Citizens, who hath taught to others, that the fleſh of her owne is nouriſhing, and who hath incenſed the Heavens when they have moſt need of appeaſing: it troubleth me, there ſhould be no other way to puniſh her but by that death that I ſhould have thought a happineſs before ſhe made me ſinne, if I could have been aſſured her rage would have ſpared my childe; I ſay well in ſaying her rage, for I ſhould lie, if I ſhould ſay; it was onely her hunger, for, a woman, who had ſtrength to fright a Mother, and to engage her to the neceſſity, of defending the life of her childe, was not reduc'd to the laſt extremity of hunger, ſhe was too quick, too fierce, and too menacing; for a woman, whom famine had extreamly enfeebled, and if ſhe deny her fury and her force, the great blows ſhe gave to her owne ſon will evidence it, they could not proceed from an arme decayed, from an arme of a Woman, and from an arme of a Mother enfeebled by long famine.

Chaſtiſe this malefactor, ſtifle this pernicious example, revenge the injury done to the Hebrew name, in puniſhing her crime, that we may ſhew to after Ages, wee abhorr'd it: our Nation will bee more deteſted for her parricide, then it was glorious for the victories of *Sampſon*, and *David*, nothing, but ſhe alone, ſhall darken the honour of ſo memorable a Siege, and ſo nobly maintained.

On then brave Prince! on then Father! on then Sir, cut off this corrupted member, for feare it corrupts the whole body; teare up, by the roots, this contagious branch, whoſe very ſhaddow is dangerous: what doe you ſtay for? you already know her inclinations, her owne ſon being devoured, ſhee intends to devoure thoſe of others; and that ſhee is yet more dangerous, ſhe pretends to doe it by juſtice, ſo ill an opinion hath ſhe of the equity of her Judge; it is againſt thy intereſt (O great King) to permit this poore Innocent to the rage of this inſatiable Woolfe, it will bee quickly devoured, it is too little to laſt long, and ſhe too ravenous to make

more, then one meale of it; with what ſhall we aſſwage the hunger of this monſter accuſtomed to eat the fleſh of children? as for thoſe that have none, they are not concern'd in my intereſt, but they that have, let them conſider that the enemy threatneth to make them ſlaves, and ſhe to devour them, if the juſtice of him, who is above juſtice, doth not protect them; let us goe and offer our Children to the ſword of our Enemies, I ſay *our* Children, becauſe the Children, of our Enemies, p'eaſe not this impious wretch, will you then expect another proofe then this very inſtance of her wickedneſs, if neceſſity conſtraine her, ought ſhe not rather to eat the Enemies Children then ours? doe not your valiant ſwords kill enough by ſo many brave ſallies to ſatisfie the hunger of this ravenous devourer of fleſh?

Goe on then, mercifull Prince! goe on then Protector of Innocents! preſerve thy Kingdome from the greateſt infection it can have, beſides the wrath of the Almighty, for canſt thou believe that God will deliver from ſo dangerous a ſiege, a City, wherein Paricide paſſeth unpuniſhed? I would ſpeake more, but I dare not for feare leſt in the mean time the abſolute, and laſt neceſſities of hunger ſeizing upon this unnaturall, it ſhould not lie in the power of the King to ſave my Childe from her ravenous fury; and beſides I feele already feebleneſs oppreſs me, which is an infallible ſigne of my innocence, I have eaten ſo little of the Child of another, that my weakneſs conſtraine me ſo ſuddenly to leave the defence of mine owne, from whence you may judge whether I did it by force, or inclination; but I die, and yet there is left too much to ſay; the death of this unfortunate is not the cauſe of my teares; for it brought mortality with it into the world, the Warre, Fortune and Famine have reduc'd me to ſuch a degree of calamity, that I weep it rather as dead, then about to die, neither are theſe agitations new to me, I grieve that my ſon, my ſoule, my bowels ſhould be forc'd to ſerve for nouriſhment to a Monſter, who hath diſhonoured my Countrey, and would make it deſolate.

Griefe ſtifles me, and takes away my voice, I can ſay no more, Idye, behold this miſerable poore unfortunate Babe! what crime hath it committed? Behold Sir, this innocent which knowes not the danger that threatneth it; if the unjuſt conditions ſhe pleads, bee far more powerfull then the King, offer it thy ſelfe, to this hunger ſtarved Creature, offer it thy ſelfe if thou haſt the heart, for it is thine, it was borne for thy ſervice, and if it die, devoured by this Samaritan Tygreſs, it dies in ſerving thee, I will not be againſt his honour.

On

On the contrary, I ſhall eſteeme him happy, for who ought to bee more contented to dye, then he who dyes in the ſervice of ſo juſt a Prince, that the leaſt of his glorious titles is the Protector of Orphans? but on the other ſide, in expoſing this Infant to the phangs of this wilde beaſt, who foames at mouth with greedineſs to teare it in pieces, it is to render mee the moſt deplorable creature that ever was.

Alas! Father of thy people, Protector of the diſtreſſed, bee concern'd, rouſe up compaſſion towards this little one, who never deſerved this miſerable fate: Sir, ſave thy ſlave, it is an act ſuitable to thy honour, and the quality of thy charge; it is a favour which his poore Mother deſerves, who would not ſave the life of her ſon, for any other end, but that he may dye in ſerving his King, his Benefactor, and his Preſerver.

The Effect of this Oration.

IT is eaſie to know by the words of Scripture, that this Oration, which Manzine *hath much enlarged, touch'd very ſenſibly a King, who was not abſolutely unjuſt; but my Authour ſuppoſeth, that an impartiall Iudge, ought to heare both parties, before he giveſentence. doe you ſuſpend your judgement until you have read the next following Oration.*

Hunger hath no Law.

The Argument.

If motherly love were eloquent, ſelfe love was not ſilent; the firſt of theſe women ſpake for the life of her ſon, the ſecond for her owne; the one would reſerve her ſelfe, the other her childe; and both deſi-

ring

one another. Love pretends to the Empire over all whereſoever he is, hunger diſputes this power; you have heard the reaſons of the one, hearken to thoſe of the other.

SIR, It is a Woman which ſpeaks, it may be it ſeems ſtrange that I tell thee I am a Woman, for by the ſtate of body, in which I appear, I may feare thou believeſt me a ſhaddow, and I know they have deſcrib'd me to thee, as a wild Beaſt, but I give thanks to Heaven, which hath brought me before a King, whoſe profound Judgement cannot be deceived; behold then here a Woman ſo miſerable that ſhe hath been forc'd, even to the eating of her owne Children, and yet ſo perſecuted, that ſhe is accus'd of monſtrous impiety; when ſhe comes to demand juſtice, ſhe, whoſe life I have preſerv'd with mine owne bowels, ſtrives to procure my death, I find my ſelfe accus'd by one, from whom I expected not only thanks, but recompence.

The neceſſity which hath forc'd me to eate mine owne Child, begins to be the leaſt of my evils; Alas! who will pity me? or rather who will not pity me? I demand Juſtice (pardon me great Sir, if I am not upon my knees, weakneſs, and not irreverence is the cauſe, I ſhall fall if I ſtoop) and ſince I ought not endeavour, by a feigned humility, to ſurprize a Judge, whoſe wiſe, and apprehenſive ſoule cannot be deluded by outward ſemblances, you will therefore pardon the omiſſion of Ceremony.

Unhappy I! if amongſt my other infelicities, I had met with a Judge of a common capacity, or a Prince of a vulgar ſoule, one that would have been captivated, and charmed with flattery, and one that the very appearance of crime is able to diſcompoſe, unhappy were I! I ſay, if I had met with ſuch a one, an ordinary apprehenſion had at the very name of Paricide, condemned this unfortunate, without conſidering the quality of the fact, or the cauſe that compell'd me to commit it; but thoſe are ſlight, ſhallow, or effeminate men, without bottome, without courage, and not onely unworthy to command Kingdomes, and pretend to triumphs; but of ſoules ſo undiſcerning, that the bare names, without circumſtances of crimes, fright them: we ought to conſider reallities, and not appearances.

And now to have met with a Prince, of ſo magnanimous courage, who with onely one City, and that hunger-ſtarv'd, dares yet promiſe himſelfe the Victory over a great Kingdome, that bandies it ſelfe againſt him; is not this, is not this a bleſſing over-ballancing all my other infelicities? but I eſteem

esteem my cause such, that I believe it needs no other eloquence, then its owne equity; expect not Sir, that I dresse up my distresses, nor that I aggravate my sufferings, I invoke not the Heavens, I envy not against my accuser, innocent causes have no need of such gilding artifice; for my part, in recounting to thee nakedly my busines by the testimony of my very Enemy, I will make it evident to thee, that I am so innocent, that she her self shal confess that all, that she had patch'd up together, when she complain'd against me, amounted to nothing, because she hath proved nothing, and because an equall Judge takes impression of nothing, but the fact only, when he perceives that the passion and interest of those whose subtilty would disguise truth, and seduce his judgement by deceitfull instructions, which often hurry Judges into a precipice of errour, and unjust sentence.

And thou my fierce, and ingratefull Enemy, who accusest me with so much injustice, art thou contented to appeale to thy selfe? for though thy consent be not materiall, and thou being accustomed so little, to observe actions done by thy selfe, wilt thou that thy owne depositions shall be valid? I feele my selfe so cast downe with hunger, that if they permit thee to reply, and that they oblige me to tedious formalities, it is certaine that the sentence will be on thy side, if the judge will not; Famine will cast me into my grave, before the end of this sad process.

What? dost thou desire that I confess my fault? if that be it, thou hast said nothing that I am not ready to affirme: *in fine*, what dost thou resolve? she is silent, that is to say, without speaking, she acknowledgeth her fault, and is undoubtedly ready to discharge her conscience, and it may be my unhappy childe (dead as it is) in the bosome of this cruell woman, fights in favour of his Mother.

Sir, she saith, that *constrained by hunger shee wounded my flaires with her Infant*: she saith, *that I received her with I know not what of horrible in my countenance, and with a motion too strong for the weakenesse I was in, and that praising the good plight of her childe, I gave her cause to tremble at the unsafety of that innocent*, is it not true Sir? I subscribe to all she hath said; *in fine*, God protects innocence? our Enemies themselves witnesse in favour of mine: See Sir, what I was! I was so hunger-starv'd, that the extremity of Famine, had transform'd me, to be as a wild beast; I was become so horrible, that I was even such to my friend, she here found me in such a condition, that she believ'd me capable of eating her childe, and yet, in this dreadfull estate I stayed at home, and expected peaceably my death every moment.

endeavours by an impudence without example, to take that from me, which I value more then my life, my reputation: she would make an impression in thy judgement O King, that I am wicked, and that I am unjust: No, no Sir, I thinke not of it, for not having committed a crime to preserve my life, I will not to pursue my revenge.

Be thou then judge what is to be done, thou whose prudence in all times, and in all places, and in all things knowes so clearly to distinguish equity from iniquity, and innocence from guilt, whether she did eat of my sonnes flesh for cruelty or necessity? ask her, herselfe, whether a woman so enfeebled by famine, could go rambling abroad to seek for reliefe, and then consider whether it be likely she was in that extremity, that being in an affright for the danger of her son, she had yet strength enough to teare it from the bosome of that Fury who devour'd it with her eyes; yes, demand of her, herselfe, if she be impudent enough to maintaine that hunger had rendred her feeble, and languishing?

After she hath confess'd her son to be fat, and thriving, demand of her (I say) whether a Woman in the condition she hath depainted her selfe, could have milke enough to preserve him in such well-liking; this pretended foundation being demolished, where was that necessity? such a necessity as in my case hath beene evinced by the testimony of my fiercest Enemy. I know not, but I believe you see the Rampiers, whereby she believed her impiety assured; to faile and fall; what wilt thou doe Sir? wilt thou suffer a woman so impious, so barbarous, so detestable, to live under thy protection?

Great Prince, what dost thou resolve? for my part, I make no supplications to be revenged, though this Monster shames not onely her Countrey, but the whole Age; if she fall, I would rather have it to be meerly by thy Justice, then by my solicitation; yes, let her outrage to me be pardoned, provided it wound not thy Justice, neither doe I demand the murther of her child, but I demand something, even any thing, to sustaine my life, which is even now expiring, if I have not presently some food to relieve me; if she hath any other thing for my nourishment, and to dis-ingage her from the conditions to which she is obliged, it shall satisfie, whatever it be, but if she cannot performe it otherwise, then Sir, I demand Justice, that child is none of hers, since I have bought it with mine owne bowels, she hath sold it, and sworne to observe conditions, she hath not only received, but eaten the price agreed of between us.

That every one have what belongs to him, is a Rule thought to bee most just in all Kingdomes, and especially heere where the King is so

so just, that rather then to abandon him, his subjects resolve to eat their owne children.

Well, what is there more expected? the Examination is had, she hath confess'd, and I demand immediate sentence; for by this little delay thou O King! wilt be guilty of my death: the most cruell hangman that the wickednes of this woman can feare, is that which I feele in my intrals; Sir, Hunger teares me, if thou forbeare to do me justice, because this kinde of justice carrieth with it I know not what, of prodigious, it is to do an injury to thy Kingly Office, which ordaines thee to doe as thou ought'st, though it overthrow the whole World.

That which I demand is a life; but it is true, a life unprofitable, a life full of misery, a life that I have purchased with mine owne childes life; to be mercifull to a childe, wilt thou be cruell to a Mother, who desires to survive her child onely for thy service, and that doth not finde life supportable for love of it, but that it may bee useful for thy service? indeed for whom could I have prolonged a life, which Widdow-hood, and the losse of a childe, old Age and Famine, makes a living Hell, if it had not beene to serve thee with that little strength which remaines to carry earth to fill the Bulworkes, and Hot-water to the Souldiers to defend the liberty, the Scepter, and the life of my King?

Resolve then wife Prince, resolve (I say) her deare Mother; what dost thou expect, that I also perish to become food for this wicked Woman, whom I could not oblige by giving her, her life? it is less dangerous to doe her injury, then favours, I have preserved her, and she would destroy me; if thou dost preserve her, she will certainly be mischievous also to thee; of this truth I am a sad example, seeing I have torne out mine owne bowels to feed her, she brings it to a question, whether that which I have bought, and payd for, be mine owne; resolve then Noble Prince, according to thy generosity resolve, I am so withered with Famine, that my very eyes will afford me no more teares, to move thee to pity, for these few moments that thou delayest me, I dare tell thee, yes I dare tell thee, thou shalt be no more my King, but my Hang-man.

I confess this discourse is bold, but it imports little, whether I die by a Halter, or Hunger, if I must lose my life; I perceive my end, famine teares my intralls, languishment overwhelms me, and my owne supplications assist mine, and famine to consume me; either relieve me living, or thou shalt bee obliged to defend me dead, for shee who hath eaten the childe, will not be nice to devoure the Mother also? Ah Sir! I can no more, I faint, I fall, I die.

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thing from me, which I was afterward to have from her; and in that fatall participation no advantage could accrue to me, but that hazard to which I am now expos'd, that this disloyall doth not observe conditions, after the death of my childe, might be my lot; it may be, out of a just feare I should have urg'd her to begin with hers; you have heard her, herselfe repeat my words.

Let us begin (said I) *with mine, I am content, provided thine may have the same fate, for I would not have it enter into thy thoughts, that I have any intention to deceive thee:* Behold my Lords! that to save the life of a childe, I would not deceive, and that I knew how to bee just even in killing; I should never have thought of so horrible a sustenance, whilest I had strength or hope to finde any relieſe any other way, but when necessity, which is alwaies invincible, had reduc'd me to the last extremity, and that the constraint of so long a siege had left nothing for man, but man, and that the famine having overcome all other things, had at last overcome Nature, and constancy, it was absolutely unavoydable for me to resolve. yet I did it not without consulting of the thing, and finding it inevitable, to what should I have addreſs'd me? it may be you will say rather to the children of others; no Sir, I addreſs'd me to mine owne.

But tell me in pitty Sir, in an exigent so important, in mine owne house, and having in mine armes the fat child of another, was not I very just, in that I began not with the death of hers? O God! is there a heart so harth, not to have compaſſion on mine affliction? that being enforc'd to eate a child, or famish, when I had in my armes the child of another, I began with mine owne; all Fathers are oblig'd to this Example for the lives of theirs.

Ah! If there be a heart to be found capable of wishing me ill, it deserves to feele a griefe suitable to mine, that to staine Nature, they be constrained to act against Nature: I know that this frightfull name of paricide, dazles weake soules, and ruins me many Enemies, but I know withall, that this weakneſs is not a weakneſs of Kings, but of vulgar, and unknowing men; those Lawes which have permitted Fathers to kill their children, for punishment, would they forbid them to kill them for necessity, to which all things submit?

If I had kill'd my son for some unnaturall outrage, done against his Mother, they would have esteemed me innocent, now having kill'd him by irresistable constraint, they believe me guilty; but great Prince, who was he at the beginning of the Siege, made us pull downe, and burn so many magnificent Pallaces, contiguous to the very walls of our City, and such Pallaces

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as were worth halfe a Kingdome, and tooke up little leſſe roome? was it not thou mighty Prince? and why that cruelty, common Father of the Countrey, to thy ſubjects, and to thy children? what could they feare worſe from the Enemy? me thinkes I heare every one anſwer mee, that it was to aſſure the City, and to prevent barborage to the Enemy, he was compelled to perpetrate this mercileſs cruelty; it is then true, that the deſigne and end propos'd, is that which juſtifies, or condemnes the action; how many Provinces, and how many Armies by the command of their Kings, and of their Generals have willingly expos'd themſelves to extreame loſſes, to prevent eminent evils? then if it be a remedy ancient, and approved, that in extreame neceſſities, men devoure men? what ſtar, or what fatall deſtiny excludes me from the common priviledges of humane kinde? peradventure it may be for that I am a woman, my reſolution did not ſuit with my ſex; it may be, becauſe I am a Mother: why? is the deſire of living leſs naturall to the Mother, then to the Son?

We never condemne that inſtinct, which, for the neceſſity of life, makes the Infant draw every day the moſt pure blond from the boſome of his Mother; and may not the poore Mother, incited for preſervation of her life, and by compulſion of Nature lawfully by the right ſhe hath over her Childe, make uſe of her owne bloud, and of her owne bowels?

I know as well as another, that there is none ſo cruell, but hath compaſſion for the murther of a yong Infant, whoſe innocence is ſo capable of pity, but who might be killed with ſo little loſs to the Commonwealth as this yong child? and by what other Reaſon ſhould a Mother that hath loſt her Son, have been ever comforted, if there had not remained that feeble conſolation of ſeeing it die at the leaſt innocent? me thinks all heere preſent ſay, that ſhe who accuſeth me would have endeavoured to have had a child of the Enemies, O abominable wickedneſs! O execrable thought! God deliver me from an attaint ſo impious, no not to redeem my ſelfe from my grave, I could not goe, and ſearch for the Infants of others, unleſs I had had a deſigne to eat children, before I was conſtrained by the extreame neceſſity of the ſiege; O God deliver me from purpoſes ſo impious; ſuch as could never be hatch'd in the thoughts of her, who is ſo humane, that ſhee never thought of eating humane fleſh, before ſhe found it abſolutely impoſſible, to defer one moment the eating of her owne ſon!

Thus from the very ſame things of which thou accuſeſt me, I pretend to derive my honour; expect not great Prince, that I ſhould intreat thee, or conjure thee to exterminate this ungratefull Creature, who inſtead of obſerving religiouſly conditions with her that preſerved her life at ſo deare a rate,

Deare Auditors, are you not touch'd with pity? *I received her with a motion too precipitate*, ungrate and barbarous as she is, I in this condition which was so horrible, I lost not curtesie for this Wretch, yet she hath lost humanity for me, even when I sav'd her life with my owne bowels; if I prais'd the good plight of her childe, you may imagine to what extreamity I was reduced by Famine, that I was forc'd with envy to behold the flesh upon the bones of the living; *I tooke her childe out of her armes*: heere you see, though I was halfe dead, I eas'd her of her burthen, she grew jealous, and tooke it from me; but if she assures you, she tooke it from me by force, she injures the pretended justice of her cause, for if she were not brought to the extremity of feeblenes by hunger, how could she resolve to eat a man childe?

In that she will lie, you ought not to marvell if she waver in her words, and if she say I render'd it unto her willingly, my innocence appears, seeing in my last extremity, I was just in returning back a thing more valuable to me, then all the treasure of the Universe, since it might have sav'd my life; but amongst these disputes, violences, and feares, my soule, agitated with a thousand various passions began to feele evils yet more horrid, and my hunger was so strongly augmented by that object, that to give back a child, and a child which was none of mine owne, and a child in so good plight, was to hasten my death, and yet I did it; but Nature having lost the remembrance of all other obligations, save that of preserving it selfe, began to suggest the means as strange, as profitable; let them eat what they may, said I, since necessity hinders from eating what they ought.

What do we do? in vain we offer vowes to Fortune, to send us Rats or Dogs, for of all Victuall heretofore horrible (but now worthy of Envy) there is no more in my house, unless in my intrails digested; I do not say in my flesh, for if I had found one ounce in any part of my body, & God he knows whether I sought with care, or not, my heart had never been capable of giving consent to that paricidall thought, of feeding upon the flesh of my child, that is to say, my heart, my life, and my soule, no not in this point, where necessity is pronounced invincible, and all things are permitted but delay, if I had found but one morsell of my owne flesh left, I had never thought (I say) of feeding upon my owne child.

What shall I do? (said I) and, being desperate, I turned towards this woman, and spake to her thus; but great Prince recall into your memory the words that she hath uttered to you, which are these, for I would not, in speaking in my defence, alter, sweeten, or forget the least thing: be you your selfe therefore pleased to repeat the words of my accuser, *the last thing*

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we are to doe is to die, We are to think of all before we loſe all, thus Nature hath taught us, reaſon hath dictated, and our Predeceſſors have learnt us by their examples, what ought we to do? or what can we doe my friend? for, although I was forc'd to be led by neceſſity, I would take her counſell for feare of failing; *ought we to die at the feet of our children without doing them any good? will they eſcape their death by ours?* even in killing them, I thought of doing good, ſeeing they cannot ſave their owne lives, let them ſave their Mothers, and ſave their Mothers, not for themſelves, but for their Country, and what think you Sir, did then this merciſull, this tender hearted, vertuous Mother, to whom my crime hath been ſo horrid? ſhe hath told you her ſelfe, therefore you may believe it, ſhe alone, even without a pauſe, ſhee conſented, ſhee came without all queſtion, not onely to conſent to the fact, but to invite me to commit it, for if ſhe had come for any other intent, ſhe wanted not the means to hinder mee, when I made the proffer, why did ſhe not refuſe it? why did ſhe not cry out? but excuſe her if you will, by ſaying ſhe durſt not, ſhe was in an affright, ſhe ſwounded, but why did ſhe ever revive? I know that ſhe will ſay, that whatevee her crime is, ſhe never intended the death of her child, but being reſolved to deceive me, and only conſpiring againſt the life of mine, ſhe pretends her affrightment for her excuſe, and perceives not that little politicy, which yet abſolves her not from paricide, adds the crime to her, of being deceitfull to her friend, and impious to Heaven; for in agreeing to our conditions, ſhe invok'd the name of God, which, in this caſe as it is conſpicuous before you, muſt needs be judg'd a crying ſin, barely to mingle the ſacred name of the moſt high.

Yet had ſhe the boldneſs to call, to countenance her wicked deceit, that Almighty power which ſhe invok'd without either believing in him, or trembling to offend him, if it be true ſhe believes in God? Conſider by the truth of her intention, you heere preſent who have heard what her faith was; if this woman who was not inforc'd by the extremity of her hunger, to the neceſſity of ſuch an action, had oppos'd me, and repreſented unto me the horror of the fact, I ſhou'd undoubtedly hav abſtained, and after the knowledge of it, should have dyed a thouſand times, rather then have kild a ſon; indeed why ſhould I have asked counſel, if I had not fear'd the neceſſities of the body, might have extinguiſhed the light of the underſtanding?

If the onely deſigne of nourishing me, had carried me to that reſolution, what need had I of her? had not I a childe as well as ſhe? and in what have I bettered my condition in dividing with her? did ſhe not receive the ſame

The effect of this Oration.

NEither * the fourth Booke of Kings, nor Iosephus tells us what King Ioram ordained upon this dispute, but it is easie to be conjectured, that he order'd nothing unjust, since the Scripture notes, that hee was so extreamly afflicted; that they saw a garment of humiliation under the Royall Mantle, and that the next day the City was miraculously delivered by a Paunick feare which seiz'd the Army of the Assyrians; and made them raise the siege; therefore wee ought to believe, that the Prince gave that Innocent to the teares of his Mother: as for the other, that would not have killed hers, but to prevent her owne death threatned by famine, shee had no need of a repast so detestable; for the day after, there was abundance in Samaria, by the plenty of Provision, which was found in the Enemies Campe.

* That is, the second of Chronicles.

The Sports of the Carnivall.

The Argument.

The Cardinall proposed the Argument of this Discourse to the Academy of the night, for in a faire and large Assembly of Knights and

and Ladies, ſome having maintain'd, that a Maſque was onely fit for ill-favoured faces; others as confidently affirming, that Beauty, as the more dangerous thing, was onely fit to be maſqu'd: in this diverſity of opinions, Manzine *declares his, after this manner.*

I Have not ſo advantagious an opinion of my ſelfe (moſt illuſtrious Auditors) as to believe I have a liberty allowed me to hold an opinion contrary to your judgement; that judgement I meane, which was pleas'd to think me capable of an enterpriſe, which I thought far above my ſtrength; 'tis a thing nevertheleſs not a little ſtrange, that a perſon bred under the ſhade of night, ſhould be put to diſcourſe of beauty, that is a bright Sun; and that thoſe eyes ſhould be choſen to judge of deformity, which have been accuſtom'd to abide the moſt lively, and penetrating beames of this beauty.

And thence it comes to paſs, that in ſpite of my endeavours, my ſenſe gets the Maſtry of my underſtanding, offering to my imagination what traverſes a miſerable weak Cock-boat may juſtly apprehend, that undertakes to ſtruggle againſt the large waves of the vaſt Ocean. But hap what will, by his authority, who hath commanded me, I am ingag'd in the main Sea; & thoſe ſtars (which upon another occaſion I ſhould cal ſuns) make me hope for a ſafe harbour, and give me aſſurance, that their favourable beams ſeconding the Art of the Pilot, will bring me ſafe to ſhore.

And although that lively Alabaſter, which ſparkles round about me, like the beating of the Sea threatens me with quick-ſands, I ſhall nevertheleſs eſteem that ſhipract happy where the waves are of milke; and the field is ſo faire, as 'twould prove an honour to procure a grove in it.

But to loſe no time, which of it ſelfe runs ſo faſt, away, with which part of the diſpute ought I to begin my diſcourſe? The queſtion propoſed is, whether a Maſque do more properly belong to a handſom, or an ill-favour'd face?

I know that thoſe who conſider things but ſlightly by the outward appearance, will conclude, that a Maſque infallibly belongs to the worſt face; that they will believe, 'twas invented only to ſecure ill faces from the injuries mens eyes might doe them; ſo that they will be ready to ſay, that no ſhape in the world can derive ſo much advantage by being hid as deformity, which, buried under a Maſque, is not onely protected from injuries, and contempt, but which is more, under that favourable ſhadow ſhe marches upon ſuch equall tearms with Beauty, that the viſage of *Hecuba* and *Helen*

are the same thing, whilst they both continue so covered. This happy Maske addes so much to an ill-favour'd face, that it not onely hides an object that displeases the eye, corrects a default in Nature, and rectifies a sin of the Times, but besides, places it in the same condition with Beauties, and makes it equall with that which hath beene ador'd even by the Heathen gods.

All this is well, (may some one say) but if we hide our ugliness, what shall put us in minde, that the defects of the body ought to be repair'd by the excellency of the soule. *Socrates* exhorted youth to view their faces in a glass, that those that were ill-favour'd might endeavour to mend themselves, and those that had beauty might take care not to deforme it by the imperfections of Vice.

And indeed when a noble soule shall perceive it selfe imprison'd in an unhandsome and contemptible body, the more will it endeavour to make it selfe visible to become worthy of esteem: For my part I have alwayes look'd upon unhandsomness as a very considerable gift of Heaven, and a deep designe of the Divinity; for having resolve to impart to the world one beame of its owne brightness in humane beauty, made use of deformity as her opposite, that the eye by comparing contraries, might fully, and entirely discover the excellence of beauty.

And is't not evident, that if all Women were handsome, beauty would grow so common, that no man would admire it; and that 'twould be impossible to have any strong desires for so ordinary a thing? Amongst the greatest advantages which belong to Beauty, one of the most considerable is, that it serves the minde as a light, to guide and help it to ascend to the knowledge of the intelligible world.

But to demonstrate how much more deformity contributes to that then beauty; it will suffice to compare them together: What Lover is there, whose judgment is not distracted, and that, in his Idolatry does not believe, that nothing but what he adores can justly pretend to the title of beauty? what Lover can be found, which calls not that his Sun, which is his fire; which invocates not her, as his tutelary Angel, who in conclusion proves his evill spirit? and looks not upon that house as a Heaven, or a Temple, which preserves his Goddess from the injuries of men, and weather? O miserable Deity! whose divinity hath need of humane help? that were indeed to tie the soule to earth, and not to lift it up to heaven. But as the shaddow makes the light appeare the clearer, and cold weather makes the Sun-beames the more welcome: even so deformity not at all furnished with any thing that might delight the soule, does put the minde into such a loathing

loathing of all theſe fraile and tranſitory vanities of the world, that raiſing it to the contemplation and knowledge of the onely true happineſs, it is forc'd to reſolve to quit theſe periſhable beauties, and wholly to fix it ſelfe upon him, who onely is perfect and deſirable: ſo then uglineſs is a gift of Heaven, and by ſo much more precious then beauty, as 'tis leſs obnoxious to the injuries of time, from whoſe ſeverity it apprehends not the leaſt danger of being made worſe.

Unhandſomneſs, the ſure and infallible guide of the minde; the certaine marke of Divinity, ſhall that be covered under a darke Vaile, or impriſon'd, and buried under a troubleſome cloud? and what ſhall then become of that unchaſte veſtall beauty, that does ſo much miſchiefe, if ſhe that is the very quinteſſence of chaſtity muſt be buried amongſt the living? ſhe that is a Virgin ſo pure, and unſpotted? 'twill be as great an injury to Vertue, as ill-favour'dneſs, if ſhe be contemn'd, for thereby we declare that even Vertue her ſelfe is not every where amiable: as if the Sun were onely operative upon the pureſt matter, and Jewels deriv'd their value from the Caſquet, wherein they are incloſ'd.

Olympia the Wife of *Philip* was much in the right, when ſhe told a Courtier, who had made choice of a handſome, but unchaſte Miſtris, that 'twas not fit to chooſe a Wife, onely, by the outſide; and indeed, what more is beauty (for whoſe ſake we would bury the precious treaſure of deformity) but a ſingle ſtroake of Natures Penſill? a Cheat of the times, a good thing that flies away, a glorious Sunne that ſoone ſets, a poſſeſſion that's alwayes troubleſome, becauſe ever envied, kept with too great ſubjection, and ador'd with too much Idolatry? If ſhe be pitifull, ſhe's diſhoneſt, cruell, if ſhe reſiſt.

To conclude, an ingenious ſoule muſt needs ſay of outward handſomneſs, as *Liſander* ſpake of certaine fine gowns, that were ſent him for his daughters; I will not have theſe fine cloathes make my daughters ſeem leſs handſome: From theſe Reaſons oppos'd to the former, the reſult will be, that this Tomb of the face (if you will give me leave to give a Maſque that name) is more proper for nothing, then Beauty; and I very well perceive by ſome languiſhing eyes, that I ſee about me, that more then one in this company could wiſh, that this dangerous thing call'd Beauty had never walk'd but in her Maſque.

I am of opinion, that the famous Painter *Thimantes*, had done ſacrifice to the god of Counſell, when having made a Picture of *Venus* excellently handſome in all the parts of her body, he drew a Veile over her face; not as the weaker ſort believ'd, becauſe he deſpair'd of finiſhing what he had

begun, with the like perfection; but that this discreet Painter knew, that her beauty was so great, that had he given it the last degree of perfection, she must have prov'd as dangerous, to the soule, as pleasing to the Eye; and thereby taught us, that 'tis no less prudence to hide beauty, then to suppress a great fire.

And this was *Alexanders* opinion, when, having taken the Wife and Daughters of *Darius* prisoners, he declar'd that the *Persian* Beauties were very hurtfull to the Eye-sight. *Lucian*, who detested beauty, call'd it the Enemy of Nature, by whom man being created free and couragious, was (like a poore slave) reduc'd to serve that Idoll with more satisfaction, then he was capable of receiving by the command of the whole world. Let us then cover this Inchantress, which seduces our Reason, and so blindes the eyes of our understanding, that 'tis not able to distinguish those objects, which deserve to be contemn'd, from such as merit adoration.

Phidias, who painted *Venus* upon a Torteys, (to teach the Grecian people 'twas fit to shut up Beauty in a house) would never have put himselfe to that trouble, had he knowne the use of a Masque; which is onely sufficient to preserve chastity, to keep mens hearts at liberty; to defend beauty from violence, and secure the eyes from treachery, and deceit.

I confess 'tis true, should we masque Beauty, we should be depriv'd of some kinde of sweetness, which this pleasing Witch suffers us to taste: But whilst we receive this wound, 'tis like that Enemy of *Prometheus* the *Thessalian*, who cut'd him with a wound: happy *Prometheus*, whose very wounds prove his good Fortune.

Hide then, O hide this Beauty which is so criminall, that having more of Heaven in it then any other thing, is by so much the more guilty for having so ungratefully abus'd those great advantages: Hide that thing which imperfect, that it can never give a man intire satisfaction; whose poyson is very like that of the Serpent, which the Naturallists mention, which when a man hath once taken, the more hee drinkes, the more hee shall thirst.

But if the effects of this Beauty bee such as these, let every one consult with his owne heart, and not trust his eyes, which are but like foolish Gnats dazeled with the least glimmering; who to enjoy the brightness of the light, feare not to perish in the heat of the flame. Hide that inchanting Syrene, which never shews her selfe, but to ruine us; who Syren-like destroyed *Orpheus*, the ornament of his age, the soule of Musick, and sonne of harmony.

Hide,

Hide, O hide this perfidious flattereſs, this proud vanity, which triumphs over the world, this unſeperable companion of pride, this impudent Mother of unchaſte deſires; whoſe triumph is the aſhes of thoſe that run after her, whoſe Trophees are diſtracted ſoules; in whoſe Temples we onely ſacrifice to vanity, and her oracles are onely given to make us. Let us bury this ruine of the Univerſe, and at length revenge ſo many Provinces made defolate, and quite brought to nothing for her, or rather by her: Let the famous City of *Troy* tell you, what ſhe can doe, that *Troy*, whereof there are not now the leaſt footſteps extant, but in mens memories; though 'twas formerly the wonder of all the Earth.

But if any too paſſionate Lover ſhould perſiſt, and tell me, it cannot bee fit to cloud Beauty under a Maſque, ſince it is the delight of the eyes, and the choiſeſt piece of Natures worman-ſhip; I ſhall bee forc'd to anſwer him, that for that very reaſon, it ought to be hid, becauſe ſo precious a Jewell cannot bee too carefully preſerv'd.

How often hath the lovely Roſe growing upon its owne ſtock (or rather upon its Throne of beauty) forc'd the hand of the Beholder to doe it a mortall outrage? how often hath the falling Lilly in perfum'd tears bewailed her beauty, which periſh'd onely by being too much ſhowne? *In fine*, a Maſque is ſo proper for beauty, that, no doubt, ſhe her ſelfe found out the invention: She found ſhe was a fire dangerous to the heart; a treaſure too much expos'd to the deſires of ſuch as endeavour'd to enjoy her; ſo that at length wearied with ſo many ſighes, and complaints; and reſolv'd to free her ſelfe from the importunity of her Lovers; reſolv'd to be deliver'd from the ſlavery of a Looking-glaſs, that mercinary Councellour, which, as a reward of her flatteries, takes away from the Ladies above halfe the time of their lives; reſolv'd to ſet her ſelfe at liberty from the troubleſome ſubjection to pride, and vanity, the inſeperable companions of her Majeſty; ſhe devis'd this covering for her face, or rather this Buckler for her chaſtity, that, hiding her beauty, which is the ſeed of Love, ſhe might ſecure her honeſty, the chiefe ornament of a vertuous and well-born ſoule.

Who ſhall then for ever hereafter diſpute Beauties title to the Maſque? No, no! it muſt be yielded her; and if we will not have her hid, becauſe ſhe is innocent, let her be cover'd becauſe ſhe deſerves it, as being divine. Sacred things are cover'd to ſtir up our reverence; Majeſty, leſt it ſhould grow common; Beauty to prevent ſatiety; all to make themſelves deſirable.

But, me thinks I heare ſome impatient man complaining, that I am celebrating the funeralls of Beauty; and, that, burying her under a Maſque, I

leave the world in such a miserable condition, that their eyes are of no farther use: for to what purpose should wee open those useless doores of the understanding, if beauty be hid, which is the rare, and onely object of the heart, the delight of the soule, the light of the minde, and the greatest grace that ever was sent from Heaven to the Earth?

But this angry man is mistaken, who without knowing my meaning, reproves me too sharply, whose whole study, and all the actions both of my body, and soule, have never had other object then beauty, of which I am and ever shall be an Adorer: My eyes serve me to no other purpose, but to behold her; my mouth opens not, but to praise her; I walk not, but to do her service; nor stand still, but to admire her; I sleep not, but to dreame of her; nor wake, but to see her againe; and in a word, I kneele not, but to adore her, as the purest beam of the Divinity, which gently conducting the minde to its originall, forces it, in the midst of earthly things to reverence the heavenly.

Shall I, that hold from this Beauty the small merit my soule can pretend to, which guided, and enlightned by her hath often attempted, if not with great successe, at least with great desire to attaine to the highest degrees of Vertue? Shall I bury mine owne glory, and frame that darkness, and deprive my eyes of the sight of that brightness, which they so highly delight in? And can you believe I should have been made choice of amongst so many eminent wits, to speak out of this Chair, or rather this Capitol, where so many great men have triumph'd, if I had not within me inclination proportionable to the matter I am to treat of?

We resolv'd to treat (as you have heard) of the high perfections of beauty; and because he best deserves to speake of beauty (not that hath most eloquence, but) that hath most affection for her, I was advanc'd to the honour of being heard in such a place, where 'tis a favour to be admitted as an Auditor.

Then judge if I, who am indebted to Beauty for so many favours, and have so many severall wayes had experience of her power, can ever indeavour to obscure this Sunne-shine, or indeavour to imprison her, which, like fire, burnes with the more violence, when 'tis restrain'd. I am not so ignorant, like *Æsops* Cock to undervalue jewels; nor so ill advis'd to attempt the death of that beauty, who, being heretofore injured in words only, deserv'd so well, that *Jupiter* himselfe reveng'd her quarrel: *Stesicores* is a sufficient testimony of this, who having by his ill-language endeavour'd to obscure *Helens* beauty, was stricken blinde; 'tis true, that when he had shewne his repentance, by advancing her praises, whom be-

fore

fore he had injur'd, the gods reſtor'd him to his ſight, thereby leaving us an aſſurance, that Nature hath nothing more worthy of reſpect, nothing more precious, nothing more divine in all her ſtores, then beauty; that beauty which is the ſalt and light of all things; the Theatre of the infinite power, the object of all our deſires; the Epitome of all perfection; the chiefe ray of the uncreated Sunne; and the Image of the onely God of the whole World.

Is not Beauty (according to the Platoniſts) the onely thing which the ſoule ownes to be divine in this lower World? So that whoſoever ſhall veile her, may it not be juſtly ſaid of him, that he envies the ſoule its felicity, and God the honour of the favours hee has done us? Is hee not a rebell to Nature, who hath decreed us beauty for our chiefe object? and is he not an Enemy to Reaſon, which hath ſo fix'd it ſelfe upon the conſideration of that delight, which pleaſeth the heart, informes the underſtanding, and elevates the ſoule?

Whence ſhould we finde Arguments to condemn the impiety of *Diagoras*, if this beauty ſhould no more appeare, which carries with her ſo great a ſplendor, that 'tis impoſſible her originall can be deriv'd from any thing, but ſuch a Sunne, whoſe light is eternall? *In fine*, what would become of all the ſtars of Heaven, and all the faire flowers of the Earth, if all their beauties muſt be hid? and what kinde of Oration muſt mine bee, if nothing of Beauty dare appeare in it?

But if any of this Auditory deſire to know exactly, what this beauty is? let him heare the witty *Lucians* opinion thereupon: Beauty (ſaith he) is the intrinſick value of all things, which are onely eſteem'd precious ſo far forth as they are adorn'd with beauty; and *Iſocrates* addes, that Vertue her ſelfe is therefore more valuable, then all other things, becauſe more beautifull.

'Twas a pretty Queſtion in *Plutarke*, why the Ancients gave order, that the Temple of the Goddeſs *Horta* ſhould alwayes ſtand open? *Labeon* anſwers, that 'twas for no other Reaſon, but that this Goddeſs had her very name from the word, to exhort and encourage men to handſome actions: But what is ſo likely to doe that worke, as beauty, being her ſelfe, not only the Theatre, but object of vertuous actions? Shall then the Temples of this Divinity be ſhut up, which not onely exhorts to noble actions, but repreſents them before our eyes? Shall her Images be cover'd with Vailes? I am not able to endure it.

I am not ignorant that Beauty doth ſo powerfully captivate the heart, that ſome have thought her an Inchantreſs: But *Olympias*, the Wife of *Philip*,

Philip King of *Macedon*, hath made her Apology: For her Husband being so strangely in love with a *Thessalian* Lady, that all the World swore he was bewitch'd; this Queen never left, till she had procur'd the sight of her; and seeing her so admirable beautifull, she cri'd out, let no man accuse her any longer of Witchcraft, since she hath so many charmes in her eyes.

What shall I say more? Beauty was cal'd by *Bias* a good thing, which belongs not to the person, that hath it, but to him that beholds it, as indeed none injoy it, but those that see it. So that if this be true by concealing this admirable Scene, we deprive our selves of a glorious spectacle of a most pleasing object, of a benefit which of right belongs to us.

To conclude, (Gentlemen) Beauty hath so many advantages over all other things, that Hell it selfe doth reverence, and adore it; but what did I say reverence, and adore? those are effects, which may spring from feare in a poore spirit; but Hell it selfe doth cherish, and desire beauty: The Divels themselves have often been in love with beauty; whereof the Heathen Stories will furnish us with plenty of Examples.

Envy, the most mischievous Monster in Hell, from which nothing is free under the Sun, humbles her selfe before Beauty, which shee feares and respects: So that *Melancomes* had reason for what hee said, that all things are envi'd but Beauty, which is ador'd. And 'tis an infallible marke, that 'tis a divine quality, to which Nature acknowledging her selfe inferiour, hath not the boldness to envy it.

Shall we then be more rigorous then Hell? and would we willingly eclipse that light, which the faire Ladies extract from the Starres; in the brightness of her eyes, the whiteness of her bosome, the beames of their haire, and the warmth they bring to Lovers? Let beauty live, let her live uncover'd, since not just to be too sparing of the favours of Heaven: let Beauty be visible to the eyes of such as delight in't; but if any be of a contrary opinion, let it be for ever conceal'd from him; for 'tis not just he should injoy the light of the Stars, who desires to see the sky alwayes clouded; let him then rejoice in the unpleasant rarity of deform'd objects, that desires to be depriv'd of the pleasing sight of beauty.

For my part, I have little reason to condemne it to a Masque, who should thereby pluck a Thunder-bolt upon my head, that would destroy me in an instant, in obedience to those that had power to command me: I could doe no less then discourse the matter they had appointed me; but 'tis none of my part to decide the question.

They

They that wiſh I ſhould give ſentence againſt beauty, are ignorant of my apprehenſions; and he that would have me pronounce againſt deformity, knoweth as little of my Intereſt; how much of my ſelfe muſt I (upon that account) keep for ever from the view of the World, and particularly this Diſcourſe, which hath nothing beautifull in it, but the matter? But if nevertheleſs (moſt illuſtrious Auditors) you deſire to receive the ſentence of an Oracle in the point, to ſome to *Delphos*, 'twill not be neceſſary to ſacrifice to *Neptune*, nor to implore mercy of that god, that commands in *Ætolia*; for that ſevere *Apollo*, who did not heretofore afford his Oracles, but with much adoe, to the devouteſt of men, is now become prodigall of them, and by an extraordinary miracle makes his beames ſhine in the Academy of the night.

Behold! view theſe faire Ladies, and judge whether wee need ſeek after any other Sun-ſhine; and whether our night can ever expect more glorious ſtars: you will gueſs by conſidering them, if it be juſt to conceale beauty: whether love can poſſibly permit it, ſince 'twill prove deſtructive to his Kingdome; whether Nature will indure it, ſince it injures her workmanſhip; whether 'twill not provoke God to rank his Image amongſt ſuch things, as are either hurtfull, or unprofitable; for indeed Beauty masqu'd is but as a Sunne eclips'd, or a treaſure bury'd under ground.

But to what purpoſe are ſo many uncertaine words? I have done, and have no more left, but to turn my ſelfe to you, faire Ladies, whom I would call the Graces, if 'twere not an injury to your Beauty to allow a *Venus* above you.

I have no more to ſay (faire Ladies) but to beg your pardon for our Academie, that was ſo blinde to make a queſtion in your bright preſence, whether it might be fit to hide beauty; for when ſhe propos'd this Queſtion amidſt the darkneſs of her night, ſhe had never ſeen the ſplendor of ſo many Suns; nor hath ſhe compar'd beauty, and deformity to injure your faire eyes, but, as a mark of her affection, weighed the one, and the other, to the end, that having exalted that Beauty, wee might lift up our eyes to admire it, and bend our knees to give it reverence.

The Effect of this Oration.

EXcept those Ladies, that thought of preserving their complexions, the Masque had not one of its party; every one wish'd it might be sent back to the other side of the mountaines, and that the French custom might gain no footing in Italy. *They said that the Beauties of* Greece *and* Rome *would not have beene inferiour to those of* France, *though they had had no Masques to preserve them. In conclusion, the first part of this speech was utterly cry'd downe, and the latter had all the Votes; and it was the generall wish, that no faire Ladies might ever make use of any covering, but against the Sun, or the Winde.*

Steficrates *the Rash.*

The Argument.

Apelles, *and* Lysippus *were onely permitted to paint, or make a Statue of* Alexander, *because this generous Prince was unwilling to be put in condition to be undervalued, even in a Picture.* Steficrates *as much beyond the other Statuaries, as a Mountaine is above a Statue, proposes a designe of higher consideration; 'twas of Mountaines contiguous to Heaven. He will make an* Alexander *of the Mount* Athos *to the glory of* Alexander: *who ever saw an* Alexander

Alexander mounted higher? He will place him a City in one hand, and a River in the other, and yet ſtill reſerve in this prodigious Coloſſus *the reſemblance of* Alexander. *This is the ſubject of this Diſcourſe.*

Alexander, the time is now come, that thou muſt perceive, that either *Alexander* needs no Statue to eternize him in the memories of men, ſince he is ſo deeply graven in their hearts, or that *Steſicrates* alone is worthy to leave to poſterity the Image of that generous Prince, which can no way reſemble him, unleſs it be fancied of greater things, then the underſtanding is able to conceive.

What? can it be poſſible, that, that *Alexander*, whom I have heard bewaile, that he was too ſtreightly confin'd within the vaſt compaſs of the Univerſe, ſhould eſteem a little cloth, or a few plates of Braſs a Theatre worthy his Majeſty? And how? can I leave *Alexander* in ſo pitifull a condition? he whoſe onely ſmiles or frowns create the felicity, or terrour of a hundred Kingdomes?

But what did I ſay? pardon me Great Prince, if I ſpake (before I was aware) of a hundred diſtinct Kingdomes, ſince we now ſee no body reign in the World, but *Jupiter* and *Alexander*. To paint *Alexander* to make his memory live the longer, were a raſh errour: If *Alexander* be borne mortall, and periſhable, as other men (which I will not undertake to prove) that were to increaſe not his glory, and eternity, but his ſhame, and frailty: He makes thee laſt but for a ſhort time, that wiſhes no more, and ſuch a thing as thy *Apelles* fram'd thee.

That very thing wherein he hath eſtabliſh'd to future ages the greateſt glory of ours is no ſtronger, then a poore cloth; and what can leſſe reſemble our *Alexander*, then one compos'd of ſo much weakneſs? If hee have fram'd thee of ſo feeble materials to take away the violence of that Thunder-bolt hee hath plac'd in thy hand, I excuſe the kindneſſe hee ſhewes the world; but if he did it out of a beliefe to anſwer the qualities of the originall, hee is a Liar, a Traytor, a Blaſpheamer, even with his Penſill.

Alexander the delight of Mankinde, ſhall he put in a capacity to laſt but one age? *Alexander* borne for the good of the World, ought he to be truſted with a Thunder-bolt, but one hundred of years? What? ſhall thoſe that carry thunder be not onely ſubject to the injuries of time, but worms? Doe we multiply *Alexanders* to the end more then one may be deſtroy'd?

and who can ſecure us, that the leaſt winde ſhall not carry away our *Jupiter*, as well as his Eigle? but how comes it to paſs, that *Lyſippus* hath not been aſham'd to make thee of braſs? thee, who deſerveſt Statues more precious then that of *Artaxerxes*?

Braſs is too hard and rude to repreſent an *Alexander* ſo clement; who is never braſs, but when hee fights againſt an Enemy. When thy hand (that hath been ever liberall) ſhall be implor'd to relieve all other mens neceſſities, wilt thou not complaine, though inſenſible, that thy hands are of braſſe? Alas! he that makes not thy hands alwayes doing good, knowes thee not.

By imitating the features and proportions of the body, we may well copy a *Darius*, but not an *Alexander*: *Alexander* was never buried in the ſuperficies of his Mothers womb; he hath a ſoule which reaches further then himſelfe; and he muſt have ſomething in him larger, then the greateſt of things, who will picture that *Alexander* for whom the world was too little.

'Tis I, Great Prince, who will frame an *Alexander* which ſhall borrow ſome of the Vertues of the Originall: Heare, conſider, and by the nature of my deſigne judge, what an eſteem I have of thy worth. The large extent of the high and lofty Mount *Athos*, appears in the confines of *Thrace*, whoſe top mounts up even to the very ſtars, and the foot reaches very far into the Sea.

This is the onely matter I finde worthy to receive from Art the forme of that *Alexander*, who even in Effigies is fit to command the whole Earth: Yes *Alexander*, thy courage hath made thee head of all the Earth, and I am reſolv'd to eſtabliſh thee ſo. This is that *Athos*, whoſe foot was divided from the Continent by *Xerxes* his raſhneſs, who to leave a monument of his power would make it poſſible to ſaile over Mountaines, and to march on foot in the midſt of the Sea.

What higher thoughts did ever enter into the heart of man? and yet I will bring it to paſs, that the World ſhall ſee the higheſt Fancy of this ambitious Monark, ſhall for ever lie proſtrate at the feet of my *Alexander*. This Image ſhall have a City in the right hand; for even in a Statue the hand of *Alexander* ought not to be without command.

From the left a River ſhal powre down; for, what can better reſemble *Alexanders* liberality, then a River? My intention is, that even in Statue *Alexanders* hand ſhould be a Fountaine of goodneſſe. This is the *Alexander* *Staſicrates* hath deſign'd: The worth of my Heroe will not agree with a fraile Statue.

'Tis

'Tis to doe *Alexander* an injury to imploy any thing leſs then the Mount *Athos* to repreſent ſuch a Greatneſs, under whoſe ſhadow ſo many Nations flye for ſhelter. Wouldſt not thou complaine of an Artiſt, who thinking of *Alexander*, could fancy any thing lower, then a high Mountaine? Every *Apelles*, every *Lyſippus* can counterfeit an *Alexander*; 'tis *Steſicrates* onely can draw his true Copy, Every *Apelles*, every *Lyſippus* can make an *Alexander*; but 'tis *Steſicrates* onely can frame an *Alexander* the Great. For indeed who can looke upon my *Alexander* without admiration? who will not preſently know it to be *Alexander*, that hath alwayes a City in his hands? Is't any new glory to this hand to give away Cities, even for Almes?

Pictures ought, if it be poſſible, to have not onely the aire of thoſe *Heroes* they repreſent; but ſomething to denote their principall inclinations, to the end they leave as well their glory as their Countenance to poſterity. Now 'tis impoſſible better to repreſent *Alexander*, or more lively to expreſs his liberall inclination, then by placing a City in his hand, as if he were giving it away.

'Tis in this manner we ought to make Copies of *Alexander*, and not with a Penſill, which draws nothing but the ſhadow of the Body it pretends to imitate, and that but imperfectly. In that manner, which I deſigne thy Statue, if to the misfortune of the world, it ſhould ever fall out, that thou ſhouldſt finde thy ſelfe mortall, I dare promiſe, it ſhall never come to paſs, that *Alexander* ſhall be left without a ſoule: if thou loſe the reaſonable, thou ſhalt not part with the vegetative ſoule; and ſo long as the Earth brings forth Trees, ſhall *Alexander* flourish.

The World cannot containe an *Alexander* greater then mine: He that deſires a greater muſt finde a World, that hath more ſpace betwixt Earth and Heaven: He that would fancy him more liberall, muſt finde out a Liberality more profuſe, then ſuch a one as overflowes, more profitable, then that which nourishes mankinde, more conſtant and durable, then that which belongs to my *Alexander*, whoſe ſpring ſhall never dry up.

To make *Alexander* an ordinary thing, though 'twere but onely in an Image, is a crime in that underſtanding, that can ſtoop to ſuch a thought: Wee muſt either finde out ſome place where 'tis impoſſible to erect any other Statue, but thine, or finde out ſome matter capable of no other forme: otherwiſe how ſhould we diſtinguiſh thy worth from ſome ambitious rich perſon, that had a minde to be equall with, and perhaps greater, then *Alexander*?

What *Hercules*, which liv'd before thee, knowing that without enough draught 'twas impossible to designe an *Alexander*, fixt the bounds which he prescrib'd to his courage, in the middle of the vast extent of the Ocean, to put thee in minde that *Hercules* and *Alexander* ought not to erect Trophies to their memories in such a place, where the meanest Citizen may lay the foundation of his.

I Will thou suffer the Image of so great a King, promiscuously to be made an ornament to every House? Divine *Alexander*, canst thou (though but in Effigies) indure to have a Master? Pardon what I have said; though I am so much concern'd in the honour of thy name, I could yet approve of the outrage done to thee, if for the generall good of the Universe, they could finde out a man worthy, that *Alexander* should serve for an ornament to his Pallace.

But who shall that man be? If I were to adorne a house with *Alexanders* Picture, *Jupiter* forbid it should honour any other, but his owne. I will frame an *Alexander* which shall be to Ornament to the World, a Burthen to Hell, and profitable to all men; I will make an *Alexander*, who shall have the center of the Earth for his foundation, the Sea for his Looking-glass, the Earth for his Theatre, and Heaven for his Pavilion: *Stasicrates* his *Alexander* shall be subject to no misadventure, but the fall of Heaven, which is so neere him.

If nevertheless it be possible for him to perish under those Ruines, who hath shoulders strong enough to prop up Heaven, which is the onely part of Nature, which hath not yet been partaker of the good thou hast done to the Universe.

To conclude *Alexander*, I did intend my boldnesse should imagine things for thy honour, which even timidity herselfe durst not have thought on. The Giants, to lift themselves up to Heaven, Fancied not a higher Ladder, then I have made for *Alexander*; and yet I feare not Thunder bolts, unlesse Heaven shall prove envious of thy Vertues.

Thou seest, most generous Prince, what kinde of Statue I am preparing for thee; God onely can make a greater: I know not whether 'twill please thee, but I should be very unfortunate, if *Alexander* (the King of all that are magnanimous, as well as of the *Macedonians*) should undervalue a Statue, which *Stasicrates* to the wonder of the World intends to set up to the eternity of his Master. The Heavens, the Sea, and the Earth have all sworn their assistance to the compleating of so marvellous a worke.

The Sea, as his Tributary will be ever at his feet; the Earth will embroyder his garments with Trees, Hearbs, and Flowers; and the Heaven will crowne

crowne the fore-head of *Steſicrates* his *Alexander* with Starres eternally.

What more legitimate Prince can the Earth obey, then him that ſhall be crown'd by Heaven? In briefe, nothing ought to be above my *Alexander*, but that which can make an *Alexander* greater then mine. That raſh perſon who ſhould dare to attempt to overtop my *Alexander*, cannot poſſibly riſe higher without knocking his head againſt the Region of Thunder-bolts, which would ſoon puniſh his ambition.

Hercules, had no *Steſicrates*, had he had one, he would never have contented himſelfe with two poore Pillars, which were (to ſay truth) too low a thought for ſo high a Spirit.

I will let all the World ſee, that *Jupiter* and *Alexander* are two neighbouring Monarches, and that the bounds of their Empires are very neare one another.

In effect, if it come not neare Heaven, what Kingdome is left in the World, to which *Alexander* extreame courage may further aſpire?

Thus probably *Steſicrates* ſpake to *Alexander*, but his Rhetorique could make no uſe of *Hyperbolis*, ſince the Heavens and Mountaines were his moſt ordinary conceptions.

The effect of this Oration.

ALexander was about to anſwer Steſicrates, *when he was hindred by* Apelles, *who ſpake to him as you ſhall heare in the next.*

Apelles

Apelles *Revengefull.*

The Argument.

Becauſe Steſicrates *boaſts, he is able to frame the Effigies of a man, out of a Mountaine, we ought not from thence conclude him, worthy to triumph over* Apelles *that had deified a mortall Man.* Apelles *was willing to revenge himſelfe upon* Steſicrates, *and I finde* Steſicrates *had reaſon to tremble before a Man, that could not only repreſent the Thunder-bolts, but him that made them. The Reader is onely deſired (as* Alexander *did) to heare the Anſwer to this Raſh Perſon.*

BEhold at thy feet, O great King, *Apelles*, whom they accuſe upon pretence, that he hath offended *Alexander*; canſt thou believe it? thou who knoweſt that I have alwayes had my ſoule, mine eye, and my hand imploy'd neare an *Alexander*, who holds the Thunder in his hand; thou, I ſay, muſt not expect that I will now imploy my hands to petition thee, to be favourable in my cauſe; for thoſe hands which know how to make an *Alexander*, cannot put themſelves into the poſture of petitioning, neither ought I to doe it, for if I have erred, that I have it either by intention, or action; my action hath deified thee, and for my intention I need not diſcover that to a *Jupiter*, he knows the heart; in a word, the ſame I have made thee, the ſame I implore thee.

O how unfortunate ſhould *Apelles* be, if to be clear'd he were forc'd to offer his vowes in any other place but at thy feet? indeed whither ſhould he go elſe? ſhould hee goe to the feet of that *Jupiter*, from whoſe hand hee hath taken the Thunder, to give it to his *Alexander*? it is not very likely for him to finde protection there?

My Accuſer is *Steſicrates*, that raſh *Steſicrates*, who envying thy valour, and not knowing how to oblige all the Divinity of Heaven to conſpire againſt

gainſt *Alexander*, would oblige *Alexander* to remove Mountaines that he might be taken for a Gyant, and have the ſame puniſhment. I will defend my ſelfe, not that I think this accuſation can leſſen me in the opinion of that *Alexander* whom I have made a *Jupiter*, but that they may ſee that none can be near *Alexander* without being enobled with frankneſs of ſpirit, being unjuſtly debaſed to return due reproach to an inſolent depraver: I have made a Picture of *Alexander* in matter facile, and gentle, to make it reſemble *Alexander*, even in facility, and gentleneſs to comply with the love of his ſubjects, who each of them burne, with ardent deſire, to have him their *Alexander*, and to offer their oblations of vows to him; *Alexander* is not only the head, but the heart of all his Subjects.

If I had framed an ALEXANDER of a ſtupendious fiereeneſs, I ſhould have defaced that ſweetneſs, which of an ALEXANDER hath made him eſteemed a God, through all his Dominions: I have made him common, but not vulgar, and if by chance the meanneſs of the matter render him leſs valuable, he hath his weapon of terrour in his hand, the Thunder-bolt will ever procure him reverence; in very being ALEXANDER hee is valuable; and being depainted in cloth, he is the more communicable, hereby he ſhall reigne in every houſe, as he doth in every Kingdome, it will be my glory to have multiplied ſo many ALEXANDERS in the world; I might have provided a figure of gold, leſs precious, for all that, then this my object, if I had deſigned to have my ALEXANDER eſteemed for the matter; but in this, ALEXANDER is the ornament of ALEXANDER.

Let him covet glory from without, who hath none eſſentiall within him: but the Beauty and Majeſty of ALEXANDER hath luſtre enough of themſelves; I will have all the world bow their knees before this poore piece of cloth, that meane and contemptible thing, which thou ſtriveſt to trample on, O *Stefiorates*, ſhall reigne over all the Mountaines thou deſigneſt!

The wiſe *Lycurgus*, thinking it not fit to diſtinguiſh the poore from the rich, at leaſt in the ſervice of the gods, ordained by a decree that they ſhould offer no ſacrifice but of things of low price; even ſo, have I facilitated the meanes for all perſons to be owners of an ALEXANDER, to whom they may pay their duely reverence; the gods accept the will, and not the Expence; let the windes carry my ALEXANDER whither they can, they ſhall never carry him beyond his Empire; whereſoever he ſhall come, he ſhall finde Subjects and Altars.

I have made him of Linnen, to make known to the World, the merit of a man who knowes how to make himſelfe adored even in a Picture drawne

upon a piece of Canvas: but the envy of this insolent man, stopt not there, he would have me guilty of treason, because I have placed a Thunder-bolt in the hand of that ALEXANDER, which he would have made of Earth: I have placed a Thunder-bolt in his hand, that the world might know that ALEXANDER is my *Jupiter*, that my *Jupiter* shoots no Thunderbolts, and thereby may learne that ALEXANDER deserves Incense.

If I had intended to make him as terrible as amiable, I would have plac'd his sword in his hand, which is a Thunder-bolt which never falls in vaine; what? dost thou wish his Thunderbolt had beene throwne? and dost not perceive, impertinent fool, that if ever it go out of his hand, it will hurt no other ALEXANDER but thine? it will rend Mountains: it was an effect of my gratitude, not my invention, O great Prince, to place a Thunder-bolt in thy hand; for who hath given me *Campaspe*, the faire *Venus* that reignes in my heart, but ALEXANDER? why should not he, that hath receiv'd a *Venus* from him, furnish his *Jupiter* with Thunderbolts? and why? can any but *Jupiter* give a *Venus*? but I wonder not at this mans extravagant undertaking, his wit is perverted, hee is an enemy to Nature, and to shame her would in spite of her teeth, transforme Men into Mountaines, and Mountaines into Men.

O ALEXANDER! he doth not complaine, that I have made thee a Thunderer, but that I have made thee a *Jupiter*; if it were for the worlds safety that made him complaine, to see the number of the Thunderers increase, he would not frame an ALEXANDER that should with his owne hands carry Cities to ruine: this monstrous Gyant deserves a more severe punishment then those of *Phlegra*; for if they rashly endeavour'd to climb up to Heaven, they were content to leave the Cities at least quiet upon Earth; but I hope there will be no need of Thunder-bolts to ruine this *Colossus*, since he carries a River in his hand, sufficient to overwhelme his pride, and to drowne himselfe, as a just punishment of his crime that undertooke to overturn Mountaines, and to precipitate Rivers; behold what a kinde of ALEXANDER this *Stesicrates* fancies, who is a greater Enemy, and more injurious to the fame of ALEXANDER then to that of *Apelles*.

Behold, but not without vengeance, how he lessens thine honour, to advance thy *Statua*, he would make an ALEXANDER as heavy as the Earth, an ALEXANDER that inhabits the Ayre, and troubles the Sea; his ALEXANDER shall have his forehead crown'd with Tempests, and his sides with Precipices, so that it shall be impossible to approach his feet, wash'd with the Sea, without Shipwrack.

Who

Who ever saw a less considerable, a more pernitious contemptible ALEXANDER, then that which *Stesicrates* hath formed? Sir, he exposes you to the Thunderbolts, and reproaches me for putting one in your hand; I humbly submit the cause to your judgement.

Thus *Apelles* oppoſeth *Stesicrates* and these two flatterers, would make this Prince believe, that the one could make a Mountaine to be ALEXANDER, and the other make him a *Jupiter.*

The Effect of this Oration.

THE Painter got the better of the Carver, and Apelles Penſill triumph'd over Stesicrates *Chiſell: Alexander was content to bee thought the wonder of all Ages, without being a Monſter; in concluſion he heap'd honours upon* Apelles, *and put not* Stesicrates *to deſpaire, for he found good reaſon to be ſatisfied with the magnificence of a Prince, who knew how to recompence a good inclination, as if it had been a deſert.*

The Apologie for Mariage.

The Argument.

A Queſtion was propoſed by one in the Academy of Sleepers to be debated, which of the two, either a wife or a Suite in Law, was the greateſt diverſion from ſtudy: One, who having a Law-ſuit, and no wife, and ſo by conſequence, better knew the payne of pleading, then the pleaſure of Love; ſeemed to diſclaime againſt Mariage, but Manzinie *ſtopped him on this manner.*

I Have alwayes heard with ſubmiſſion, and reſpect (O noble Academicks) all the diſcourſes you have raiſed, and I never had the leaſt inclination to condradict the opinions of thoſe exalted ſpirits, who, with ſuch facility (as one may ſay even in their ſlumberings) accompliſh all their undertakings with honour, and applauſe; none of my opinions have been inconcurrent with yours, and I have never had but a high value for you, I have made it my honour, and eſteemed my ſelfe happy in the conformity I have had with ſo many excellent men.

But if I have followed your tenents hitherto by reaſon, I muſt abandon them at this time by duty, finding I am too ſenſibly provok'd by a Problem, which by treating women ill, gives mee occaſion to manifeſt to her (the Loadſtone of my heart) that in what place ſoever I am in, I will alwayes enter the Liſts, not onely for the Intereſt of her perſon in perticular, but to defend the honour of the Sex in generall: I am demanded (if I rightly underſtand the Queſtion) which is the greateſt hinderance to ſtudy, a Wife, or a Suit in Law? but can there be a heart, inſenſible enough, to doubt the advantages which men receive from Wives, and compare them to a thing ſo contrary?

What! (my Lords) Mariage, which we may cal the only love Lawful, the bond which unites the Univerſe, and the laſt felicity of unreaſonable man, ſhall that be reckoned amongſt the greateſt misfortunes of humane tranquility? I pretend not (my Lords) to prove to you that a Law-ſuit is a greater hinderance to ſtudy, then a Wife, not ſeeing how I can doe it, without ſacrilege; for if I ſay, that a Wife is a leſſe obſtacle to ſtudy then a Proceſs in Law, I ſhould yield that a Wife is a hinderance to ſtudy, which I will never doe, I muſt not be ſo unjuſt or ungratefull to admit of a blame in that eſſence, from whence I have mine, and by whom I expect the felicity of my dayes.

What obſtacle can ſhee bee to ſtudy, who brings to our houſes wealth, beauty, modeſty, and Vertue, who comforts us in all the miſadventures of our life, who partakes our happineſs, and who becomming an inſeperable compagnion of our fortunes, diminiſheth our diſpleaſures, and increaſeth our ſatisfaction, by the ſhare ſhe hath in it? no, it is impoſſible that ſhe ſhould be a hinderance to ſtudy.

On the contrary we may ſay, that ſhe is not onely a meanes to make us ſtudy, but an eaſe, and conſolation of the wearineſs which followeth it; and to ſay in a word, a ſubject, her ſelfe fit to be ſtudied; and to evidence the truth of what I ſay, wee muſt have recourſe to experience, all the world

world knowes that there is no perſon exempt from the care of buſineſs, but thoſe onely who have Wives, their wiſdome and induſtry ſupplies the mens places, and gives them leaſure to imploy, in ſtudy, that time, which otherwiſe they would owe to the neceſſities of domeſtick affaires, and this being true, why ſhould we call that our hinderance to ſtudy, which furniſheth us with meanes to give our ſelves abſolutely to it? and why ſhould wee not owne to bee indebted, for this good, to ſo perfect a Sex? that a Wife is a conſolation of the Labours, and travels of ſtudy, is not to bee doubted.

A Husband, in comming out of his Cloſet, meets with a Perſon, whoſe complacency cheers him after his ſolitude, whoſe converſation gives new lights to his underſtanding, and who, by the ſweetneſs of her Eyes, makes him forget the paines, which the tediouſneſs of ſtudy gave him, and prevents the irkſomneſs, and laſſitude of ſpirit, cauſed by long reading; but if ſhe be a help for ſtudy, and an eaſe to the anxieties which it leaves? ſhe is alſo (as I have ſaid) a ſubject proper for us to ſtudy, and, I thinke, it will not be hard to prove to you, if a Wife be good and vertuous, ſhe produceth in our ſoules an emulation, which inclining us to imitate her, is more profitable to us, and draws us nearer to the way of Vertue, then Philoſophy it ſelfe.

If on the contrary ſhe hath wicked inclinations, inſtead of being an obſtacle to ſtudy, ſhe conſtrains us to ſtudy, with care, the way to change and mend her, or to indure her evill cuſtomes with patience; no, no! a Wife is not a hinderance to temperate ſtudy, but ſhe is a hinderance to the debauch of ſtudy, that is to ſay, to the exceſſive labour, ſince ſhe rules and moderates it.

Thoſe, who ſeek for true knowledge, learne it, and not onely in Bookes, but finde it in all things which come in their way; ſtudy it ſelf hath need of moderation, for he which ſtudies, as if he had nothing elſe to doe in all his life, but to turne over the leaves of Books, and to load the Memory with the doctrine of all Ages, cannot ſay he ſtudies reaſonably, but wee can aſſure him he loſes the occaſion to ſhew in effect, by ſome great, and generous actions, the fruits which he learnt from Philoſophy, with ſo much paines, ſtudy, and time.

He that ſupporteth his Wife a hinderance to ſtudy, hath without doubt, his ſpirits depraved; he ſearches not for knowledge, but ſatisfies his curioſity; hee ſtudies not to become either more able, or more vertuous, but onely for his divertiſement: it is no wonder (my Lords) if he that is intemperate, even in good things, and loves not Vertue it ſelfe, but by the

voluptuousnesse of his spirit, maintaines that a Wife is a hinderance to study, the first disorder of the soule causes the second, and (I think) I ought to say that he, that findes a Wife an obstacle to learning ! and would banish her from the society of reasonable men, is himselfe a hinderance to Vertue, and to the felicity of mankinde.

Socrates, the wisest of all antiquity, and so acknowled'd by the Oracles themselves, lived a long time maried unto *Xantippe*, whose humour was so unquiet and divelish, that we may say she was possess'd with a Divell rather then a soule; and yet to shew that *Socrates* believ'd not that a Wife was an enemy to Philosophy, though she whom he had was very troublesome, and that shee made his life unto him such, as all the world call'd a continuall Hell, yet she was no sooner dead, but he espoused *Mirro*, sister to *Aristides*, and, by this second Mariage, gave an illustrious example to approve my Tenent; not onely a Philosopher, a *Socrates* to take a Wife after *Xantippe*, but a Philosopher that knew by experience what belong'd to a wicked Wife; yet for all that, he tooke one, and so much for the advantage of my Argument, that he was a Philosopher, and a Philosopher, whom other Philosophers acknowledg'd for their Master.

A vertuous Wife invites thee to Vertue, and a wicked one makes thee exercise it, said that Master of knowledge, who suffered, with a marvellous tranquility, all the outrages his Wife did him; if I were not afraid to anger those of a contrary opinion to mine, I should say, that a Wife is not onely, not an obstacle to study, but she is more advantagious then study it self, if we will consider the utility of domestick affaires; how much labour and time might we expend in study, before we should gaine so much as our Mariage ordinarily affords us?

We are borne in an age wherein we may say, the Muses field is the barrenest ground we could undertake to manure; if we value profit by the satisfaction of the minde, what sublunary blessing can raise us to more felicity, then the affection of a lovely person, who in giving us children, gives us the pleasure of being fear'd, obey'd, and lov'd? if wee will consider the consolation in point of Vertue, we shall find it sublime; by the sweetnesse of her eyes, we may observe a Ray of the Divinity, and lift up our thoughts by beholding the marvels in his creature, to the contemplation, and admiration of the Creator; what Bookes, what Philosophy can teach us so perfectly temperance, moderation, piety, devotion, and continence, as the example of a vertuous Wife?

But if any, in reproving me, say that all Women are not faire, and that all Women are not good, I should answer him, that there is no Woman so

ugly,

ugly, but custome and conversation rendreth faire; nor none so wicked, but his Vertue may make good.

If I would maintaine my tenent by a multitude of Reasons, the justice of my cause would furnish mee with enough; but shunning tediousnes, what I have said is sufficient to clear to you, that this Question is a Problem, without Problem, not doubting but you perfectly know, maugre the eloquent discourse of my Adversary, that it is impossible for a Wife to be a hinderance to study, but that I may intirely destroy a problem, which so uncivilly endeavours to disparage a Sex, for whose sakes I declare my selfe partiall, and of whom I am an Adorer, if not an Idolater.

It will be necessary to adde something, and to maintain also, that a Process in Law is no hinderance to study; for on the contrary, it may advance it: but if any oppose my opinion, I will give him for example the dispute now agitated between us, for the judging whereof, this noble Assembly are met.

I have observed in the soules of every one in particular, a redoubling of light, and knowledge, which makes me confident, that it is impossible, but that a Law-suit it selfe helps study.

Alas! what do I do? little judicious that I am! whilst I enter to discourse of troubles in Law, I hinder you from going home to give thankes to those amiable Creatures your Wives, whom I have proved to be so great an advantage to the study of knowledge.

The Effect of this Oration.

Every one agreeed that a Suit in Law, and Study could not dwell together; but in respect the Academy was composed of Men that were maried, and of others that were not, this reply for Mariage did not passe without dispute; in the end, the plurality of voyces carried it, and they intreated Manzinie *to remember, that* Apollo *was never maried, nor was* Minerva, *and that the Muses are Virgins, Antiquity having a minde to teach us, that Study,*

dy, and the cares of Mariage are almoſt incompatible, and that we may ſay this without offending the beauty of Ladies, that the Muſes often dwell with love, and the Graces very rarely with Hymen, *but never with Diſcord, who cauſes all Law Suits; ſo that without determining which was moſt contrary to men of Learning, Mariage, or a Suit in Law, they concluded that Men, that addicted themſelves to ſtudy, ought not to have the one, or the other.*

The Philoſophy of Love.

The Argument.

All Ages have made a Diſpute, whether the Body were the Priſon of the Soule? and Manzinie *was forc'd to revive this Philoſophicall queſtion, at* Gennes *in the Academy of Sleepers. This ſerves for the Argument of the following diſcourſe.*

THE greater the Queſtion is, (moſt illuſtrious Auditors) the leſs proportionable is it to my abilities: It is to be inquir'd, whether the ſoule be Priſ'ner in the body, but which is fit to determine it, the ſoul'e or the body?

The body cannot diſcourſe it, without being inform'd by the ſoule, and then it followes, that the body is govern'd by the ſoule; but, if the ſoule be to diſcourſe the matter, 'tis neceſſary that the body afford it not only the liberty, but the means, in repreſenting the ſpecies of thoſe objects, which it conceives not onely to helpe the underſtanding, but to direct her in point of election; and from thence it may ſeem that the ſoule is rul'd by the body.

For

For my part, whatſoever others may ſay, who have more knowledge, I eſteem it a very hard queſtion to reſolve: And as I finde my ſelfe unable to determine it, ſo I think 'twill be ſuperfluous to diſcourſe of it, ſince I ſhall be able to do nothing but multiply difficulties, and contradictions. Nevertheleſs, to the end my obedience may ſupply the place of merit, and my will amend the defects of my judgement, I am reſolv'd to acquaint you with an adventure which hath happen'd to me; which though it may ſeem a ſtory too farr diſtant from the ſtile of an Oration, it will not be impertinent to the buſineſs propos'd by the Academy.

Doe me the favour to heare; for ſince I ſpeak only to obey, I may boldly ſay, I deſerve to be heard: I was laſt night in my ſtudy drawing ſome few lines to demonſtrate (according to your orders) that the Body is the Priſon of the Soule; when a friend of mine came in, and ask'd me what I was doing, and whether I had nothing to read? I told him I was tranſcribing ſomething which I had compos'd to ſpeak to the Academy, and that I would be glad to ſhew it him, and to be govern'd by his judgement: He expreſs'd a great deſire to heare it, ſo that (as if I had been before this Aſſembly) I began in this manner.

That the Body (moſt excellent Auditors) is the Priſon of the Soule, the ancient Philoſophers have born Witneſſe; the Divine Prophets have prov'd it, and our owne ſoules make it evident every day; which, being oppreſs'd with the burthen of the mortality of the body, (which is worſe) ſo fettred in this Earthly abode, that they have wholly loſt the uſe of their liberty, which would ſoone conduct them (could they act freely) to that place to which they aſpire, as to their Centre.

Bring my ſoule out of Priſon, ſaith *David*, wearied, and diſguſted with the unfortunate, painfull, and miſerable condition of our life, into which no man enters, but weeping, nor leaves it, but he is reduc'd to nothing.

Seneca wrote, that his Body was the burthen of his minde, which was ready to ſinke under the weight, and was kept in continuall chaines. And *Proclus* under the name of confinement ſeems to inlarge (not mend) this Priſon; for he alwayes declar'd, that God had confin'd the ſoule to the body, as to a peſtilentiall and miſerable place.

This body is a Priſon in which the ſoule is oblig'd to anſwer before the ſupreame Judge, with what gratitude ſhee hath reſented her creation; and from thence muſt ſhe expect the ſentence, which declaring her innocent, muſt diſ-ingage her from thoſe bonds, which hinder her from mounting up to Heaven.

It seem'd strange to some of the Ancients, who were ignorant of this truth, that God should make the Planets and the Stars of Fire, (for so they believ'd) the Winds of Aire, Fishes and Birds of Water, and Man of Earth, an Element inferiour to all the rest, and that Man was thereby oblig'd (at least in the worthiness of his matter) to give place to the least Bird that flies, and the meanest Fish that swims.

But they consider'd not, that 'twas not probable God would have rather made choice of the Earth, then any other Element to frame a Body to the Soule, if he had design'd to build her a Pallace.

He made the body of Earth, because he meant it for a Prison: when hee resolv'd afterwards to build them a Royal Pallace, he made use of the light, and not of the Earth, and allow'd them the Sun for a cloth of estate, and a Throne imbroyder'd with Stars.

Plato affirmes in his *Timæus*, that after God had created Soules, hee lodg'd them in the Stars, as in their proper Sphere; as in a place proportionate to their naturall qualities; and that there was their abode before man was created; but that afterwards (by a strange madness) they grew so ingratefully in love with Earthly things, and so weary of Heavenly, that the Divinity, being infinitely displeas'd at their errour, and ingratitude, threw them headlong, from Heaven, and confin'd them to the Body, which is the Prison where they are torture'd, and doe penance for their crime: But if any man will reject other mens Authorities, and desire a clearer demonstration to assure him, that the soule is indeed a Pris'ner to the Body, the Argument may be fram'd in this manner.

In relation to its place, the soule hath no liberty, for although it be a spirit, like an Angel, nevertheless it cannot, like an Angel, remove it selfe from place to place, so much is it tied to the body. It hath no liberty in relation to its objects, because being a Pris'ner, she absolutely depends upon the will of her Jaylor.

She can think nothing without those Idea's the Body represents, nor doth any thing enter into the understanding, which passeth not through the senses: Nor hath this poor Pris'ner any more light to her minde, nor liberty to her will, but what it pleaseth her Keeper to grant.

If this severe Guardian sleep, it is then, that, contrary to the Nature of other Pris'ners, she is so closely lock'd up, and so totally depriv'd of liberty, that although it bee most certaine, that the Soule wakes, whilst the Body sleeps, yet is it as undoubted an Axiom (which cannot be question'd in our Church without a crime) that what operation soever the Soule may have during sleep, it can neither merit nor offend.

Judge

Judge then, whether the ſoule be free, when it hath not ſo much as the liberty to ſin: The Soul hath no liberty to operate, unles the Body give it; nor hath it leave to refuſe thoſe imployments, which that commands. In what then can the Soul be free in the Body? And truly (to paſſe from intellectuals to manners) if the Soule were not faſten'd to the Body, how is it probable it could be pleas'd in ſo unlucky a Manſion, which all Ages have confeſs'd to bee onely a place of complaint, and miſery?

O miſerable man! one cannot ſo much as name thee, without treading thee under foot; thy Body being compos'd of Earth, thou art throwne to the ground, as ſoone as thou art nam'd; thou art impriſon'd in a Body made of Earth, conceiv'd in ſin, borne in paine, and expos'd to all the tyranny of fortune, to whom all ſeaſons are troubleſome, all the Elements dangerous: Thy Soule is plac'd in a body, which derives its diſeaſes from its proper nouriſhment, and perils from its owne wealth, which loves not without griefe, hates not without trouble, and poſſeſſeth nothing without torment: in a body to which the influence of Heaven deſignes diſaſters, the Earth brings forth death, and hell prepares torments.

Judge then whether a ſoule created to bee partaker of eternall felicity can willingly make that her habitation? But why doe I ſpeake of Heaven and Hell? thoſe are things too great to be nam'd in a diſcourſe of ſo meane a ſubject.

This unfortunate man is obnoxious (both dead and alive) to ſuch things as ſcarce have a being, which may (almoſt) be call'd nothing. An atome animated, a flea devours his bloud; a Worme of the Earth will gnaw him, if he be a Giant: and after all this cannot be thought, that the Soule (which is but little inferour to the Angels, which may and ought to aſpire to eternall glory) ſhould willingly and without conſtraint, dwell in a body ſubject to theſe conditions? ſure 'tis impoſſible.

The ancient Philoſophers, who were men of great wiſdome, did very rightly ſay, that a dying man was ſet at liberty, and layd to reſt, when hee was dead.

But if ſome men ſhould doubt this truth, by ſeeing with what an affection the ſoule is tied to the body, and when 'tis forc'd to leave it, with what extraordinary expreſſions of ſorrow it ſighs, to part with a place, which it would never grieve at, had it not been pleaſed with it: let them remember, that it ſighs and laments, not for love of the place ſhe is to leave, but feare of that, to which ſhe is going: for, who can aſſure her ſhe is not to dye with the body, ſaid *Themiſtius*, who had not learn'd a better Doctrine from the Schoole of the Goſpel?

The life the gods have given is a hidden thing, saith *Hesiod.* If the Soule then feares not to die, as to its being, it may, as to its well-being. No man knows whether he be worthy of love or hate, and therefore the Soule of a just person will part with lesse griefe, and more assurance, then a wicked man, because the goodnes of a mans life makes him reasonably hope for happinesse at his death.

Most noble Auditors, I was scarce advanc'd thus far in my discourse, or to speake truth, I had scarcely begun to read him my Reasons, when my friend (who had before expres'd by his wry-mouths and gaping at me, how little satisfaction hee receiv'd by my Arguments) interupted me in an instant; hold your peace, said he: for (by the faire Eyes that I adore,) I am no longer able to indure this impertinence.

I speak with that sincerity which a Soule ought to have, that loves truly: and how is it possible, that such a man as you, who have alwayes delighted in the beauty of Learning, should suffer himselfe to bee throwne downe headlong into such low conceptions? In what condition are you? what? the Body the Prison of the Soule? he spake this in such a manner, with such a kinde of scorne in his Eyes, that instead of angring me, he made me laugh; and presently drawing a golden Case out of his pocket, hee drew neare the Lights, and shew'd mee the Picture of a Lady extreamly beautifull: I confesse the sight surpriz'd me, and that my soule was fixt upon't with delight, and that I turn'd not mine eyes off from it, but to have the content to returne.

I had continued longer in this extasie, had not my friend catch'd his Picture out of my hands: And now (said he) what do you resolve? can you still continue in your false opinion? I, who by this admirable Vision was not onely disturb'd in the course of my bloud, but of my reason; assur'd him, that I knew not, what he meant to inferre upon his Proposition: Hee answer'd me on a sudden; If thou be not starke blinde, Judge whether such Bodies as this represents, are fitter to be call'd horrid prisons, or objects of felicity?

I presently apprehended the subtilty of his amorous Philosophy, and made him answer, that I acknowledg'd my selfe vanquish'd, and would presently teare my papers, that they might not remaine as testimonies against mee of my former errour: But hee would not suffer mee to doe it, but spake to mee in this manner: That thou mayest not believe, that the blindnesse of love rather then the strength of Reason invites mee to oppose thy Arguments, doe mee the favour to heare me a little.

'Tis

'Tis the property of the forme to containe, of the matter to bee contained: If then thou wilt not say the forme is contain'd by the matter, thou canst not more affirme, that the Body is the Prison of the Soule, since the Soule is the true essentiall forme of the Body.

Nothing can bee belov'd but what is good, and beautifull: The Soule, which is all spirit, and light, loves the Body: Therefore the Body is the good, and not the Prison of the Soule. *Aristotle* hath prov'd the *major*, and the Soule proves the *minor* (as thou thy selfe hast confest) when being forc'd to part with the Body it complaines and afflicts it selfe at this seperation.

Now, that the Body is the good of the Soule, and that consequently it loves the Body out of its owne interest, and affection (and not for feare of being buried with it, as *Themistius* said; nor by the violence of a forc'd necessity, as *Seneca* did almost believe) I thinke I shall have no hard taske to prove, having Reason and *Thomas Aquinas* on my side: What difference (sayd this Angelicall Doctor, who had a greater priviledge then any other to treat of Angels) what difference can be found betwixt an Angel and the reasonable soule? The difference is, (saith he) that although both the one, and the other are spirituall substances, which may exist without a Body, the Angel nevertheless is perfect without the Body, but the Soule without the Body is imperfect.

The reason of this imperfection is, because the Soule (being the very essentiall forme of the Body, and so essentially but a part) when it is destitute of that part which concurs with it in the constitution of the whole, must needs remaine imperfect.

From hence is risen that opinion of some Divines, who it is possible in some measure to prove the resurrection of the Body, even from the naturall sight of Reason: because the Soule, being naturally imperfect without the Body (as the form without the matter) & having a continued desire of being re-united; it is a thing which appeares not conformable to Nature (which cannot indure perpetuall violence) that the Soule should be for ever imperfect, and be continually agitated with an unceasing desire, and longing after accomplishment of its naturall inclination: And therefore many believe that the happines of the Soule in Heaven shall not bee in its full perfection, untill the Body be likewise glorified.

So wonderfully are we made, (saith *Gregory*) that Reason possesseth the Soule, and the Soule possesseth the Body: and *Aristotle* gave this sentence, that the Soule might governe the Body, as the Master commands the Soule.

But not to trouble you with so much Philosophy, behold (and then to my great content he opened the Box again) behold this face, that proves it better then all the Arguments in the World: I know thou look'st upon it with joy, and I very willing to contribute any thing to thy delight: Behold it, take it, and draw your Arguments.

I reply'd, I was satisfied, and wish'd him all content, who had shew'd me a face, that pleas'd me so much. In conclusion, I see that Love is a Musitian, a Philosopher, a Poet, a Divine, and what you will, and he that is not in Love is nothing; so that, my deare friend, it is not without Reason, that thou admir'st a face, which hath taught thee so many sciences.

I have reason indeed (answer'd he) so to doe, for should I doe otherwise, I must acknowledge my selfe both ungratefull, and stupid; for, to conclude (and then he tooke up his Poetick Vaine) who would not adore a Face, whose Eyes are Stars, or rather Suns; whose haire are threads of purest gold, & her complexion fairer then *Aurora* in her brightest lustre? who would not adore a person, whose lips were of Corall, her teeth of pure Ivory, and her voice equall to that Goddess, which the ancient Poets call'd HARMONY?

Who would not adore such a face as appears so beautifull, that 'twould doe the Sun an honour to be compar'd to it? To this sparkling Beauty only I can compare the Stars, when I would flatter them: But let neither the Sun nor Stars grow proud of this comparison; for certainly they must both yield, as well in power, as beauty to this incomparable. If the Sun can boast of being the Authour of life; this face hath the power of life, and death.

If the Stars glory of the power of their influence, those Eyes determine our destinies at their owne pleasure; I will not say as it pleaseth their tyranny; for I will not place tyranny in Heaven. How then? shall this Body, which is so accomplish'd, be believ'd to be a Prison, and not a Paradise to the soule, that inhabits it? Oh Heavens! for what reason can that be? 'Tis I confess, a Prison of the Soule, but 'tis of mine.

Well then in these dayes, either such places as resemble Paradise are Prisons; or the bosome of a faire Lady is no Prison; or at least such Prisons are desirable, as Paradise. So concluded this Poet in propose (sighing and going from me) who had fram'd his Paradise in a Picture. My Noble Auditors, you have heard him, and me; be you the Judges. I have said.

The

The effect of this Oration.

THE *Academy tooke the Lovers part; every one believ'd the Soule was too perfect, and too innocent to be condemn'd to Prison as soone as 'twas created. One amongst the Throng cry'd out, that if the Body were a Prison, there were some bodies (at least) which falsified the old Proverb, that no Prison is beautifull: This Carabine recoyl'd as soone as 'twas shot, and* Manzinie *was forc'd to yield to the generall opinion.*

The Pusillanimity of Seleucus.

The Argument.

I did never wonder much, that a Man compos'd of ambitious desires, after the goods of fortune might bring himselfe to complaine, that a single World was not sufficient to satisfie his desire of glory: but I have not a little marvel'd that any heart could possibly grieve at that power, which all others so vehemently desire. Seleucus *sigh'd at his being borne a King, and esteem'd himselfe buried under (not adorn'd with) that Diadem, which others account a Character of Divinity. I have often thought to have sacrific'd to Fame to incline her to silence this fact; but finding it impossible to stop her mouth, I am resolv'd to oppose this Discourse, which cannot be heard without indignation, nor ought to bee passed by without punishment.*

ment. Thus Manzinie *design'd the Argument of the insuing Oration.*

THE desire of Command hath alwaies beene the strongest passion amongst men; so that considering often the extreame impetuosity of this generous affection, which hath so often overturn'd the World, I could not chuse but search into the Cause which hath produc'd this painfull longing in Mankinde.

But reading in Genesis, where the Creator considering his owne excellence in that of his last piece of Workman-ship: I observ'd, that hee no sooner saw that this work was good (as the Scripture saith) but by a Divine impatience, (if it bee lawfull so to speak) he instantly began to blesse him, call'd him to the government of all things upon Earth, & gave him the command over all living Creatures; as if God had said that power was the accomplishment of all blessings, and that whosoever had obtain'd it, might, and ought to esteem himselfe happy.

I protest to you (my Noble Auditors) I was something exalted with this conceit, whereof I thought my selfe the Author: But I happpen'd on a passage, which made me know that, in truth, it was a Divine Conception, lively expres's'd by God himselfe; since that *Esau* complaining that *Jacob* had stolen away the blessing from him, (that is to say, the government of his Fathers Inheritance) seems likewise to infer, that the blessing is no other thing, but onely the right to command.

Who will hee then bee, that considering those eminent prerogatives of dominion, will not (as I doe) pity those famous unhappy persons, who have unfortunately, rather then wickedly, lost their lives in pursuit of their desire of advancing themselves to government? I shall wonder no more that some men have had so high thoughts of themselves, that they have indeavour'd to have Altars, and Incense devoted to them, as if they were gods indeed.

This excellent condition of Ruling is so great, and accompanied with a traine of so many eminent additions, that 'tis no strange thing, that a man (proud in his owne Nature) should straggle out of the way, and suffer himselfe to be cozen'd by this honour, which certainly hath something of Divine in it, if the matter in which it resides, corrupt it not. This man considering himselfe adorn'd with a soule, whose noble and divine qualities have brought forth so much admiration, that many (with *Plato*) have perswaded themselves, that 'twas coeternall with God, and others (as *Lactantius*)

sins) that 'twas of the same substance with God: This man (I say) seeing himselfe in so eminent a degree, if he cannot say with *Job* (when he went about to contest with God) *Now that mine Eyes have seene thee, I abhor my selfe in dust and ashes*, may easily be brought to such a degree of presumption, as was represented by *Ovid* in the Fable of the Giants; and indeed if those favours be rightly weighed, by which God hath exalted the excellency of Humane Nature; they will appeare so admirable, that not onely the Saracene *Abdalo* (who had nothing of the knowledge of God) call'd it the Miracle of Miracles.

But *David* himselfe (not able to suppress his astonishment of such a multitude of mercies) cry'd out, *What is Man, that thou hast so exalted him? thou hast made him little lesse then the Angels, with glory and honour hast thou crown'd him.*

So then if unto Man, who is by Nature so great, and in his owne esteeme much greater, there be the addition of a Kingdome, whose power renders him formidable and omnipotent, there is no cause to wonder, if he pretend to Altars, and Incense, since he may then say, that the destiny of the People depend upon his will, and the good or ill of all his Subjects; which may pull downe or erect Cities, as he please, who is above Laws and dispenses Fortune at his pleasure; on whom depend both war, and peace; death, and life; and in conclusion, then whom nothing appears higher, but Heaven it selfe.

Alexander, that great Prince, who made one Kingdome of the whole World, after having view'd the vast extent of his Dominion, that it even border'd with Heaven, seeing himselfe plac'd so near Divinity, resolv'd to believe himselfe a God.

And truly power is a thing too great, and too Divine not to be desir'd; and he must be a mad man, that knowes not the value of such a thing, as is so vehemently pursued by all Mankinde. When then I found a man, and him a King that not onely despis'd Royalty, but complain'd of it, and affirm'd, that whosoever did truly know the weight of a crown, would not so much as stoop to the ground to take it up, I could not but bee infinitely astonish'd.

For how is it possible a mans heart should be capable of so much weakness, to esteem Command a Servitude, and a Kingdome a misery? I have chosen this poore apprehension of *Seleucus* for the subject of my Discourse, to the end, that, examining the lowneſſe of his Spirit, wee might likewise finde out (most Noble Auditors) the unhappinesse of Tyranny, which affords nothing but bitternesse amidst the sweetnesse of a Kingdome.

This Kingly like Act of Ruling is nothing else but the government of a lawfull King, as the onely object of ever-moving Prince is the publique good; so that, I must confesse, it to labour for the good of the Common-wealth be a thing to make Royalty be thought odious; nit, it must of force make a man very loath it upon that score, since 'tis impossible it should be free from troubles, and cares; and which do so necessarily take up a Kings time, that hee can never be idle, but the Common-wealth is the looser.

But who perceives not, that to complaine of being obliged to watch for the Publick safety, to looke after the integrity of his Ministers; to provide for the necessities of the poore, and to prevent the extortions of the Rich, and the designes of Neighbour Princes, is to grieve at a continual necessity, impos'd upon him of exercising his Prudence, Justice, Charity, Magnanimity, and all other the most perfect acts of Vertue; or rather to be sorry to be obliged to tend to his owne center, which is nothing else, but to complaine of being tyed to his owne happinesse.

Royalty is without doubt accompanied with some trouble, but whosoever will like *Moses* have the Tables of the Law in his power, must (no more then he did) shun the pains of getting up to the top of the Mountain. He that will appeare upon the throne, with the sword of Justice in his right hand, must not be unwilling to lift the Ballance of Equity in his left. Labour, and a Kingdome are Relatives, but that which we call labour, is a duty, in operation, not a disquiet, a calamity: that motion which tends to its owne center is never painfull; the fire moves to its owne sphere without any paine, and the water which runs towards the Sea, suffers no violence.

If all things, which are inseparable from humanity, were painfull, it would be so not onely to be a King, but to be a Man; nay, our very being would be a trouble to us, there being nothing in Nature, which is not liable to these conditions.

A Pellican parts willingly with her life to preserve her young ones, and shall we thinke it painfull and irksome to be oblig'd to thinke, to watch, and take paines for the good of our People? but why do I call it taking paine? the body is out of temper, when tis a paine to it to performe its naturall operations.

He that findes difficulty in a Kingdome, betrayes the weakness of his constitution, and that his inclination is not Royall: but whether it proceed from the ignorance, lazinesse, or malice of those poore spirits; many there bee, who change the true names of things, who take the Maske for the Face, who esteem rare, simple thoughts, and brisque, foolish operations;

and

and after that rate 'tis no strange thing, that to him (who accounts the actions of Soveraignty a paine, and the thoughts troubles) Royalty it selfe should appeare a slavery.

He that calls the least motions of care and businesse, labour and trouble, is not to be thought to be of a Nature that's quiet, and peaceable, but feeble and useless: and how? shall wee account those imployments burthen, found, which are our duties, as Fathers, and as Christians? No, no, he that complaines of businesse, and action, is griev'd, that he cannot bee idle, negligent, and lazie.

You are not (O illustrious Auditors) an unjust complaint of that Prince, who seeing forage ready in a quarter for the Horse of his Army, much bewayled the unhappinesse of Kings, that were bound to take care even of the very Beasts? And who cannot easily discerne, that to be the misery of men, but the meer condition of Humanity?

Sapience who hath linck'd all things together, as with a chaine, hath well ordain'd, that one thing should be necessary to another, but not insupportable. To complaine of being obliged to take care of Horses, is to repine, that we are not able to walk without feet, that we were not created Angels, which can operate with the intellect alone.

Visible duty, and the misery of a Generall to take care of his Baggadge Horses, if he expects service from them, that they should remove him from *Aegypt* into *Lybia*, or give him the Water of *Nilus* to drink upon the most inaccessible heights of *Caucasus*, and the Pirenean Mountaines. The sailes of a Vessell are made to conduct it, and not to burthen, or oversee it: and yet those are they, which these lazy persons call burthens or intolerable weight.

But these things which thou complainest of, are but the exercises of life, and not the troubles of a Kingdome: where wilt thou finde the ease which thou desirest, if every thing have the power to disquiet thee? A poore flie did more disturb *Domitian* in his Chamber, then an Army of an hundred thousand Men could trouble *Caesar Augustus*, when he was in the field ready to assault them.

But what thing will these poore spirits finde out to wish for, that is wholly free from trouble? The Garden requires sweating with a Mattock: Bees and Labour are the entertainments of Nature, not the destruction. Our ancestors rose under the heat of the *Ingenian* Sun to catch a few Birds: and thinke it a great matter upon the fee of *Boyna* to kill Venison. This labour and pains they thinke well imployd for so small a matter, and will they thinke much to take a little care for the publicke good, and that in the view of the

whole world? Me thinks thou shouldst be asham'd of the thought, as I am to speake it.

If Labour were an ill thing, whereof had man greater cause to complain, then of Vertue? whose actions for the most part consist in the incounter of difficulties, which to overcome the means, is by taking pains, as the end is procur'd by constancy, and magnanimity.

Behold a spectacle worthy of the sight of God himselfe, *Jacob* wrestling with an Angel. Amongst all the Vertues which have their faculties, either active or passive, those actions are alwayes the most excellent, which labour after matters of greatest difficulty: and consequently they are most proportionable to a Prince, by reason of the greatnesse of his power. A great soul cannot desire but great things, and cannot but emulate those, that have done great actions; which made *Themistocles* say, that the Victories of *Miltiades* would never let him sleep.

What a difference was there betwixt two soules? *Seleucus* complains of the paine of commanding, and *Alexander* is griev'd, that his Fathers Victories had not left him worke enough. Nothing is sweeter, then glory, nor is there any straighter way to it, then Vertue, and the way to Vertue is not without paine.

Aske *Hercules*, whether he was deified for any thing, but his Labours? *Alexander* said, that businesse was the nourishment of generous spirits: A noble courage cannot indure, that operative Vertue should consume in idlenesse, as a Sword is spoyl'd with rust. In the end, I should conclude labour a gift from Heaven, did I not incline to their opinion, that esteeme it no paine to a Noble soule.

He is onely in paine, that is inferiour to the worke he undertakes, which a generous person cannot be. *Coralianus*, being invited to rest after a Battle, answered, that the Conqueror was never weary: And *Canus* that plaid upon the Flute, told those that heard him, that if they knew how great a pleasure hee tooke in his owne Musicke, they might justly pretend to a reward for hearkening to him: so true is it, that Nature facilitates, and sweetens all things, to which the will inclines.

Thou sayest, this Scepter weighs heavy; I tell thee thou wantest as Royall strength: Poyson can doe no hurt, when it meets with a temper hot enough to resists its cold, whereof Mithridates was a testimony. He that groans under a burthen, ought not to accuse the weight, but his own weaknesse: an Oxe is not too heavy for a man that dares compare his strength with *Milo*.

But

But perhaps, you will say, that to Reigne is a word that implies Tyranny, a troublesome and dangerous thing, and I must answer that no man is afraid, but he that has an ill conscience; hee that feares confesses, hee has cause to doe; and that which we call Evils in things, are rather Vices in men.

That Prince (who, out of love to his pleasures, neglects the care he owes to his People,) cannot be ignorant of his crime, even whilst he is in the act, and in that sense may truly say, he feels the weight of a crowne. In truth, he that hath cause to feare, in his Kingdome, is no King, but a Tyrant; and he that complains of Constancy, Fortitude, Justice, and Prudence, is griev'd to see himselfe bound to act constantly, valiantly, justly, and wisely; what can be more just and pleasing then the performance of good, honourable and vertuous actions? and where can they be acted with more honour and advantage, then upon the Royall throne? Is it possible for us to believe that thing detestable, which is alwayes accompanied with justice, and power which alwayes proposeth the publique good for its end, and whose principall imployment is, to exalt Vertue, and suppresse Vice?

Tis true, a Kingdome is a matter of great consequence, and requires the whole Man: But the greatness of this Engine ought to provoke his care, that is to move it, not his feare.

How many times have we seen Masses of stone of a vast bigness lifted up into the aire by a small Vice, which giving motion to a wheele, and that communicating it to other lesser wheeles, have beene able (if I may so say) to remove mountains.

Seleucus might have said with much more justice, that he was unworthy of a crowne, then that a Kingdome was of no value. The King is the head of the State, and it ought not to be troublesome to him to act for such a Body, whereof all the Members combine to doe him service.

The King is the tye by which the Common wealth is united, and that very breath of life which is suck'd in by so many persons: The Throne is the Theatre of glory, and those Vertues, which in a private man were but simply Vertues, when they are in a King, they are a light and splendour, by whose beams other men are warm'd, inlightned, and guided. Who would have known the vertues of *Cyrus*, and *Alexander*, if they had been buried under a private fortune?

As a Kingdome is a large field, where Vertue hath roome enough to exercise her selfe: so doth the Throne by its Eminence, render all good qualities the more visible, and makes Kings appeare like mortall gods, incompassed with magnificence, justice, and power, attributes fit for adora-

sion, wholly proper to Divinity. I observe (with great admiration) that God having resolv'd the Creation of the World from all eternity, and fram'd the Idea thereof in the most pure intellect, which hath only it self for intelligence, and it self for intelligible: I observe I say in the sacred Writ, that God having resolv'd the Creation of man, and desiring to let all things take notice of his great inclination, to make that Creature wholly like himself, he cries out, *Let us make Man after our own image*; and as if that expression had been short of that so much desired resemblance, he adds, *and after our likeness*.

I must confess the weakness and extremity, wherewith God was pleased to publish his desire, astonish'd me so, that inquiring further, to find out how those words were put into actions, I discovered, that after that the Divine Majesty had created this man, and given him a reasonable soule, worthy of his noble resemblance, immediately thereupon he made him Master of all things, saying unto him, *Have dominion over the Fish of the Sea, and over the Fowle of the Ayre, and over every living thing that moveth upon the Earth*: as if he should say, the understanding as reasonable shall be the Image of God in operation. But because I think that too little for my Creature, I will have him like unto me in power, and therefore bids him, *have dominion*, &c. that I may call him *gods, and the sons of the most high*.

Whether I am not (most noble Auditors) that Divinity and Soveraign power are acknowledg'd by God himself for the life, and the excellent strokes of his Pensill, by which the all powerfull hand of the Creator did intend to mark Mankind as his most divine, and indelible character of Divinity.

And for this we find a man, who rejoices at his excellent condition, which in truth is rather worthy of the desire, with which the Angels burn incessantly in love of God, then of this earthly man, who hath so little generosity, that he had rather enjoy his solitude in a Wood, like wild Beasts, then the splendid throne of a King, to operate like a God: For indeed to be a King, what is it else, but to be the object of all men, the rule of all desires, the Looking-glass for all eyes, and the example for all inferiour persons.

He is the soule of the Republique, the living Law of the People, the light of his Kingdome, and the Image of God upon his Throne. He that accounts this condition unhappy, esteems it a misfortune to have the honour to partake of divinity: and thinks it a misery to be able to make his people prosperous. He is a Monster, a curse, and a fire for himself, and unfit to

all Mankinde, unlesse it be to such, as considering his errours, resolve not to be like him.

Alexander though himselfe poore, because he was made Lord of the World, and this Coward reposed in the Kingdome of Cyprus, as if *Atlas* had plac'd all his burthen upon his shoulders.

All earthly things are so imperfect, that the soule which aspires to infinity; not being content with any thing that is corruptible, it scarcely cloth'd with every particular, as it can desire more.

This very true, there's a vast difference betwixt a mans heart, and anothers; for to *Alexander* (which was great indeed) the Crowne seem'd not so burthensome, as to *Seleucus*; because the Magnanimity of *Alexander* rejoyced in so ample a field to exercise his Vertue, whereas the other was so weake, that the least weight oppress'd it. And upon this Reason that famous Conqueror was angry at *Demetrius*, because when he offered him fifty Talents, he refused it, as not needing to borrow.

This generous Prince cryed out (all admired) why should *Lysimachus* have need of a friend; to *Seleucus* fifty Talents were a Treasury; and to him all the wealth of *Darius* was too little? But the true reason was, not that this Treasure was too great for *Demetrius*, or *Seleucus*; but that *Demetrius* and *Seleucus* were of such poore spirits, that bounty, magnanimity, friendship, magnificence, and liberality, they thought choice riches but burthens, which they had not the heart either to spend or give away. Is it possible this Crowne should seem a burthen to thee, which furnisheth thee with oportunity to doe good to the people, which gives thee power to relieve the oppressed, to punish the seduced, and uphold Vertue, and to make thy selfe reverenced as a divine Power?

For indeed were it not for death, which as a tribute upon all Mankinde, makes no distinction, by what Argument could we prove, that a King were not a God, and the Throne Heaven?

But if a wicked Prince perceive a sword hanging by a slender thread over his head, ready to fall, and punish him for his crimes; let him finde fault with himselfe, and not with Gods Justice, (I say) who makes Royalty degenerate into Tyranny, exposeth himselfe to the dangers that follow it.

But to speake the truth, I am not so much delighted with the occasion of exclaiming against the baseness of *Seleucus*, who could not bee pleas'd with being a King, as I am satisfied with the opportunity of speaking of *Alexander*, whose very memory fills mee with joy: That *Alexander*, whose liberality emptied all the Treasures of *Asia*, and tir'd out the fertility

of

of the *Erythrean* Sea, by the abundance of precious things, which he gave away: of that generous *Alexander*, for whom the whole world was too little: of that brave courage, whose greatest labours were his chiefest pleasures: of that brave, Lion I would call him, but that I remember, Lions are to derive honour from him by the Comparison, since hee shew'd himselfe braver then a Lion by killing one hand to hand.

But what consequence can we possibly draw from the opinion of *Seleucus*? If we consider *Alexander*, complaining that hee was not able to bee confin'd within the limits of one World from a parallel of their different conceptions, wee might give judgement and determine, which of them is most to be esteem'd.

But 'twill bee sufficient to say onely, that *Seleucus* had so much gallantry, as to contemne a Crowne, as supposing himselfe burthen'd, and buried under it; but that *Alexander* was so weake, and unsatisfied, that he endeavoured to fancy new Worlds, believing himselfe too straitly imprison'd within the compass of the whole Earth.

But should they heare *Seleucus*, what would *Cæsar*, *Anthony*, and *Pompey* say, and so many others, who have ventur'd to ruine the World, to obtaine what he despiseth? I will conclude, and leave you to judge, being willing to spare you the remainder of this day, that you may imploy it in the praise of *Alexanders* generosity, whose glorious memory will cleanse your soules from all those base Ideas, which your conversation, with the Pusillanimity of *Seleucus* might have imprinted in them.

The effect of this Oration.

ALL the Academy inclin'd to Manzinies *judgement: they thought it a great weakness to repine at so glorious a trouble; and the miserable* Seleucus *mov'd so much compassion, that there was not one man amongst the Auditory, who would not have been content to have taken his heavy burthen, and layd it upon his owne shoulders.*

The

The Funeralls of Beauty.

The Argument.

All the Swans of Liguria *wept for the death of* Emilia Adorne, *who was the* Venus *of* Lyguria, *but! what doe I say the* Venus? *pardon me chaste ſoule, if I have injured thee by this compariſon. Reader, this faire one died becauſe ſhe would not be like* Venus, *no not in immortality; the dolefull Oraſons which followed were, the Torch, the diſmall Bough, and the Crown, which you ſee me here carry to the Funerall of Beauty; this is the Argument that* Manzinie *hath plac'd before his Diſcourſe.*

IS it then true (O illuſtrious Auditors) that you are reſolv'd I ſhall ſpeake to you of *Emilia*? O god! of *Emilia*? that faire *Emilia*, for whom heretofore this place (alas! my teares already begin to hinder my Speech) ſerved as a pompous Theatre; the wound is too great, and too ſenſible to be touch'd without extream pain; a regular Diſcourſe, and paſſions irregular are not conſiſtent.

What? muſt I ſpeake of *Emilia*? of faire *Emilia*? but who can deny any thing to thoſe to whom they are ſo much oblig'd as I to you? be it ſo then, ſince you will have it ſo; yet you muſt not expect an Oration in her praiſe from a man, who is fit for nothing but weeping; there is nothing more hard then to finde words proportionall to an extreame paſſion, and what paſſion is it? O god! an unbridled, an irregular, and an imperious paſſion, but withall a reaſonable one; but I imagine that your ſelves, being infinitely afflicted, for ſo great a loſſe, have made your Election of me, for no other reaſon, but to eaſe your owne griefes by ſeeing mine; for if you had intended only the praiſes of *Emilia*, you would have thought of ſome other perſon, then me, who am altogether uncapable of ſo high an undertaking;

dertaking; yes, yes! this Diſcourſe ought to bee all griefe, the ſubject requires it; is it not a Panegerick above all Panegericks for this faire ſoule, to be in ſo honourable an Aſſembly a thouſand *Cæſars* melt into teares at the only remembrance of her rare beauty? but what doe I ſay of her Beauty? no, it is thus (me thinks you interrupt me) for I know, my Lords, that if you that were Aſſociates, Admirers, and, I dare ſay, Adorers of the Vertues of *Emilia*, ſhould heare me declare, that I intend onely to bewaile the loſſe of *Emilia*, for regard to her Beauty, you would be very ill ſatisfied, or to ſay better, ſcandalized.

But what would you have me doe? dare I undertake to ſpeake of that piety, which render'd her an Example of Devotion? of that Modeſty which was never equall'd? of that Chaſtity which not onely exceeded *Lucretia's*, but would have frighted *Tarquin* from attempting her? of ſuch a ſweetneſs as charmed her inferiors? of ſuch an obedience as ſatisfied her ſuperiors? of ſuch a curteſie as gained the hearts of her equals?

Would you have my *Exordium* to be of the ſublimity of her ſpirit, which rendred her knowing in all ſtudies, made her ſpeake at, and rais'd her above all, in quickneſs of apprehenſion, ſolidity of Judgement, and eloquence? would you have me call to your remembrance, how excellent ſhe was at giving life to her Deſignes with her Needle, and in ſorting her colours? with what a grace ſhee danced? and when ſhe ſung, how ſhee raviſh'd the ſoules of the hearers, with the harmony of her Voyce? when ſhall I make an end? or how can I? and, who already knows not theſe things?

No! no, my Lords, it muſt be teares, it muſt be teares onely. I am capable of no other thing, and no other thing but teares can ſuit with your griefe; yes, it muſt be only teares, and teares for her beauty, which being the leaſt of the perfections of this excellent perſon, will make knowne to poſterity what that exalted creature *Emilia* was, ſince ſo tranſcendent a Beauty was the leaſt accompliſhment which rendred her conſiderable.

If I am not worthy to put the Crowne upon her head, it ſufficeth me, that I have power to lay it at her feet; if I ſpeake poorely, the violence of my griefe muſt excuſe mee; for hee that grieves indeed, is not obliged to grieve by Rule; the more weake and languiſhing my Eloquence is, the more ſtrong will my affection appeare; if I ſpeake like an Orator, it muſt be attributed to my ſubject.

Thoſe Nightingals, that made their Neſts neareſt the Tombe of *Orpheus* ſing ſweeteſt, as *Pauſanias* ſaith, and what (my Lords) doe you thinke it eaſie for a perſon of my meane faculties to ſpeak of a Sun? never believe (I beſeech you) the compariſon which I make with the Swans, and this faire

Creature

Creature to be a vulgar one, I use it because certain *Platonicks* held, that the Sun was the soule of the World, and in that manner naming her Sun, I have found the way to describe to you, that Beauty which was truly the soule of the World, I meane the sensitive World, and how can I better oblige you to bewail her departure, then in stiling her the Sun? the Sun is no sooner set, but the earth is bedew'd all over with teares: lament then lament, the Rocks themselves lament, yea, and the *Statues* of *Memnon*; it is no new thing to see Marble weep for the departure of the Sun; Ah Sun! Ah departure! Ah *Emilia*! Ah deare Auditors! in what place, just Heaven! in what place shall wee ever behold this Beauty which elevated our spirits, and which left in us impressions of light? that Beauty, whose *Idea* served as a Rule to our soules, which reigned without Tyranny, which charmed the eyes and the soule, and which never rais'd rebellion in the senses, that Beauty which produc'd Reverence, and not Love, because not having in it any other proposition, then that which is betwen Inferiours, and Superiours; it could not be beloved upon Earth, where we love not good, as good, if we did, all that is good would be beloved; but every one loves as good, that which he believes suitable to himself.

If that which we still Beauty be not a Deity, it is at least adored as such, as the *Pythagoreans* said Wealth, Strength, Wisdome, Greatness of Courage, and all other adornments which may render a person remarkable, are objects of the ambition and Envy of men; but Beauty alone, the Divels themselves have not only reverence, but affection for: The Histories and Traditions of our Fathers have often told us, the veneration they had for beauty.

And what stronger Argument have you, that Beauty is Divine, then to say, the Divel who is nothing but a Spirit, and a Spirit, that hath injoy'd the sight of all the eternall Beauties, is for all that capable of being pleas'd and astonish'd at that Beauty which we call mortall?

For my part, I am forc'd to believe, that this precious advantage, is a mark of predestination to those who possess it; and to what other place then Heaven can that person bee destin'd, who carries so much light and splendor in her eyes, that some one (as I have already said) hath call'd them Suns?

Sure if it be then true that God hath dispenced that celestiall light to a mortall, can it be then believed, that he will deny it admittance into Heaven?

You know (my Lords) in what degree of perfection our incomparable *Emilia* was heightned with this Beauty, and not onely you, but the very

ſtreets (if I may be allowed to ſpeake thus) are not ignorant, ſeeing they were more filled by the confluence of People, who thronged to ſee *Emilia*, then of theſe, whom their neceſſary affaires enforc'd abroad, there was never found a heart ſo rebellious, which was not proud to be conſtrained by the force of her Eyes to render themſelves Vaſſalls to thoſe though Tyrants (yet worthy of adoration) their power was too great to be reſiſted, we muſt ſubmit to the mercy of ſuch Conquerors, and yield when there is no poſſibility of longer diſpute; the *Emeraſti*, and the *Ariſtarchi*, the moſt ſevere, celebrated her Beauty, and by the univerſall homage, which all men yielded unto her, it was eaſie to know, that it appertained to none, but the *Emilia's* to triumph.

Her Eyes were not ſuch cruell Tyrants, that we drew from thence feare, and ſervitude onely, and not love: on the contrary, all their Slaves were their Adorers, and all their Captives became their Captivas willingly, and the cauſe of their thraldome was the object of their veneration.

O faire eyes eternally to bee deſired! O tyrants to bee adored! Into what place are you retired? and why have you ſo ſoone left us? and yet for all that wee ought not to wonder, for ſince they were tyrants, they could not bee long endured in a Common-wealth; but what doe wee ſay of that fayre mouth, where all graces were aſſembled, her ſmiles and our raviſhments were inſeperable, thee was the delight of our eyes, and the charme to all our ſences, and that which is not common the pleaſingneſſe of her diſcourſe was, in the length of it, ſhee ſpoke alwayes with a grace and in ſuch a manner, that we apprehended nothing like her ſilence, eloquence and perſwaſions were alwayes in that fayre mouth, inſomuch as wee may ſtile it the Temple of the God of the *Lydians*, where wee ever found conſolation for all our griefs, and to borrow a little from the liberty of Poeſy, ſince the ſincerity of proſe, is not full enough to expreſſe it, I can aſſure you that the graces were the leaſt Deity, that reſyded in that cave of pearls, this lovely *Emilia* had a certaine way of expreſſion, that made ſo powerfull an impreſſion upon the ſoule, that it could never be razed out; her diſcourſe imprinted it ſelfe in the memory, without deſigne to *Emilia's* converſation could not be loſt, though no care were uſed to preſerve it, there remayned alwayes ſomething in our ſoules, and by that marvelous effect, we may collect, ſhee was a creature all divine: *Cicero* ſayd that the mouth of *Ariſtotle* was a ſtreame of Gold, I will not ſay ſo of *Emilia*, for it would too poorly expreſſe her excellence; O God! what charmes? what allurements? What aſtoniſhments are left mee to deſcribe? call to remembrance that angelicall voyce which raviſhed all, the hearers; no, no! divine voyce I remember thee not, retyre from my memory, goe! come no more neere mee,

for

for if thou doest I shall never arive to the end, which I propose to my selfe in th is Oration.

The *Corinthian Demeratus* weeping, exclaymed out of an excesse of affection, what pleasure have they mist who are dead and never saw *Alexander*; But O my Lords ! I may well say how unhappy are those who never saw nor heard of the incomparable *Emilia*, I can assure them they never knew perfect felicity, shee dyed too soone; not that the Heavens thought her deserving a precipitated death, but because they esteem'd her too deerly, to let her continew any long time mortall; let mee be condemned after this for bewayling her departure and losse; but what have I to doe but to make her Elegie? ought I to describe her as shee was? that will but increase your teares the more, if t'present her perfect, and accomplished, the more subject wee have of affliction, to bee for ever deprived of so unparalleld a creature, and since the least of her rare endowments enforceth me to confesse I am not able to describe it, how dost you thinke so numerous a flocke of Marvayles, which surmount not onely all I can say, but all I can comprehend, can accordingly to their dignity bee treated of by mee? If I were to give you but a slight *Idea* of *Emilia*, or present you with a first draught onely of a picture, I might peradventure undertake it, but you must expect no more; for an houre is not an age; and * *Cherillus* is not *Homer*; the Cradell, and the Sepulcher of *Emilia*, were even upon the Verge of the Sea, that shee might have the neerer *conformity with the Sun, and enjoy the same prerogativs; & as *Genova* for many ages hath had precedence, & stiled the treasure of the worl'd; it was in *Genova* that the Heavens deposited this inestimable treasure; hee that can doubt that *Emilia* should not be call'd a treasure, shews he never had the honour to see that invaluable person, whose beauty, wit, and vertue, were more worth then all the Treasures of the Universe, and who knowes not that our Poets have so celebrated her? they have given her a bosome of Alablaster, lips of Corrall, teeth of Pearle, and for haire, * deluge of animated Gold; but to turn to my discourse *Emilia* was borne, not onely in that City, which is the miracle of the world, but in that street, which is the miracle of that City, to the intent that even the place, wherein shee first saw the Light, should not be unworthy of her; she liv'd as one that was to be responsable for the obligations she receiv'd from Heaven, for giving her so many glorious advantages: she was borne in the house of the *Adornes*, whose least ornaments & smallest honours was the command of kingdoms; she was also born in the House of an *Anthony*; who hath inlarg'd the limits of his Countrey, who hath receiv'd humble supplications from the chiefe of Christendome, and not without the success of an *Anthony*, whose Vertue and courage being seconded by *England*, and *France*, have

* a Kind of Ballad Poet.

* in this I understād not his meaning.

forc'd the Emperour to yield us Victory, together with their Kingdomes: she was borne in the house, where sometimes lived one *Raphiel*, who after the triumph over the whole Nation, triumph'd over himselfe; and in what other house then in that of *Adornes*, was there ever found a man who willingly resigned the supreame power, and with as much joy as others received it? but these are not all the illustrious persons that this house hath furnished us with.

Who is there that remembreth not the Eloquence of *Dominique*? the Prudence of *Gabriel*? the Valour of *Prosper*? Renown speaks of nothing more then of their Vertue, and our Histories are full of their generous actions.

And thus now, ye see (my Lords) where our faire *Emilia* had her birth, and lived untill her nineteenth yeare, beloved of her kindred, upon so just ground, that the name of Daughter, Wife, and Sister, was the least motive that induc'd their affection to her: but (my Lords) she was no sooner of the age, that by custome yee marry your Daughters, but they thought of choosing her a Husband, worthy to be the Son in Law of *John Baptista Adornes*, of *Baptista*, I say, whose wisdome is uncontroulable in Counsel, whose courage is undefatigable in execution, whose magnificence is supreame, who sacrific'd to the publique good, as if he were the Son of his Country, and treated private persons, as if he were their Father, who is regarded by all the World, as if hee were the splendor of the Common-Wealth, and as a man, whose honour effaced all the glory of his Predecessors.

I dare say no more, since being ignorant, that this illustrious person is living, if he may be said to live, who hath left the most deare part of himselfe, however I believ'd it no *indecorum* to speak something of him; for I thought, if I should be altogether silent in expressing the excellent indowments of the Father of *Emilia*, I should deprive her of one of the remarkable Causes, which rendred her considerable (if I may be permitted to speak thus) even before she was borne.

In fine, *Emilia* was married, more by the publique vowes, then by the diligence of her parents, but who ever saw the like disaster? her Mariage was but as a flash of happinesse, it was soon extinguish'd: Alas! who could believe it? *Emilia* pass'd, from her Nuptials, to her Funerall, from her Bridall bed, to her grave; yes (my Lords) that faire person, whose youth, health, and beauty, seemed to be immortal, is shut up in a Tomb, and with her all the glories of her time.

What

What rigour of destinies, or what malignant influence of the starres have caus'd this loss? I know not I vow, but I thinke it pertinent to say, that this was a beauty too Celestial to remaine upon the Earth, our Age is too depraved to enioy any long time such a donative from Heaven: for to speak truth, the Age wherein we live, is full of too much enormity, to deserve the fruition of the incomparable *Emilia*.

Who amongst you hath not observ'd the discomposure of these times, by the transversion which we see in all parts of the World? at this day, *Spaine*, is in *Flanders*, *Almaine*, is found in Mount *Ferrat*, and the North, in *Germany*: We live in dayes, where there is nothing spoken but insurrections of the people, an innundation of *Barbarians*, and the destruction of Kingdomes, which are made infamous by the ruine of so many Kings: Ah! no, no, *Emilia* could not live long, in a place, where the afflicted found no compassion, where none opposeth impiety, where the sole desire of men is to subdue one another, where gains and crime are inseperable; she was too religious, too wise, too just, too modest, and too accomplish'd to stay in a place where Vertue was so little reverenc'd.

Who can lose the remembrance of that sweeping plague, which making one sepulchre of a hundred Provinces, hath sacrific'd to death (if I may say so) one Hecatombe intire of Kingdomes? and who is there amongst you that yet remains with a Soule, unaffrighted at the apprehension of those prodigious flames of *Vesuvia*, which no: long agoe threatned to come and burne us, though on this side that great extent of Sea that parts us; peradventure it was never heard before this time, that the Earth angry with her selfe, did ever undertake to burne the whole World, beginning with the Sea; and yet (Sirs!) it is true, that it is our Fortune to be borne in such an Age.

Can we say after this, that it was an abode fit for that Person, in whom sweetnes, goodnes, humility, and Majesty of soule equally resided? what Province can boast to be exempted from the effects, that the malignant stars have so universally dispersed? onely *Liguria* seem'd to bee priviledg'd, when unexpectedly the death of *Emilia* hath rendred us more miserable then all others; that faire, chaste, and wise *Emilia* dying, carried with her a treasure which cannot be sufficiently expres'd, but by those that consider we have suff'r'd this losse in the same time, when all the world receives chastisements from an Almighty, and an incensed power, to shew to us that of *Emilia*, being our onely misfortune, the losse of whom is more considerable then either plague, war, or flames which we have seen devour our Neighbours territories; O unhappines! O calamity worthy to have been

prolonged

preſaged by the revolution of half the Univerſe; if all our lives are ſomtimes compared but to one day? we may ſay of the faire *Emilia*, that the world ſaw but the firſt dawning of her morning, perhaps the Heavens (foreſeeing that if ſhe arriv'd but to her Noone, the Rayes of her bright beauty might have burned all the Earth) had pitty of the World.

No, no! I miſtake, I rather belive the Heaven's jealous of the Honours, which were rendred to the faire *Emilia*, took from men the object of the Veneration due to themſelves: for what ought not thoſe Eyes expect, carrying more ſplendor then imagination can comprehend? thoſe Eyes of a luſtre which certainly was not deemed mortall? wonder not (my Lords) if after we have ſeen the marvellous *Emilia* die, contrary to our expectation, or deſires, I dare aſſure you, ſhe was not mortall; pardon this bold expreſſion and impute it to my griefe, and permit me to ſpeake to you what, that ſuggeſts to me.

We have loſt *Emilia*, but what Armes hath death made uſe of, to conquer her? of all the violent Diſeaſes, moſt mortall to mankinde, none ever attatch'd her; for the time ſhe l v'd in the world, ſhe injoy'd a perfect health, her tempet was never altred, and death, accuſtomed to overcome all things, could not with that ſubtilty that gives him entrance into all places, give him means to aſſault *Emilia*, ſhe is raviſh'd from us by a ſickneſs which never kill'd before, by a ſickneſſe, ſo without ſymptoms, that the Phyſitians never ſearch'd for a remedy, and in ſuch a manner, that it viſibly appeares that the loſſe of *Emilia* is not arriv'd to us by the hand of death; ſhe hath been taken hence, but for all that ſhee is not dead; we have loſt her but by that ſupreame power from whom death borrows his.

Let us then conclude, that this beauty hath not yielded to the power of ſickneſs, but ſhe was lifted up to Heaven, and yet for all this wee muſt confeſs, that it is a misfortune to us that ever we had a ſight of this Lady, if both living and dead ſhee was appointed for a diſturbance to the quiet of our ſoules.

The eleventh of *May* was the day deſtined for this ſad Cataſtrophe, and as if the Heavens would not inforce *Aurora* to aſſiſt at the death of it's new borne Sun, before ſhe had blancht the Clouds in the Eaſt, *Emilia*, the faire *Emilia* departed; yet though ſhe hath not been the booty of death, as I have already expreſs'd, her laſt minutes had, for all that, all the marks of mortality, deformity tooke place of her Graces and beauties: and ſure the Heavens ordained it thus, for the honour and merit of *Emilia*, to ſhew to the world, that *Emilia* without Graces, and without Beauty, was yet deſirable, and deſired.

O strange revolution of things upon earth! O vaine hopes of the world! unhappy to those who trust in you; who would ever have thought, that this day whereon heertofore Manna (incomparable for sweetnesse) fell from Heaven in the wildernesse, that this very same day, wee should tast a bitternesse able to make us detest the Sun, and curse his returne? who ever saw a rigour, and cruelty more direful? *Emilia* in the most serene season of her dayes, and in the sweetest season of the yeare is vanished from our eyes, let us then for consolation say with these Poets that the Sun was in the signe of *Taurus*, fatall in ravishing from us the beauty of Europe.

I see my Lords, you also support your selves with much impatience, for the losse of so pretious a Treasure, and certainly it is not without reason, wee have need to live many ages, ere wee shall see Heaven give to the Earth a person so accomplished, wee have lost more then wee can bewaile, but the instabilitie of earthly things will have it so; this accident justifies, but too well, the discourses of those who preach to us dayly the continuall vicissitude of all sublunary things, for who would have thought that one so faire, so adored, who received the vowes, and the acclamations of all the world, should have beene so quickly, and so equally unhappy, as wee to lose her light, and leave us in so great an obscurity? yes my Lords, those eyes are extinct, those eyes so radient, that, but one of their regards, dissipated the clouds of sadnesse, and consolated the most sharpe griefs; those eyes, which wee may call the glory of their age, and the miracles of nature; but without aggravating their beauty.

You my Lords, know what they were; in the meane time they are extinguished, in the midst of their triumphs, but I feele my heart rebell against my judgement, and say that it betrayes its affections, it desires that I not onely lament *Emilia*, but that I make imprecations against the rigour of the fates, whose malignant influences have so hastily ravisht from us *Emilia*; what say you my Lords, doe you consent to this motion of my griefe? will you that I follow it? if you will permit it? I will begin, but I see your prudence corrects this sentiment, and certainely not without reason, wee must not permit passion, which measures all things by it selfe, to hurry us out of the bounds of reason, to change the name of things, and to envy the felicity of another; for indeede to speake truly, it is not an unhappinesse, but a high beatitude to *Emilia*, that she finished her dayes in the supreame degree of her felicities, she hath ceased to live without knowing eyther griefe, misfortune, or old age; and Nature would not, that the marvellous *Emilia*, (whom she might allow to be her most exquisite workmanship) should her selfe bee constrayned if shee had lived, to bewayle the change that time

might have wrought upon her person.

Indeede my Lords, I suppose the death of *Emilia*, to bee the accomplishment of *Emilias* felicity, I repeat this once more to accustome your eares to heare truths, she could not die more advantageously, then in the midst of her flourishing prosperity, and conquests, what was there left for her to expect further? when things are arrived to their highest, they must of necessity, eyther be established for ever there, or descend, and fall, how may be sayd of him who hath liv'd long and glorious that hee lived but a short time who can be sayd to have liv'd long enough.

No no! my Lords, death hath not terminated the glories of *Emilia*, but confirmed them, she hath been 19 yeares the delight of our eyes, for her supreame beauty, and the object of admiration, to all men, for the vivacity of her spirit; when shee sung, shee charm'd not onely our eares, but our hearts also, all tongues spoake to the advantage of *Emilia*, all pens celebrated her large endowments; if workes in silke, and Gold (in which shee was unimitable) retayned her in her house, being desired in all assemblies, shee was searcht for through the streets, and her absence complained of by the whole world; wee may say that Vertue placed her above the ordinary rules of nature, and custome; for shee was reverenced by her Parents, she reigned over our Citizens, and that which is more strange, all our women yeilded to her without murmur, and without envy, what was there left to desire more, but a husband? which Fortune gave her young, sprightly, courageous, rich, and by his family illustrious; what could she pretend to, or wish beyond this? certainly nothing, who can then doubt but since shee could bee exalted no higher she must (as I have already sayd) either returne the same way, or fall? there was nothing more left for her of glory, there might bee of vexation, which being begun by the death of her Beauty (by marriage) would quickly have been followed, with the losse of her beauty, and then acclamations and applauses turning, into neglect, sorrow, and melancholly must have succeeded; these changes were neccessary; the cares of marriage began to busy her minde, the incommodities of child-bearing would perhaps have made her pensive, and amongst what sorts of infelicitudes of soule (deere Auditors) doe you account the inconstancy of Fortune, and the inclination of children? are they accidents we have invented them? where can we live without feeling, but in Heaven? there were no other discomposures in this life then the whole term of it, except only that part (which in considerations of youth covers us, as it were with flowers, and seemes to us what indeed it is not) would it not be a felicity to be freed early from this prison of life? and when did a Pilot complaine for arriving too early into his Port

then

then hee expected.

Quem amat Deus moritur Juvenis.

Saith *Menander*, and Saint *Basil* holds that it is a marke of the perfection of the soule, to goe out betimes from the body which shee animates, for (to use his owne words) if men proportion the distance of the prison, to the greatnesse of the crimes of the guilty, and that according to the valew, and merit of the operations of the soule, it is more, or lesse shut up in that corporall prison to enjoy a life which wee would never so much esteeme, if we perfectly knew it in the effects; what thing is that life whose infancy is almost without reason, whose youth is nothing but folly, old age but infirmity, Riches but perturbation, Poverty but anxiety, and whose whole businesse is but paine, and travaile? and yet for all this, man who is borne for heaven, enclines himself to this life, as to his soveraigne good; and if by chance wee finde some one, that knowes how to imploy his time in acting noble, and glorious things, he is then the Butt for all the darts of envy, falshood, and wickednesse; and if wee see another, who spends his dayes in idlenesse, without doing either good, or hurt, he fils up the roome of a brave man, and is but an unprofitable burthen to the earth, and no other thing (as I may say) but only a name; let us examine a little, what are the Consolations of this life, which can get a desire in the soule (that can feare nothing after this life, if it hath done well) to continue in this prison, and complain of being set free, it may be they are those soules that inhabit in those persons, who can betray in the same moment, when they make most protestations of faith, who value not Friendships, but for their profits, who regard nothing but their owne ends, who leave us with our fortunes, and who, many times, hate us for having too much obliged them; behold (my Lords) the blessings which *Emilia* is depriv'd of; whereas now she injoys the happinesse she deserves, being gone betimes to the enjoyment of the supream felicity: No, no! I neither care, nor wish for the honour of her society, with the condition that should suspend her from the joyes of Heaven, and the light of a Sun which never sets, and which never was eclipsed, and of an abode in a place where death never enters, where are no complaints heard, where there are no griefs, where pains, and cares afflict no body, where hunger and thirst, and the rigour of the seasons have no power, and where blessed Rhapsures are so incomprehensible, that eyes cannot see, nor eares heare, nor have ever entred into the soule of Man.

Let us therefore endevour (O deare Auditors) to raise our thoughts, to consider our *Emilia* in a felicity, which can never end, in the injoyment of a good, which hath eternity for bound, infinity for measure, and God himselfe

himselfe for the end; those, who are partakers of the happiness with *Emilia*, are Seraphins, burning with Love, and Charity, and Angels, those very Angels, whom she so much heretofore resembled; those, who now make a harmonious Consort, chanting together incessantly the praises of the very sacred, the very high, and the very powerfull divinity, which by an excess of infinite charity, being all at a time Lovers, and beloved, compleats the fullness of joy, and of felicity, assisted by the eternall Love, which he bears to them, and which they have for him; and this makes this eternity so desirable, that if it were true, that they could hope to possess it but one houre onely, soules would rather expose themselves to all the torments of Hell, then not injoy it.

After this, would you that I lament the happiness of *Emilia*, as the greatest misfortune that could betide her? if I should, the Heavens would bee angry, and that faire Soule it selfe, which drawes so many advantages from so hasty a death, would complaine of my complaints, why then do you shed tears? I will tell you, at least I imagine I can: but indeed, who knowes not? have not I said to you in the beginning of this discourse, that you prepare to follow one desperate, who pres'd with the violence of his passion, runs blindly whither an unbridled griefe conducts him? It is certain, that it is a happiness for *Emilia* to goe so quickly out of so troublesome an abode, as this Life, as this Age, as this World, but it is an infelicity for our Eyes, no more to see *Emilia*: Alas! that *Emilia*, of whom all that I have yet said, is but a small River to a bottomless Ocean.

Alas! when shall we see againe that Beauty worthy an adoration, of whom we may say, that she was a Sun too soon eclipsed?

When shall wee heare againe that charming tongue, whose eloquence reign'd over our hearts? Alas! in depriving us of her, death hath ravish'd from us the sweetest harmony that ever charm'd the Senses; and were it possible for my voice to speake over againe the words of her that I admire, I should inflame not onely the hearts of men alone, but of very Tygres and Bears with her sweet discourse.

But wee shall never more see that faire and desirable *Emilia*; all supply that is left us in this case, is to say, happy those Eyes that saw her living.

To conclude, it is just, we bewaile our losse in lasting sighes, we should be too ungratefull if wee could forget her; what will that Academy doe now, it is deprived of her, where she so often hath beene rather an agreeable spectacle to the eyes of the Assembly, then a Spectatrix: though she came to be a Hearer, can it ever forget the light it hath receiv'd from her enlightning Eyes?

O ſad adventure! able to make the very ſtones melt with griefe; goe my Lords! go, if affliction will give you leave, ſearch for that converſation whereof *Emilia* was the whole delight, *Emilia* which we may ſay was either the cauſe or object of all pleaſure.

But what do you heere languiſhing and ſad, deprived not onely of contentments, but of ſouls; you ſhall confeſs your loſs, when what you have loſt, makes you ſee it was a thing, which a whole Empire cannot redeeme, nor all the Gold and Pearle of the Eaſt.

Could it be poſſible not to lament this loſs? if at the death of *Caſar* the Sun was darkened for ſome Months, as to teſtifie his griefe? why not at the death of *Emilia*, who hath triumph'd over more *Caſars*, then *Caſar* overcame Enemies? is it not then juſt to ſhed teares? aſſiſt me (deare Auditors) to bewaile this misfortune, and remember you have loſt the richeſt treaſure of your Countrey, and that not onely you weare mourning garments, but the very walls are yet hung with black; it being juſt, that the eclipſe of a Sun ſhould cauſe a Univerſall darkneſs.

What? my Lords, we are depriv'd of a Sun which enlightned our ſouls, inflam'd our hearts with the love of honour, and may be ſaid to be the cauſe of all the learned works, ſince it appear'd: Who ſhall be any more the ſubject of our prayſes? who ſhall carry us to noble Actions? who ſhall bee from henceforth the occaſion and the recompence of our Studies?

Ah Death! thou haſt deſtroyed all the World with this unparalleld loſs; depriv'd of its Sun, the whole Univerſe is in darkneſs, and by this raviſhment of her from the World, thou haſt totally diſarm'd the Quiver of Love: when this faire one died, Beauty and Vertue died with her.

Let us weep then, (my Lords) let us weep, and never be comforted, and to continue our griefs, I will ſay no new thing, but onely repeat theſe ſad words, *Emilia* is dead: do you expect (my dear Auditors) that I give you any conſolation? I vow for my part, I am not capable of giving you any other conſolation, then that, which is to be found in perſons, who bemoan as much as your ſelves the loſs which we ſuſtaine hereby; and what loſſe is it, but that of the marvellous *Emilia*? but as none can weep and ſpeak any long time together, ſo I muſt ſtop my words, and let my tears flow.